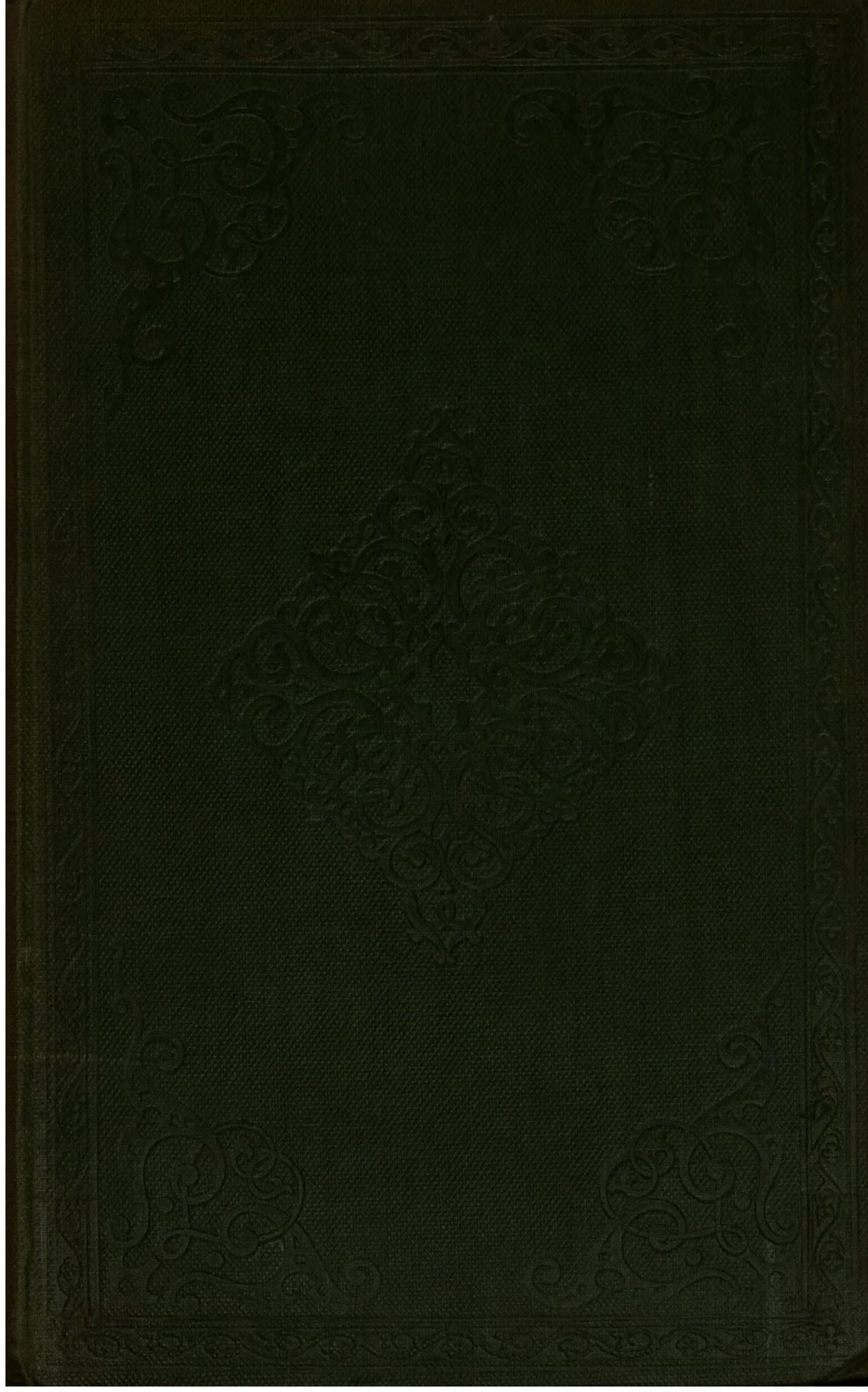






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O'Connell, Jan.







PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE DATE

DANIEL O'CONNELL M.P.

BY WILLIAM J. O'NEILL

OF KILGASGAN, COUNTY KERRY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 188, STRAND

INDICATED



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE LATE

DANIEL O'CONNELL, M.P.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

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MDCCCXLVIII.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

ON THE PART OF

CHARLES GLIMMER, ESQ.

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TO  
CHARLES GLENDONWYN SCOTT, ESQ.,  
OF EDINBURGH.

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MY DEAR SCOTT,

I DEDICATE these volumes to you.

They contain some traits of the illustrious man, of whom there was not a more devoted political disciple, nor a more attached personal friend, than yourself.

Their materials have been, in a great measure, taken from such portions of my private diary as record the conversations that I and others have held with our lamented leader. Many memoranda, also, have been furnished by my kind and valued friend, Patrick Vincent FitzPatrick, Esq., of Dublin.

The nature of a book thus compiled must of course



be very desultory. It was necessarily impossible to methodise the vast variety of miscellaneous topics suggested by O'Connell's colloquial recollections, or started by his companions. Although I have occasionally given details of the public movements in which, under his leadership, you and I actively participated, yet my principal object was to show O'Connell in his private capacity ; to show him at ease among his familiar associates, talking discursively away upon the thousand subjects which past and present politics, and personal anecdote, presented to his mind.

There is one thing which these records demonstrate—if indeed it needed demonstration—namely, that Ireland and her interests were ever uppermost in his thoughts.

On his political character and career, Ireland has long since pronounced. Well may his countrymen feel pride in the extraordinary man, who, for a series of years, could assail and defy a hostile and powerful government ; who could knit together a prostrate, divided, and dispirited nation into a resolute and invincible confederacy ; who could lead his followers in safety through the traps and pitfalls that



beset their path to freedom; who could baffle all the artifices of sectarian bigotry; and finally overthrow the last strongholds of Anti-Catholic tyranny by the simple might of public opinion.

To say that as a public leader he had no faults, and made no mistakes, would be to ascribe to him more than human exemption from error. But it is undeniable that his mistakes were far fewer than any other man in his place would have made; and that from such as he *did* make, he had the tact to extricate himself with promptness and dexterity. Sagacious, wary, and honest; cautious without timidity, and sanguine without rashness; he was inimitably adapted to achieve the great purpose of his mission.

I do not think I err in believing that more than ordinary interest must attach to every reminiscence of the private and familiar intercourse of a man so gifted and distinguished.

If there be any compliment annexed to the dedication of this book, you, my dear Scott, are well entitled to it. Sprung from an ancient and honourable Scottish race, and possessing no other connexion with Ireland than the sympathy excited in a just and



generous mind by the spectacle of unconstitutional oppression, you cordially united in O'Connell's movement for the Restoration of the Irish Parliament. You did so at great personal inconvenience and expense. You have not been chilled by the dispiriting defections that have taken place from the body which he instituted. You have not been wearied by the protracted struggle for liberty. Your activity and devotion to the cause are now as great as on the day when you and I first worked together under the guidance of our departed Chief. When honourable, though mistaken men, seceded from the Association, you were amongst those who stood firmly by the Old Man's banner; justly appreciating the infinite evils of division. O'Connell has more than once pronounced you "an invaluable ally."

Ever believe me,

Your affectionate friend.

W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

Kilcascan, County Cork,

8th March, 1848.



# PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

OF

## O'CONNELL.

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### CHAPTER I.

Early Impressions of O'Connell—Curiosity excited by his Fame — O'Connell's Letters on Repeal in 1830—Anti-tithe Agitation — General Election of 1832—Irish National Council—Session of 1833—O'Connell's Repeal Policy—Coercion Bill for Ireland carried by English Reformers.

DURING the period that O'Connell's agitation for the removal of Catholic disabilities was at its greatest height, I was just at the age when political impressions the most strong and permanent are generally imbibed. In every company which I entered, the great Catholic leader was spoken of, and his movements discussed; and as the majority of my associates and connexions were of what are termed "high Tory politics," their renowned oppo-



ment was usually named as a regular political Beelzebub. I invariably heard the Catholic body denounced as a turbulent and ignorant mass, who were impudently brawling for privileges to which they had no manner of claim. Amongst my father's ordinary guests and acquaintance, the only two persons who did not participate in a contemptuous hostility to the Catholic cause, were Feargus O'Connor, and his elder brother, Arthur O'Connor, of Fort Robert.

The Tory atmosphere I breathed did not, however, influence my sentiments. The knowledge that the Catholic body were oppressed, was sufficient to enlist my sympathy in their behalf. I incurred paternal censure for joining Arthur O'Connor in an eager defence of emancipation, one evening that the measure was debated in our coterie at Kilcascan. The only argument produced against it, was, that it would destroy the existing Protestant monopoly; and that argument was deemed perfectly conclusive.

My curiosity was strongly excited by the fame of O'Connell. I was anxious to behold the marvellous Agitator, who convulsed the kingdom from one end to the other. The first time I heard him address a public meeting, was in the winter of 1827. It was at the Catholic Association. He did not



quite realise the expectations I had formed from his fame as an orator. The subject, indeed, was not very inspiring; being, if I remember rightly, some portion of the law of landlord and tenant. His discourse was a plain, easy, argumentative address, of no great length.

Thenceforth, I saw nothing of O'Connell for some years. I rejoiced in his great triumph in 1829; but there was another question in which I had at all times felt a much more vivid interest than in Emancipation. That was the Repeal of the Union. It was, therefore, with the highest delight that I read O'Connell's series of powerful letters, addressed to the people of Ireland, in 1830, inviting the nation to combine in an effort to recover the domestic legislature of which they had been defrauded.

**T**o the settlement of the Catholic question succeeded times of stirring agitation. *One* great injustice was removed; but the tithe system still oppressed the Irish people; and the country was withering from the baneful influences of the Union.

O'Connell's letters, in 1830, were, in the highest degree, spirited and exciting. In point of argument they were masterly. If the advocate of Catholic privileges had awakened my curiosity, the champion of Repeal excited my enthusiasm.



I had, from an early period, been an ardent Repealer. One of the first impressions of which I have any recollection, is the indignant resentment with which I listened to the history of the Union from my elder relatives. To know that we had possessed, for nearly six hundred years, a resident legislature—to know that we were despoiled of that possession by violence and fraud—this knowledge was, in itself, enough to make me a partisan of the Repeal.

Cherishing such sentiments, I hailed, with delight, the new agitation set on foot by O'Connell. He uttered not a word to which the feelings of the nation did not instantly respond. It is a great mistake to suppose that he originated the national desire for Repeal. He did no more than organise the people in a national confederacy, and give public utterance to the sentiments which millions had already entertained. The Irish were Repealers, and would have been such had O'Connell never existed.

In 1831 and 1832 the oppressive exactions of the tithe system had awakened a general resistance throughout the kingdom. O'Connell, of course, took a prominent part in the anti-tithe agitation. He recommended that at every parliamentary election, the tests of "Repeal and No tithes" should be



required from the candidates. The people prepared to act on this recommendation. The county, city, and boroughs of Cork were on the alert. I name them particularly, because I had personal experience of the southern agitation. Feargus O'Connor (now M.P. for Nottingham), incessantly traversed the county of Cork from end to end during the summer and autumn of 1832, addressing public meetings on national grievances, working up the registration of the county electors, and inflaming the masses with a strong desire to rescue the county from both Whigs and Tories. The city and boroughs took care of their own interests; and at the general election in 1832, out of *eight* members there were six Repealers, one Whig, and one Tory returned.\*

The elections over, O'Connell invited the Irish representatives to assemble in a "National Council" in Dublin. Many of their number obeyed the invitation. I must own that *I* did so, in the confident expectation that the leader would lay before us a plan for the agitation of Repeal in Parliament during the ensuing session. But O'Connell did not

\* I was elected for Mallow. It has often been publicly alleged that O'Connell influenced my election. He had nothing whatever to do with it, not having been even consulted. Equally untrue is the assertion of the *Daily News* that O'Connell "thrust Feargus O'Connor on the county Cork Electors." To Feargus alone is his election of 1832 attributable.



think the question had yet acquired sufficient popular strength to render prudent a Repeal campaign in the English House of Commons. Much disappointment was the result of this opinion. Still greater disappointment arose from the total silence observed in the "National Council" on Repeal ; this silence was excused on the ground that some of the persons who composed it were anti-repealers, and were induced to attend it on the faith of our carefully avoiding the forbidden topic. But copious materials for arriving at Repeal conclusions were submitted to the council by Michael Staunton, now Lord Mayor of Dublin. He was introduced by O'Connell on our first day of meeting, and presented us with financial details illustrative of the mismanagement of Irish resources by the English Parliament.

Rumours at this time were rife that ministers intended to introduce a Coercion Bill for Ireland at an early period of the approaching session. O'Connell defied them. He thought it quite impossible that they could have very large English support. The Reform Bill—a new charter of liberty for England—had just been carried by an Irish majority in the House of Commons; and he judged it quite chimerical to suppose that the first Reformed Parliament—indebted for its reformation to Irish



assistance—would disgrace itself by requiting that assistance with an attack upon the liberties of Ireland.

Feargus O'Connor's recent victory over Whiggism and Toryism in the county Cork elicited O'Connell's admiration. Speaking to me of Feargus one day at that period, he emphatically said, "He is a MAN." At a subsequent period he criticised Feargus's declamatory powers; remarking that his harangues were exciting, "but that there was too much bragging about conquering and trampling under foot in them. He also talks in a tone of leadership: now," continued O'Connell, "*I* never did so: on the contrary, I have always professed myself quite ready to follow the lead of any body who should work harder or better than I did; and my command is only the more readily obeyed on that account."

The commencement of the session found the Irish members in London. There I occasionally met O'Connell, and we sometimes conversed on Repeal, respecting which measure I was anxious to elicit his policy and purposes. He was quite decided upon one point; namely, the imprudence of introducing the question prematurely into Parliament, "But," said I, "you will watch the earliest opportunity for



its judicious introduction, and strike when the right moment comes?"

"Trust me for that, my dear fellow," was his answer.

One morning, at his house in Albemarle-street, the same subject was spoken of. He said he would first try to get all he possibly could from the Imperial Parliament, in the shape of an increased number of representatives, enlarged franchises, &c. He ended by quoting the following lines:—

"Oh Erin! Shall it e'er be mine  
To right thy wrongs in battle line,  
To raise my victor head, and see,  
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free?  
That glance of bliss is all I crave  
Between my labours and the grave."

The Coercion Bill was introduced by the government. O'Connell's opposition to it forms one of the most brilliant and best sustained displays of vigorous ability in the annals of parliamentary debate. In an assembly, of which the great majority were politically and personally hostile to him, he yet held his ground, displaying a dexterity and promptitude in attack, a readiness in reply, and an inexhaustible fertility of resource. If O'Connell's fame were to be measured by one grand display of unrivalled ability, then I should point to the session of 1833 as



the crowning glory of his parliamentary life. It must be admitted, that the resistance to coercion gave abundant exercise to his energies, without his encumbering himself with a repeal debate. Night after night, he confronted the ablest men in England; and, so far as the war of argument was concerned, he certainly kept them at bay. He fought, moreover, almost single-handed; for, with the exception of one or two good speeches from Sheil, he had really no assistance of any great value.

He, however, made a concession to the enemies of Repeal in the earlier part of the session, which no motives of parliamentary expediency should have extorted from him. Taunted by Lord (then Mr.) Stanley, with the contrast between his energetic advocacy of Repeal in Ireland, and his careful avoidance of that subject in Parliament, he spoke as follows:—

“As long as I saw the utility of British connexion, and an immense utility may exist, I should prefer seeing this house doing justice to my countrymen, rather than that it should be done by a local legislature. I repeat it, this avowal is likely to be turned against me in Ireland; but I adhere to it, for it is my abstract opinion. If I thought that the machinery of the present government would work well for Ireland, there never lived a man more



ready to facilitate its movements than I am. The only reason I have for being a Repealer is the injustice of the present government towards my country.”\*

This doctrine was, indeed, much less likely to be acceptable to the Irish people than that which O’Connell promulgated in the speech he made in 1800 against the Union; namely, that a re-enactment of the whole penal code would be preferable to the abolition of the Irish Parliament. The notion of preferring an absentee legislature to a resident one as the distributor of “justice to Ireland” is self-contradictory; inasmuch as the most important ingredient in “justice to Ireland” is the restoration of the Irish Parliament. Even an indifferent legislature sitting at home would be much more conducive to national prosperity than the very best non-resident legislature imagination can conceive. Nor is the injustice of any individual government to Ireland the sole reason why Irishmen are Repealers. They are so because Repeal is their inalienable right; because the management of their affairs by another nation is utterly incompatible with their welfare; and because it is perfectly impossible that a system of non-resident legislation can be other than unjust to their country.

\* O’Connell spoke the passage here quoted, in February, 1833, on the motion for the house going into a Committee of Supply.



The declaration I have quoted, coming from a man "whose words were things," was undeniably calculated to damp the ardour which the stirring events of the past year had excited to a pitch of intensity.

He still battled away against the ministerial measure, and battled nobly. The journals which had abused him, and sought to sneer him down, were constrained, despite their prejudices, to admit that he was a first-rate parliamentary orator. And his triumph in this respect was the more remarkable, inasmuch as he was transplanted late in life from scenes and habits utterly differing from those of the English Parliament.

I took an opportunity, in the course of the coercion debates, to declare my unalterable attachment to the cause of Repeal.

Mr. O'Connell was greatly disgusted at the utter want of sympathy with the people of Ireland, displayed by some of the English Catholics. One night I said to him,

"There is Howard, of Corby, among the ranks of our opponents."

"Ay," he replied, indignantly, "only for *us Irish* he wouldn't have a seat in Parliament, and the grateful return he makes is to do us all the mischief he can."



Mr. Stanley's personal hostility to O'Connell was bitter and vehement. It was incessantly manifested throughout the entire session. His fiery and brilliant invectives, his pungent sneers and sarcasms, would have told with crushing effect upon any inferior antagonist. But O'Connell was too great to be put down by sarcasm or ridicule. He often grappled Stanley with tremendous vigour. When he made a hit he liked to have it appreciated. One night, after a stormy debate, in which he had been particularly successful, I chanced to sit next him under the strangers' gallery.

"I think," said I, "that if you owed Stanley any thing, you fully paid off your debts to-night."

"Do you really think so?" he quickly said, turning round to me with a hearty laugh of satisfaction.

Observing the "internecine warfare" that raged between him and Stanley, I asked him if he had ever been on terms of personal intercourse with his brilliant enemy.

"Yes," said he, "and I have been even favoured with his courtesy. He followed me out into the lobby on the night of my speech in favour of Reform, shook hands with me, and complimented me on my success."

Feergus O'Connor spoke often against the Coer-



cion Bill. An English country member said to me one night,

“The member for Cork is an unbroken colt, but he has good points. With some training he'll make a useful horse by and by.”

The English Reformers were too strong for the friends of constitutional liberty in Ireland. Despite the combined opposition of O'Connell and his allies, the obnoxious bill became law by a very large majority.



## CHAPTER II.

Dinner at Bulwer's—O'Connell on the Irish Language—Judge Johnson's Libel—Prolixity of Counsellor Scriven—O'Connell's reluctant Introduction of Repeal into the British Parliament in 1834—General Election in 1835—O'Connell's unalterable Conviction on Repeal—O'Connell *versus* Combinations.

ON St. Patrick's day, 1833, I met Mr. O'Connell at dinner at the house of Sir Edward (then Mr.) Bulwer. The party consisted exclusively of anti-coercion members of the legislature. The author of "Pelham" wore a large artificial shamrock in the breast of his coat, in compliment to his Irish guests. Politics were but little discussed. O'Connell told the traditionary story of St. Patrick's selection of the shamrock as an emblem of the Trinity. Some one asked him whether the use of the Irish language was diminishing among our peasantry. "Yes," he answered, "and I am sufficiently utilitarian not to regret its gradual abandonment. A diversity of tongues is no benefit; it was first imposed on man-



kind as a curse, at the building of Babel. It would be of vast advantage to mankind if all the inhabitants of the earth spoke the same language. Therefore, although the Irish language is connected with many recollections that twine around the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all modern communication, is so great, that I can witness without a sigh the gradual disuse of the Irish."

He said that in 1828 he had made a speech in Irish at a Catholic meeting in the county Louth; and that at some other place (Tralee, if I recollect aright) the reporters from a London journal were ludicrously puzzled at an harangue he delivered in the ancient tongue of Erin. Their pencils and tablets were all in readiness, when the Agitator advanced to the front of the platform and pronounced a speech of which they did not understand a syllable.

O'Connell's parliamentary career for the years that followed 1833 presented no such vigorous efforts of genius as his opposition to the Coercion Bill exhibited. He made many admirable speeches; but he had not the excitement of such stormy elements of strife as those which aroused his great powers in that memorable session.

In the month of January, 1834, I was in Dublin,



and met the Liberator at a Repeal meeting held in the Corn Exchange. I spoke in reply to a Unionist effusion of Emerson Tennent's. O'Connell then proceeded to assail Mr. Tennent, whom he accused of political tergiversation, styling him "the species of monster we read of in the 'Arabian Nights,' with a green back and an orange tail." After a lengthened attack on the object of our animadversion, the Liberator asked me to accompany him to his house in Merrion Square.

Some allusion was made to the Liberator's political labours, and his relinquishment of his profession. He said, "I believe I am the only person on whom a voluntary annual tribute was ever bestowed by a nation."

Among his reminiscences of bar practice, he mentioned the trial of Judge Johnson for a libel which Cobbett had printed. Cobbett had been previously tried and convicted; and rather than undergo the legal penalty, he gave up Johnson, who was the author of the libel. It was a curious document to emanate from a judge. O'Connell said;—

"It called Lord Hardwicke a sheep-feeder from Cambridgeshire, and Lord Redesdale a stout-built special-pleader from Lincoln's Inn. Johnson's great object was to gain time. He sued out his *habeas corpus* in every one of the courts. The last was the



Common Pleas. One of his counsel was Scriven, whose instructions were to be as lengthy as possible. He accordingly opened by stating that he had eighteen distinct propositions to enunciate. Lord Norbury soon got tired, and tried to cut the matter short by occasionally saying, 'That will do, Mr. Scriven—the Court is with you on that point, so you need not occupy your time by demonstration.' 'That *won't* do, my lord,' said Scriven; 'I must assist your lordship with some additional reasons; I well know the great ability of my learned friends who will follow on the other side, so I cannot possibly accept your lordship's concession.' The first day was wholly occupied by *stating* the eighteen propositions; the succeeding days were devoted to proving them. The opposite counsel, whose game was brevity, let Scriven run on uninterrupted. When he came out of court the first day, he said, 'D—n those fellows! I could not get one of them to interrupt me.' But he and his brethren succeeded in wearing out the term. Meanwhile, the administration changed; the new government (of 1806) let Johnson off easily. He was not turned off the bench, but induced to retire on a pension of 1200*l.* a year."

This Johnson had been made a judge for sup-



porting the Union. He afterwards wrote the remarkable essay on the military capacity of Ireland for self-defence, which was published under the signature of "Philip Roche Fermoy."

The year 1834 was rendered remarkable by the introduction of the Repeal question into the House of Commons. O'Connell told me he was forced to take this step, bitterly against his will. "I felt," said he, "like a man who was going to jump into a cold bath, but I was obliged to take the plunge." His speech was certainly an able one, but very inferior to the masterly oration in which he introduced the same question, in 1843, into the Dublin corporation.

Notwithstanding the obstacles thrown by the Coercion Act in the way of petitions to the legislature, O'Connell was backed, on this occasion, by more than half a million of signatures to petitions in favour of Repeal.

It is told of him, that on the day he was going down to the House of Commons to make his motion on Repeal, he stopped opposite King Henry the Seventh's chapel, took off his hat, and blessed himself, saying aloud, "The Lord Almighty be merciful to your soul, Henry the Seventh, who left us so magnificent a monument of your piety. You



left provision at your decease to have perpetual masses offered up for your soul ; but from the time that ever execrable brute, Henry the Eighth, seized on the revenues of the church, and of course laid hands on that endowment with the rest, perhaps no human being recollected to aspirate the words 'the Lord have mercy on *your* soul,' until it struck the humble person who now offers that prayer with the utmost sincerity."\*

The Repeal debate, of 1834, is fresh in the memory of the reader. Spring Rice, as being an Irishman, and an expert financial juggler, was selected by government as the most appropriate assailant of his country's rights. His fallacies, absurdities, and falsehoods, were affirmed by an imperial majority of 525 to 40.

In January, 1835, there was a general election. The number of Repealers returned to Parliament was not so numerous as in 1832. Some of the Repeal members did not offer themselves again to their constituencies ; others did, and were defeated. The anti-Repeal landlords wreaked terrible vengeance on the electors who had voted at the previous election for Repealers. Those landlords are now paying a bitter penalty for their short-sighted

\* I take this anecdote from the "Cork Southern Reporter," of October 2, 1847.



wickedness, in the ruin entailed upon so many of their order by the Union. Much popular inaction was caused by O'Connell's postponement of Repeal for the celebrated "six years' experiment" on which he had embarked. The people of Ireland never entered with any heartiness into that experiment. They had a strong instinctive feeling that it would not succeed. And they thought, that were it even successful, no amount of minor acquisitions could supply to Ireland the want of a resident Parliament.

That such was also O'Connell's own conviction is evident, from the following passage in a private letter, quoted by Mr. Fagan, M.P. for Cork, in his "Life and Times of O'Connell."

"But," asks the *Liberator*, "may not the Repeal be dispensed with if we get beneficial measures without it? This is a serious question, and one upon which good men may differ; but it is my duty to make up my mind upon it, and I have made up my mind accordingly, that there can be no safety, no permanent prosperity for Ireland without a Repeal of the Union. This is my firm, my unalterable conviction."

I need scarcely add that it is also the firm and unalterable conviction of the Irish people.

In the beginning of 1838, the *Liberator* gave a proof of his indifference to all popularity which was



not founded on the only just title to public favour—honesty of purpose united with practical utility. Combinations of workmen to compel their employers to increase their wages had become general in Dublin. The results were necessarily ruinous to the short-sighted combinator themselves. The shipwrights were the greatest sufferers; the ship-building trade having nearly been destroyed in Dublin by this foolish and fatal policy. O'Connell denounced the combination system as being unjust in its principle and ruinous in its results. Amongst the combinator were hundreds of his warmest political adherents. They instantly mutinied against him; and for several successive days he was mobbed and hooted at the Royal Exchange. He continued his opposition, undaunted by the outcry; and calmly awaited the period when the combinator should return to their senses; indifferent as to the tenure of any popularity which could be endangered by honest perseverance in the cause of truth and public usefulness. He was taxed with having theretofore charged the decay of trade in Dublin on the Union; “whereas *now*,” said his accusers, “you charge it on our combination.”

“Both causes operate,” was his reply. “If a man suffers from a headache, that is no reason why he



will not suffer still more if a toothache be added to it. The Union struck a heavy blow to trade—combination will complete the mischief.”

O’Connell’s exertions were finally successful : his opponents abandoned the Combination System.



## CHAPTER III.

Journey to Mount Melleraye—Foundling Hospital—Judge Norbury—The Catholics and their “natural Leaders”—Peter Bodkin Hussey—Jack Lawless—Anecdote of the Clare Election—Approach to Melleraye—The Monastery—Reception of O’Connell—O’Connell a Novelist!—“Viscount O’Connell”—Offer of a Seat on the Bench.

IN August, 1838, the Liberator quitted Dublin for the monastery of Mount Melleraye, in the county of Waterford, where he intended to spend a few days in retreat. I was anxious to see that establishment, and he gave me a seat in his carriage. When travelling, he was usually very communicative, and every place of any interest along the road elicited some anecdote or reminiscence. On this journey, he talked much of his own achievements in the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation, and gave some sketches of his political fellow labourers.

It was three o’clock in the afternoon of a clear sunny day when we left town. On passing the



Foundling Hospital at the western end of the city, O'Connell said to me, "That is one of the institutions of mistaken philanthropy. It encouraged vice by affording an easy mode of disposing of its consequences. And then there was the hideous risk of incestuous marriages, from the foundlings' ignorance of their relationship to each other, or to the rest of the world. The late Dr. Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, distinctly traced proofs, that in one case a youth brought up in that foundling hospital had married his own mother!"

A little further on were the roofless remains of the old Court House of Kilmainham.

"That ruin," said Mr. O'Connell, "was a busy place after the rebellion. Its unpopular celebrity was commemorated in a ballad that began, I think, thus:—

'Harkforward, Kilmainham! harkforward, Kilmainham!

We'll hang 'em, we'll hang 'em, before we arraign 'em.

Old Toler\* leads the bloody hunt,

This day some wretch must die.' "

He then began to speak of his own recollections of the rebellion, of the Union (on which he made his maiden speech), and of the subsequent position of the Catholic cause.

\* The late Judge Norbury, of punning and hanging notoriety.



“The ‘*natural leaders*,’ as they were called, of the Catholics,” said he, “the Catholic aristocracy, were jealous at seeing the leadership, which they were incapable of managing, taken out of their hands by lawyers and merchants. Efforts were occasionally made to control what they were pleased to deem the vulgar violence of our exertions. In 1807, a certain aristocratic banker visited the Catholic Board one day, and delivered himself of some advice that savoured suspiciously of Castle influence. I remember that he accused the Catholic barristers of clamouring for emancipation merely in order to qualify themselves for office. I opposed him, of course, and I had a stout ally in Peter Bodkin Hussey, who discarded all ceremony from his attack on the invader. Peter’s speech was extremely characteristic of his sagacity, his coarseness, and his impudence. ‘I understand this gentleman,’ said Peter, ‘just as well as if I was inside his head. He has talked about Catholic barristers having personal objects to gain. I tell him there are Catholic *bankers* who have personal objects to gain. I won’t mince the matter, and I boldly declare my conviction that his advice is dishonest. I tell him, moreover, that although I only chastise him *verbally* now, in the hope that he may take himself quietly off, and give us no further trouble, *yet I would hesi-*



*tate just as little to chastise him personally if he should come here again on a similar errand.'* The intruder took the hint and decamped. Peter Bodkin Hussey," continued Mr. O'Connell, "was in general as rough-tongued a fellow as I ever met, saying ill-natured things of everybody, and good-natured things of nobody. He piqued himself on his impertinence. It was not, however, a bad reply he made to another impertinent fellow who hailed him one day in the Four Courts, saying, 'Peter, I'll bet you a guinea that *you* are a more impertinent rascal than *I* am.' 'You'd win your guinea,' answered Peter, 'I am certainly the more impertinent. *You* are only impertinent to those who you know won't knock you down for it—but *I* am impertinent to everybody.'"

I asked him his opinion of the noted "Jack Lawless" as a public speaker.

"He began admirably," replied Mr. O'Connell, "and proceeded wretchedly. His first four or five sentences were exceedingly good; the language excellent, the sentiments impressive, the delivery admirable. But then he began to fail, and continued to the end in a strain of incoherence. Sometimes, indeed, he got off right well—that is, if he was interrupted near the outset. He would then reiterate his opening points with excellent effect, and



with the spirit which the stimulus of a little brushing opposition infused into his manner.

“But Jack was an unpleasant sort of fellow to transact public business with. One day in committee Jack told us he meant to bring publicly forward at that day's meeting a certain topic, which I was of opinion it would be infinitely wiser and more prudent to leave in the shade. I expressed that opinion very strongly, and was backed by many persons. Lawless seemed reluctant to acquiesce, but at last he said, ‘O’Connell, you are right—I see you are quite right. I shall say nothing on that subject at the meeting.’ I thanked him for his acquiescence, and in order to make assurance doubly sure, I said to him as we were passing through the little boarded entry into the great room, ‘Now, Jack, you’ll be sure to hold your tongue about that affair?’ ‘Do you mean to doubt my word?’ retorted Jack, rather angrily; ‘Have I not promised to be silent? I consider my honour as pledged.’ I was quite satisfied, and we went in. I moved somebody into the chair, and sat down to look over a letter, when up started Jack, and dashed full into the topic upon which he had just promised silence! Of course I had to draw the sword upon him in reply.”

This wayward and unmanageable gentleman



greatly liked the excitement of a skirmish. I am told that after receiving a severe castigation from O'Connell, he would skip into the committee-room, rubbing his hands in the highest glee, and exclaiming, "Well, had not we a nice debate?"

Speaking of the victory of 1829, Mr. O'Connell expressed his conviction that one of the causes that induced the Duke of Wellington to grant Emancipation, was his grace's knowledge that a large part of the army were devoted to the Catholic cause.

"After the Clare election," said he, "there was a remarkably fine young man named Ryan, as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, who had been made a serjeant, although not more than a year in the army. In one of our popular processions, we encountered a marching detachment; and as my carriage passed, this young serjeant walked away from his men, and asked me to shake hands with him. 'In acting as I now do,' said he, 'I am guilty of infringing military discipline. Perhaps I may be flogged for it—but I don't care—let them punish me in any way they please—let them flog me, and send me back to the ranks—I have had the satisfaction of shaking the hand of the Father of my country.' There were many unequivocal indications of a similar spirit in the army; and doubtless such



a spirit among the troops was not without its due weight with the duke. As to my enthusiastic friend, the young serjeant, I afterwards learned that his little escapade was overlooked—and right glad I was to find that his devotion to me entailed no punishment upon him.”

In talk such as this passed the day. We slept at the Royal Oak, and at six o'clock next morning we resumed our journey. At Kilkenny, where we breakfasted, many of the leading Repealers of the city waited on Mr. O'Connell to urge him to resume immediately the agitation of the Repeal of the Union. He replied, that he felt well inclined to comply with their advice, but that as the period had not yet quite expired which he had resolved on employing in the experiment to obtain from the Imperial Legislature the performance of the pledge they had given in 1834, “to do justice to Ireland,” he would postpone the renewed agitation of Repeal until the end of the session of the following year.

From Kilkenny we proceeded to Clogheen, in the county Tipperary, near which village we quitted the turnpike-road, and ascended the mountains that form the boundary between the counties of Tipperary and Waterford. The weather, which had been showery at Clogheen, became rapidly worse, and ere we had made half a mile of ascent, it blew



a perfect storm. Nothing can exceed the desert bleakness of the northern, or Tipperary side, of these mountains. Mile after mile our zigzag road led us up in traverses, through scenes of apparently unreclaimable sterility, unenlivened with a human habitation. Thousands of acres are nearly destitute of surface-earth, and are covered with fragments of stone. The only living beings that we met for several miles were two miserable sheep, that cowered from the storm beneath a dyke. When at length we reached the highest elevation attained by the road, the quality of the ground seemed somewhat less sterile. We passed a lonely hollow among the hills, in the basin of which was a dark pool surrounded with steep, mossy banks. Some miles of nearly level road succeeded, the quality of the soil still improving ; traces of agricultural industry appeared, and we soon passed well-built farmhouses and thriving plantations belonging to the tenants of the Duke of Devonshire, who is universally allowed to be a humane and considerate landlord, although an absentee.\*

\* From the example afforded by such landlords as the Duke of Devonshire, some persons have sought a defence of absenteeism in general. These persons say, "Look at the comfortable and prosperous tenantry on the duke's estate, or on the estates of Lords A., B., or C., who are absentees. Contrast the comforts of these tenants with the wretched condition of the tenants of



The southern descent of the mountains between Tipperary and Waterford is as rich and beautiful as the northern side is barren. The road leads for several miles through ravines clothed with luxuriant ash and oak woods, whose solitudes are enlivened with the wild music of rushing waters. From these defiles we emerged beneath the Castle of Lismore.

The greater part of the drive from Lismore to Mount Melleraye is exquisitely beautiful. It is shaded, as far as Cappoquin, by embowering oaks and beech of old growth. On the Melleraye side of Cappoquin, the road becomes very abrupt, and in one or two places dangerous from its great steepness. It runs for about a mile along the upper verge

certain tyrannical *resident* landlords; and then, (if you can,) call residence a blessing or absenteeism an evil !”

It requires little pains to expose the sophistry of such a plea as this. The benevolent absentee landlord is not benevolent *because* he is an absentee, but because he has a humane heart and just principles. His absenteeism has nothing to do with his benevolence ; unless, perhaps, it may prevent its full expansion. In like manner, the resident tyrant is not a tyrant *because* he is resident ; but because he is extravagant and avaricious ; or because he hates the religious and political principles of the people. If a greater number of the benevolent proprietors of large estates who are now absentees resided in Ireland, their presence and example would powerfully tend to shame their grasping and exterminating brethren out of their tyranny.

The advocates of absenteeism are in the habit of assuming that the tyrannical landlords are chiefly to be found among the residents. This assumption, I believe, to be directly the reverse of the fact.



of a wooded glen, through which flows a brook, that, when we passed, was swollen and turbid from the recent rains. I had been looking anxiously out for the monastery, but night fell before we were within two miles of it.

At length we reached the abode of the Trappists, and on arriving at the outer gate we were met by a procession consisting of the abbot, the sub-prior, and about twenty of the brethren, all dressed in their monastic habiliments. The abbot, in episcopal mitre and robes, and bearing his crozier, led forward Mr. O'Connell by the hand, whilst I was conducted by the sub-prior in a similar manner. The monks then followed, chanting a vesper hymn. The loud music had a grand effect as it rolled along the lofty roof. We proceeded through the aisle of the monastery church, of which the extent, partially revealed by the torches borne by the brethren, seemed greater than it really was, from the utter darkness that obscured its farther extremity. When the usual vesper service had been performed in a chapel adjoining the principal church, an address of welcome was presented to Mr. O'Connell, who pronounced an appropriate reply. He begged permission to constitute himself counsel to the monastery, whose inmates were at that period threatened with litigation. The matter alluded to has since been set right.



Two hours after midnight I was awakened by a violent storm of rain and wind. Looking forth upon the night, I saw lights in the chapel, and the chant of hymns was heard in the fitful pauses of the gust. The monks were celebrating the usual service of lauds. The hour—the darkness—the storm—the dim lights of the chapel, and the voices streaming out upon the lonely mountain's side, all combined to produce an effect in a high degree wild, impressive, and romantic.

There are some young plantations adjoining the monastery. I presented the reverend fathers with Cruickshank's work on the "Culture of Forest-trees," of which I hope they have made good use.

During our stay at the monastery, Mr. O'Connell and I used to breakfast *tête-à-tête* in the abbot's parlour. Immediately after breakfast, he retired to his bed-room, where he remained quite alone until dinner, which meal we partook of *tête-à-tête*, and immediately on its conclusion, he would again retire—either to his dormitory, or to the chapel, where he remained for an hour or two. One day, Mr. Villiers Stuart came to wait on the abbot's illustrious guest, and was told he had given strict directions that he should not be disturbed while in retreat. A few days afterwards, a public meeting was held in Lismore, at which Mr. Stuart



alluded to that circumstance, humorously adding, that he was happy to find that Mr. O'Connell's sojourn at Mount Melleraye had not infected him with the *silence* of its inmates, as his adoption of the Carthusian system of the Trappists would seriously injure the interests of popular liberty in Ireland.

After a week spent at Melleraye, we quitted it, grateful for the hospitable kindness of the abbot, and interested in the success of his useful establishment. On our journey to Cork, the Liberator was, as usual, extremely communicative. He spoke of novels and novelists. He complained that Miss Edgeworth had never advocated the Catholic claims in any of her numerous publications. I praised her Irish tales, especially her "Absentee" and "Ormond."

"I don't like 'Ormond,'" said O'Connell, "she has spoiled it, by making the Irish officer in the French brigade such a thorough scoundrel. And then the name she gives him—*my* name—Connal! I am quite sure she was guided in her selection of that name by hostility to *me*."

"*That* I think very improbable," said I. "If such had been her motive, she would have spelt the name as you do yours."

"Oh! that would have been too palpable."

We spoke of a story I meant to weave into a novel.



"I think," said I, "that *you* would be somewhat out of your element, assisting a novelist in his compositions."

"Not in the least," he answered. "I was once going to write a novel myself."

"Indeed!—and what was your story to have been?"

"Why, as to the story, I had not *that* fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III., by Hannah Lightfoot, his Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take a part in the American war—and to come back finally to England, imbued with republican principles."

I do not remember whether this adventurous hero was, on his return to England, to have been confronted with his royal father.

The mention of republican principles led the talk to politics generally. O'Connell said that his experiment on Imperial "Justice to Ireland" should only continue another year. Should it fail—as he fully expected that it would—he was resolved to devote the rest of his life to the question of Repeal.



O'Connell's enemies have repeatedly called him a "trading politician." Had this charge been true, it is incredible that he should not, at some unguarded moment of social intercourse, have allowed the imputed double-dealing to betray itself. But, although it was his habit to converse freely and confidentially with his familiar associates, he never uttered in private a sentiment adverse to the political doctrines of which he was in public the apostle. He could easily have made his own terms at any time with the English government; and yet, although far from insensible to the advantages of station and wealth, he steadily rejected all overtures of place for himself.

A zealous, but ill-judging friend, had held out, as a glorious termination to his political career, a seat in the House of Lords of England, and the title of "Viscount O'Connell."

"I'll take nothing for myself," said the Liberator, "as long as Ireland wants me."

In 1838, on the morning when he received from government the offer to be appointed lord chief baron, he walked over to the window, saying,

"This is very kind—very kind, indeed!—but I haven't the least notion of taking the offer. Ireland could not spare me now: not but that, *if she could*, I don't at all deny that the office would have great



attractions for me. Let me see, now—there would not be more than about eighty days' duty in the year; I would take a country-house near Dublin, and walk into town; and during the intervals of judicial labour, I'd go to Darrynane. I should be idle in the early part of April, just when the jack-hares leave the most splendid trails upon the mountains. In fact, I should enjoy the office exceedingly on every account, if I *could* but accept it consistently with the interests of Ireland—BUT I CANNOT."



## CHAPTER IV.

Epistolary Bores—Troublesome Visitors—Troublesome Orators  
—Place-hunters—Portrait-hunters—Autograph-hunters.

MR. FITZPATRICK, of Eccles Street, one of the Liberator's most intimate friends, said to me one day, "The number of queer letters that O'Connell receives, boring him upon the most ridiculously trivial subjects, would try any body's patience. A letter once arrived from New York, and as he was not aware that he had any correspondent in that city whose communication could be worth the postage, he deliberated whether he should not return the letter to the post-office unopened. He did, however open it, and found that it contained a minute description of a Queen Anne's farthing recently found by the writer; with a modest request that 'Ireland's Liberator' might negotiate the sale of the said farthing in London; where, as many intelligent persons had assured him, he might make his fortune by it.



“ Another modest correspondent,” continued Fitzpatrick, “ was one Peter Waldron, also of New York, whose epistle ran thus ;—‘ Sir, I have discovered an old paper, by which I find that my grandfather, Peter Waldron, left Dublin about the year 1730. You will very much oblige me by instituting an immediate inquiry who the said Peter Waldron was; whether he possessed any property in Dublin or elsewhere, and to what amount, and in case that he did, you will confer a particular favour on me by taking immediate steps to recover it, and if successful, forwarding the amount to me at New York.’ ”

At another time a Protestant clergyman wrote to apprise him that he and his family were all in prayer for his conversion to the Protestant religion; and that the writer was anxious to engage in controversy with so distinguished an antagonist. A similar epistle was addressed to him by a Methodist named Lackington. An American lady wrote to beg he would assist her in getting up a raffle. Some relation of hers, she said, had written a book in praise of Ireland; and this consideration would doubtless induce Ireland's most distinguished son to devote to her wishes the very short time requisite to insure the success of her project.

He complained that the letters with which he was persecuted, soliciting patronage, were innu-



merable. "Every body writes to me about every thing," said he, "and the applicants for places, without a single exception, tell me that *one word* of mine will infallibly get them what they want. '*One word!*' Oh, how sick I am of that '*one word!*'"

He expressed his indignation at some correspondents who offered him *douceurs* for his patronage. He threatened to prosecute one of them, and desired his servant to kick another out of the house (the latter having promised to call for an answer).

Some of his rural correspondents entertained odd ideas of his attributes. He said that from one of them he got a letter commencing with "Awful Sir!"

He sometimes announced in public, that he usually burned anonymous letters unread. "I just look," said he, "to see what signature the letter bears—and if I find none, I fling it into the fire."

He once told me, that out of the multitude of anonymous letters he had received for many years, there was only one that contained a suggestion of value. "That," he said, "was the contrast between the Irish and British elective franchises, and an excellent hint it was. I think I've worked it pretty well, too."

The bores of flesh and blood were worse than the paper bores. When engaged with some friend



on important political business, he has often been interrupted by gossiping visitors, who seemed to consider his time their own property. The raptures of patriotic lady-admirers were extremely unwelcome. "How I hate to have those women pelting in upon me!" was his exclamation on the exit of a very talkative specimen of this class. Gentlemen *savans* were no better; one of them broke in upon him one day that his head was full of his next Repeal move, and indulged him with a learned dissertation upon an ancient Egyptian festival, and an elaborate description of the entire ceremonial. It needs scarcely be said that the applicants for place who beset him in person were legion.

Amongst the odd requests addressed to him, was that of a Catholic priest, who stated that as from family misfortunes he could not support himself and his two sisters, he hoped Mr. O'Connell would allow them to make Darrynane their home until more prosperous times. The Liberator's well-known benevolence, the applicant added, induced him thus to seek the asylum of his roof. Mr. O'Connell said he had not the honour of his acquaintance—to which the applicant replied by reminding him they had been introduced to each other some months before on the deck of a steamer.

A species of annoyance to which O'Connell used



to submit with sullen resignation, was the trashy eloquence of his less gifted confederates in the Agitation. At a certain southern banquet he was overwhelmed with the chairman's interminable harangues. He bitterly complained of the infliction the next day to a lady who told me the anecdote. "Mr. —— gave me quite too much of it," said he; "he apparently forgot that too much black pudding would choke a dog."

Of another loquacious chairman he said to me, "That poor B \* \* \* has a sad facility of making the most balderdashical speeches I ever heard."

Speaking of a member of the legislature far above those "small deer" in point of intellect, he said, "W—— would speak better if he did not speak so well: but he has a most unhappy superabundance of very excellent English, that quite runs away with him."

Some of the *habitués* of the Repeal Association who knew O'Connell's feelings on such matters, have whispered to me during the speech of a long-winded orator, "Watch Dan, now! observe how bored he is—there he sits with his hat pulled down over his eyes, patiently waiting until this gentleman finishes."

One day when he had been annoyed by a troublesome and loquacious person whom he endured



for a long time with great suavity, I said, "You were infinitely more civil to Mr. — than I could have been."

"My dear friend," replied he, "you will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hogshead of vinegar."

Of two other bores I have heard him complain; namely, that of sitting for his portrait, and giving his autograph. Of his autograph, however, he was generally liberal enough, until age had rendered the exertion of writing difficult. The very last time I saw him (January, 1847) he asked me if I wished for any of his autographs. I replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said he, laughing, "I'll desire my secretary to write as many as you want."

With respect to the portrait annoyance, he was less manageable; unless, indeed, it were to oblige some friend, who had strong claims upon his good offices. I am told that when Wilkie was engaged in taking his likeness, he found the utmost difficulty in getting him to sit, and that the carriage which the artist regularly sent for the distinguished original, frequently returned empty. And when Du Val the portrait-painter, waited on him in order to complete his likeness for a Manchester friend, O'Connell, who detested the idea of giving formal sittings, postponed Du Val from day to day, until the artist,



in despair, at last spoke of returning to Manchester with his work unfinished. He was then told that if he came in the mornings while O'Connell was at breakfast, he might possibly collect some traits for the completion of his picture. He accordingly came, and carried off on scraps of paper the minutiae of expression and feature, which he transferred as well as he could to the canvass. At length Mr. O'Connell gave him one or two good sittings at his studio, which enabled him to produce a successful likeness.



## CHAPTER V.

Dame M'Carthy and Louis the Fourteenth—Old Irish Castles and Graveyards—The Annals of the Four Masters—Repudiation of Holy Water—O'Connell's Illness in 1798—Arthur O'Connor—Who was the Greatest Irishman?—Interview with Owen, the Socialist.

SPEAKING of some imposing cavalcade that had escorted one of his political progresses, he said,

“Those things are all comparative. When a lady of the M'Carthy family was sitting in her hotel at Paris, working embroidery, she heard shouts of triumph in the streets for Louis the Fourteenth's grand entry after his successes in Flanders. But the lady stirred not from her task.

“ ‘What!’ said her companion, ‘will you not come to the window to look at the king's triumphant entry?’

“ ‘No,’ replied the lady; ‘I have seen M'Carthy More's triumphant entry into Blarney, and what can Paris furnish to excel that?’ ”



The mention of M'Carthy More led him to talk of ancient times, ancient chiefs, and of the Desmond Castles in Kerry. "What an undigested mass of buildings are the relics of the Earl of Desmond's court at Castle Island! And how much the difference between our habits and those of our forefathers is marked by the architecture of their dwellings and of ours. The old castles, or rather the old towers, of Ireland, were manifestly constructed for inhabitants who only stayed within when the severity of the weather would not allow them to go out. There seems to have been little or no provision in the greater number of them for internal comfort. And what a state of social insecurity they indicate! Small loop-holes for defence; low, small entrance doors for the same purpose; evidently, it was a more important object to keep out the enemy, than to ventilate the house."

Speaking of the elder days of Ireland, he said, "I never can pass the old burial-grounds of Kilpeacon and Killogroin, among the hills,\* without thinking how strange it is that they should be totally deserted by the present generation. Nobody ever is buried in either of them now, and they have been disused so long ago, that not even a tradition exists among the peasantry of the time when, or

\* I believe between Cahirsiveen and Darrymore.



the cause wherefore, interments were discontinued in them."

He spoke with contempt of the "Annals of the Four Masters." "They are little more than a bare record of faction or clan fights. 'On such a day the chief of such a place burned the castle of the chief of so-and-so;' there's a tiresome sameness of this sort of uninteresting narrative."

The "Annals" are, indeed, a bald record of facts. But the same objection would equally apply to the early history of every country.

O'Connell constantly reverted to his juvenile recollections of Darrynane. I cannot tell what led to the following anecdote, nor, indeed, to half the anecdotes he incessantly "welled forth" in exhaustless profusion.

"There were," said he, "two Protestant gentlemen on a visit with my uncle during one of my sojourns at Darrynane. On Sunday, as there was no Protestant place of worship near, they were reduced to the alternative of going to mass, or doing without public worship. They chose to go to mass; and on entering the chapel they fastidiously kept clear of the holy water which the clerk was sprinkling copiously on all sides. The clerk observed this, and feeling his own dignity and that of the holy water compromised by their Protestant squeamish-



ness, he quietly watched them after service, and planting himself behind the sanctuary-door through which they had to pass, he suddenly slashed the entire contents of his full-charged brush into their faces! I thought I should have been choked with laughing. You can't conceive any thing more ludicrous than the discomfited look the fellows had!" And his fancy was so tickled with the recollection, that he chuckled heartily over it.

He spoke of his illness—a severe typhus fever—which had nearly proved fatal to him at Darrynane in 1798.

"It was occasioned," said he, "by sleeping in wet clothes. I had dried them upon me at a peasant's fire, and drank three glasses of whiskey, after which I fell asleep. The next day I hunted, was soon weary, and fell asleep in a ditch under sunshine. I became much worse; I spent a fortnight in great discomfort, wandering about and unable to eat. At last when I could no longer battle it out, I gave up and went to bed. Old Doctor Moriarty was sent for. He pronounced me in a high fever. I was in such pain that I wished to die. In my ravings I fancied that I was in the middle of a wood, and that the branches were on fire around me. I felt my backbone stiffening for death, and I positively declare that I think what saved me was the effort I made to



rise up, and show my father, who was at my bedside, that I knew him. I verily believe that effort of nature averted death. During my illness I used to quote from the tragedy of Douglas these lines :

‘ Unknown I die ; no tongue shall speak of me ;  
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,  
May yet conjecture what I might have proved ;  
And think life only wanting to my fame.’

I used to quote those lines under the full belief that my illness would end fatally. Indeed, long before that period—when I was seven years old—yes, indeed, as long as ever I can recollect, I always felt a presentiment that I should write my name on the page of history. I hated Saxon domination. I detested the tyrants of Ireland. During the latter part of my illness, Doctor Moriarty told me that Buonaparte had got his whole army to Alexandria, across the desert. ‘ That is impossible,’ said I, ‘ he cannot have done so ; they would have starved.’ ‘ Oh, no,’ replied the doctor, ‘ they had a quantity of portable soup with them, sufficient to feed the whole army for four days.’ ‘ Ay,’ rejoined I ; ‘ but had they portable water ? For their portable soup would have been but of little use if they had not water to dissolve it in.’ My father looked at the attendants with an air of hope. Doctor Moriarty said to my mother, ‘ His intellect, at any rate, is untouched.’ I remember the doctor’s mentioning the rumour of an engagement



between the insurgents and the royalists at Ballinamuck, but the result had not then transpired."

I asked O'Connell whether he admired and sympathised with Arthur O'Connor?

"More no than yes," was his answer. "I had, indeed, admired him until Curran disclosed to me that he had a plan for an agrarian law, dividing the land in equal portions among all the inhabitants. *That* I saw at once involved consequences so anti-social, that it greatly cooled my admiration of him."

Except from O'Connell I never heard of Arthur O'Connor's plan for the division of land. But if he meant only such a plan as the small allotment system, which Feargus O'Connor is at present working in England, his scheme cannot have involved anti-social results. The small allotments have been for many years a favourite project of Feargus O'Connor's. Perhaps he derived the idea from his uncle. He detailed it to me at Kilcascan so long ago as 1830 ; and it seems calculated to promote the comfort of the humbler classes, without encroaching upon the interests or rights of the landed aristocracy.

O'Connell continued: "I travelled with Curran in the Cork mail. We were eight and forty hours coming to Dublin in those days. We had six insides and unlimited outsides. The passengers got



out and walked two or three miles on the rising ground" (I think he said Clasheen) "on this side of Clonmel; and it was on that walk that Curran mentioned to me Arthur O'Connor's agrarian scheme."

In the course of the conversation I asked him who, in his opinion, was our greatest man?

"*Next to myself,*" he answered, "I think old Harry Grattan was. But he was decidedly wrong in his controversy with Flood about the simple repeal."

O'Connell described a curious interview that had taken place between him and Owen, the Socialist. "The fellow called upon me," said he, "and told me he had come for my co-operation in a work of universal benevolence. I replied that I should always be happy to aid such a work. 'I expected no less from your character, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen. 'Would not you wish—I am sure you would—to elevate the condition of the whole human race?' 'Certainly, Mr. Owen,' replied I. 'Would not you wish to see a good hat on every body?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And good shoes?' 'Oh, certainly.' 'And good trowsers?' 'Unquestionably.' 'And would not you desire to see the whole family of man well housed and fed?' 'Doubtless. But Mr. Owen, as my time is much taken up, may



I beg that you will proceed at once to point out how all these desirable objects are, in your opinion, to be worked out?' 'In the first place, Mr. O'Connell,' said Owen, 'we must educate anew the population of these kingdoms, and entirely remove the crust of superstitious error from their minds. In fact, the whole thing, called *Revealed Religion*, must be got rid of.' I thought my worthy visitor was going a little too far. I rose and bowed him out. 'I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Owen,' said I, 'it would be useless to prolong our interview. I see at once that you and I cannot co-operate in any work or under any circumstances.' "



## CHAPTER VI.

Legislative Riots—The “Collective Wisdom” in a State of Excitement—Peel’s Opinion of O’Connell as a Debater.

IN order to appreciate O’Connell’s success in the English Parliament, we should consider the species of hostility he was constantly obliged to encounter. Envenomed personal hatred was the manifest source of much of the opposition directed against him. In 1839, he stated, what every body knew, namely, that certain election committees were partial and dishonest. Thereupon Lord Maidstone moved, “That Mr. O’Connell should be reprimanded.” The motion was carried; and the reprimand accordingly was pronounced from the chair, and was laughed at by all rational men, as a specimen of the fantastic folly into which a strong feeling of personal spite could betray a parliamentary majority. In fact, the “reprimand” afforded a species of triumph to the intended victim, by giving him a



fresh opportunity of reiterating all his charges, without one word of retractation or apology.

But, perhaps, the most curious legislative riot upon record, was that which occurred on the introduction of Lord Stanley's bill for the annihilation of the Irish popular franchise. Whenever a disturbance ruffles the surface of an Irish Repeal, or other public meeting (and such an occurrence is unusual), the sages of the English press pounce with avidity on the event as a proof of our unfitness for self-government. Perhaps, in their estimation, the remarkable parliamentary *demêlé* alluded to illustrates the capacity of English gentlemen to legislate for Ireland.

O'Connell had committed the offence of calling Lord Stanley's bill "a bill to trample on the rights of Ireland." For this offence he was furiously assailed with a storm of shouting, yelling, hooting, and whistling. He applied the term "beastly bellowing" to the hurricane of discordant noises made by the Collective Wisdom. The Collective Wisdom was highly displeased at this uncourteous designation of its utterances; and a scene of tumultuous wrangling ensued, during a great part of which it was perfectly impossible to distinguish an articulate sentence. Lord Maidstone and Sir Stratford Canning were particularly prominent in this



ruffianly attack upon O'Connell, who, however, contrived in the end to have the best of the skirmish.

What a picture of legislative wisdom is afforded by this curious scene! It suggests humiliating ideas of our boasted human intellect, that an assemblage to whom is committed a trust of the highest national importance, should thus degrade itself by vulgar brawls; which, as one of the members observed, are only fit for the meridian of the ale-house. Whenever the passions of foolish and intemperate partisans thus degraded parliamentary debate, O'Connell was always ready to administer a spirited rebuke. The pigmy host of Maidstones, Cannings, Tennents, *et id genus omne*, shrank into insignificance before him—an insignificance which was only rendered the more manifest by the boisterous efforts of the noisy crew to overwhelm him with factious clamour.

Sir Robert Peel is said to have expressed his high appreciation of O'Connell's parliamentary abilities. While the Reform Bill was under discussion, the speeches of its friends and foes were one day canvassed at Lady Beauchamp's. On O'Connell's name being mentioned, some critic fastidiously said, "Oh, a broguing Irish fellow! who would listen to *him*? I always walk out of the House when he opens his lips!" "Come, Peel," said old Lord Westmoreland,



“let me hear *your* opinion.” “My opinion candidly is,” replied Sir Robert, “that if I wanted an efficient and eloquent advocate, I would readily give up all the other orators of whom we have been talking, provided I had *with* me this same ‘broguing Irish fellow.’”

O’Connell’s eloquence, both in and out of Parliament, was principally characterised by a robust strength that harmonised well with the athletic personal appearance of the orator. He seldom sought ornament, and when he did he was not always successful. Sheil is said to have remarked of him, “That he flung a brood of sturdy ideas upon the world, without a rag to cover them.” But on many occasions the fire of his thoughts found vent in extremely felicitous language. He excelled in clear and forcible argument, in ready and dexterous reply, and in bold and defiant denunciations of tyranny. His invective was frequently powerful: it sometimes, however, degenerated into common-place personal abuse. Like his great countryman, Curran, he was unequal. He could soar to the loftiest heights of parliamentary debate, or talk down to the level of the lowest democratic audience.



## CHAPTER VII.

O'Connell's Prepossession in Favour of National Distinctness—  
 His Opinion of Lord Anglesey—Lord Anglesey's Opinion of  
 him—The Repeal Association instituted—O'Connell on the  
 famous Dispute between Grattan and Flood—Machinery of  
 the Association—O'Connell in Committee—Purcell O'Gorman  
 a Musician!—Incidents illustrative of O'Connell's Popularity  
 —O'Connell's Opinion of Feargus O'Connor.

IN the autumn of 1839, O'Connell's mind was intently occupied upon the projected renewal of the Repeal Agitation. Day after day he discussed it with his private friends ; and the institution of a confederacy for Repealing the Union was only postponed until a moment should arrive peculiarly propitious to such an experiment.

Whatever unguarded expressions may have escaped O'Connell, when battling with hostile Tories or treacherous Whigs, for the minor measures which then were termed "Justice to Ireland," there is not the least doubt that his prepossessions were entirely in favour of national distinctness; not only for Ireland, but for every country on which God had con-



ferred the great features of a nation. This bias of his mind appeared in trifles as well as in matters of importance. When asked by a friend to frank a letter to "Aberdeen, *North Britain*," he growlingly answered, "I'll frank it to Aberdeen, *Scotland*. The country has an ancient and honourable name of its own, and we'll call it by its own name and not by any nicknames."

Prior to the establishment of the Repeal Association, his old fellow-labourer in the Catholic Emancipation struggle, Purcell O'Gorman visited him at Merrion Square; and after they had talked of the effort to get "Justice to Ireland in a British Parliament" (respecting the ultimate fate of which effort, it is needless to say, they held opposite views), O'Connell said—"My next move now, will be the revival of the Repeal Agitation."

O'Gorman's reply contained some allusion to our *ci-devant* viceroy, Lord Anglesey.

"Poor Anglesey!" exclaimed O'Connell. "The unfortunate man was not wicked, but misguided."

"That is exactly what *he* says of *you*," returned O'Gorman. "One day I visited him he said to me, 'That unfortunate O'Connell means well, but he is misguided.'"

O'Connell laughed heartily. "Certainly," said he, "Lord Anglesey was wonderfully weak and un-



informed. Only conceive his gravely assuring the British Government that I had little or no influence in Ireland !”

When he had finally made up his mind to raise the Repeal cry once more, he sent for his friend Mr. Ray, of the Corn Exchange, to communicate his purpose to him.

“ I sent for you, Ray,” said he, “ to tell you I have done experimenting on the British Parliament. I shall now go for the Repeal.”

“ I am right glad of it,” was Ray’s hearty answer. “ There is nothing else for Ireland.”

“ How do you think the people will receive the Repeal Agitation?”

“ With the utmost alacrity,” said Ray ; “ they are eager for it. They know that it is the only hope they have.”

He still postponed the renewal of the Repeal Agitation until the Easter recess of 1840. He had, indeed, published two or three letters advocating the Repeal; but he did not establish his new Association until Lord Stanley had outraged the people of Ireland, by bringing into Parliament his Bill to diminish still further their already too restricted elective franchise.

On the 15th of April, 1840, O’Connell said to me, “ Daunt, will you come to the Corn Exchange?



I am going there to work in good earnest for the Repeal." I readily accompanied him, and had the honour of being one of the fifteen members of the Repeal Association enrolled on the first day of its existence. The chair was taken by John O'Neill, a venerable and wealthy citizen of Dublin, who had been one of the Volunteers of 1782. O'Connell's speech was admirable. It was logical, spirited, and eloquent. When we were returning from the meeting I expressed my opinion of it.

"Yes," said he, "I felt that the occasion required a great effort, and I made the effort. This day will hereafter be memorable in the history of Ireland."

I remarked on the scanty attendance at the meeting, whose paucity of numbers contrasted strongly with the crowds that a few weeks afterwards filled the room to overflowing. He was incapable of being depressed by the sight of empty benches.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed, "I began the Catholic Association with less than one-sixth of the numbers. The scanty attendance of this day matters nothing. The people remained away because they have not yet found out that I am in earnest; they think I'll drop this agitation yet. But the Repeal spirit is alive and vigorous among them. You'll see how



they will crowd in to us as soon as they find out I am seriously determined to go on with it."

I said, "Thank God, I was a Repealer from ten years old."

"Thank God," replied O'Connell, "I opposed the Union *ab initio*, and the grounds on which I did so are singularly coincident with my whole public life."

Speaking of the discussion of the Repeal of the Union in the House of Commons, in 1834, O'Connell complained that the question had been injured by the hot-headed men who had prematurely forced it into the House. "Nevertheless," said he, "one solitary good has resulted from the discussion. It forced from the Imperial Legislature a pledge to do full justice to Ireland—a pledge they have shamefully violated—and this legislative violation of a solemn pledge immeasurably adds to the force and weight of our arguments for the Repeal."

I may mention in this place, that Mr. O'Connell invariably expressed his conviction that Flood was right, and Grattan wrong, in their celebrated controversy in 1782 on the "Simple Repeal" of the Act 6 Geo. I., whereby laws enacted for Ireland by the British Legislature, were declared to be binding on this country. It may be necessary to remind some of my readers, that Grattan main-



tained that the *simple repeal* of the British statute in question was quite sufficient to secure to Ireland her constitutional independence; while Flood, on the other hand, contended that the British Parliament should not only repeal the declaratory Act of Geo. I., but also expressly *renounce* and *disclaim* the usurped power to legislate for Ireland.

“If Flood had succeeded,” said O’Connell, “it is my firm conviction that the Union could never have been passed. If the Irish popular party in 1800 had possessed the strong grounds of an express renunciation by the British Legislature of all right to legislate for Ireland, they would have been able to make a triumphant stand against all the arts of corruption and all the sanguinary tyranny of the Union-Government.”

When O’Connell spoke thus, he forgot that the renunciatory act for which Flood contended, was actually passed by the British Parliament in 1783.

The real fact is, that a thousand renunciatory acts, or legislative declarations of principle, could not have saved Ireland from the Union in 1800. The Union was carried with a scornful disregard of principle. Its abettors cared nothing for principle. Their engines were bribes, and military terror. By the application of bribery to persons



interested in borough-property, and of military violence to the people at large, they succeeded in their criminal object. Men who trafficked in corruption, or who were the agents of terror, were not likely to pause in their career out of deference to arguments, or principles, or renunciatory acts. I see not how the Union could have been averted at that fatal period, unless by such a thorough reform in the Irish Parliament as would have enabled the people to send honest men into the House of Commons in place of the worthless nominees of borough-patrons. But with the unreformed Parliament we had, the fall of the nation was inevitable.

Mr. Ray was appointed secretary of the new Association. O'Connell was much attached to that gentleman. "Ray," said he to me, "is invaluable as a man of business. There is no nonsense, no fustian about him. He always comes straight to the point. He is the best and most satisfactory man of business I ever met, and has amassed a vast deal of statistical knowledge. And better than all, he is a sincere and excellent Christian."

None, I believe, who know Mr. Ray, will dissent from O'Connell's estimate of his merits.

We look back even now with a feeling of historic interest on the machinery of the Repeal



Association as devised and set working by its founder. Necessarily small in its commencement, its ramifications extended before long into every parish in the kingdom, and also into numerous districts of England, Scotland, and America. The executive Council of the Association were its several committees, upon whom it will be readily believed that a large amount of labour devolved. The Committees sat three or four days in the week; sometimes every day. Here the business of the entire confederacy was discussed and its machinery regulated. There was something impressive in the scene presented by the committee-room, especially in winter. The stranger who visited it saw a long low apartment, rather narrow for its length; of which the centre was occupied, from end to end, by a table and benches. By the light of three or four gas-burners, he discerned a numerous assemblage who were seated on both sides of the long central table, earnestly discussing the various matters submitted for their consideration. At the upper end of the apartment might be seen a man of massive figure, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, and a dark fur tippet. He is evidently "wide awake" to all that passes. Observe how his keen blue eye brightens up at any promising proposition, or at any indication of increasing strength—how im-



patiently he pshaw away any *bétise* intruded on the Repeal Councils. Difficult questions are submitted for his guidance; disputes in remote localities are referred to his adjudication; reports are confided to his care to be drawn up. He glides through all these duties with an ease that seems absolutely magical. He originates rules and regulations. He creates a working staff throughout the country; he renders the movement systematic. He cautiously guards it from infringing in the smallest particular upon the law. No man is jealous of him, for his intellectual supremacy places him entirely beyond the reach of competition. And as he discharges his multifarious task, the hilarity of his disposition occasionally breaks out in some quaint jest or playful anecdote.

Such was O'Connell in the committee-room of the Repeal Association.

One day he amused the Committee with the following bar-mess story—how introduced I do not pretend to recollect. Some waggish barrister having accused Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman of being a musician, the charge was stoutly denied by the accused person.

“A jury,” said O'Connell, “was thereupon impannelled to try the defendant, who persisted in pleading ‘Not guilty’ to the indictment for melodious prac-



tices. The jury consisted of Con Lyne, under twelve different *aliases*—such as ‘Con of the Seven Bottles’—‘Con of the Seven Throttles’—‘Crim-Con’—and so forth. The prosecutor then proceeded to interrogate the defendant:—‘By virtue of your oath, Mr. O’Gorman, did you never play on any musical instrument?’—‘Never, on my honour!’ replied Purcell.—‘Come, sir, recollect yourself. By virtue of your oath, did you never play second fiddle to O’Connell?’—The fact was too notorious to admit of any defence, and the *unanimous* jury accordingly returned a verdict of guilty.”

Ray was the ordinary mouth-piece of all matters submitted to O’Connell in committee for his decision or his advice.—“Here’s an application, Liberator, from Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, a Presbyterian clergyman, for pecuniary aid to enable him to go on a Repeal mission.”—“Does any body here support that application, Ray? I will oppose it, because I saw the reverend gentleman as drunk as Bacchus at the dinner at ——.”—“But he is quite reformed, Liberator, and has taken the pledge.”—“No matter—after such a public *exposé* of himself, we ought to have nothing to do with him. The case is the worse for his being a clergyman.”—“Very well, sir.—Here’s a letter from the Ballinakill Repealers, wanting



Mr. Daunt to go down to address a meeting there.”  
“I’m glad of it; I suppose Daunt will have no objection.” — “Not the least,” said I. — “And here’s a letter from the people of Kells, wanting Mr. John O’Connell to attend their meeting next week.” — “My son John will go — won’t you, John?” — “Yes, father.” — “Then write and tell ’em so.” — “Counsellor Clements,” resumed Ray, “has made an objection to the words ‘We pledge ourselves,’ in the Irish manufacture declaration; he’s afraid of their being illegal.” — “Then alter the passage thus: ‘We pledge ourselves *as individuals*;

—if there be any difficulty, that will obviate it. — What’s that large document before you?” — “That, sir, is a report sent up by Mr. —; it came by this day’s post. He wishes us to print it.” — “Umph! Let us see what sort of affair it is.” — Ray then unfolds and peruses the report. When he has done O’Connell exclaims, “What a waste of industry! There is absolutely nothing in that voluminous paper that it would be of the smallest utility to lay before the public.” — “I think,” said I, “the last two pages contain a few good facts.” — “Then print the last two pages and throw away the rest.” — Some remark being made on the mortification of a disappointed author, O’Connell half mutters the quizzical compliment paid to a pamphleteer by a



waggish friend—" ' I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet.' ' What was it?' cries the author. ' *A penny bun,*' says his friend."—O'Connell would then apply himself to the dictation of a report, or of answers to letters of importance, until half-past four or five o'clock; the hour at which the Committee usually broke up.\*

O'Connell's popularity continued for a greater number of years, and with fewer interruptions from the fickleness of his adherents, than that of any other political leader on record. The unexampled mode in which he swayed the public mind in Ireland has excited the astonishment of those who did not, or who would not, see that even *his* mighty abilities would have failed to achieve his unparalleled position, if it were not for the national grievances that armed him with more than half his power.

I have sometimes been amused at the whimsical mode in which the popular devotion to him manifested itself. He lived in the hearts of old and young. The very intensity of their attachment occasionally assumed fantastic forms. Travelling

\* I do not mean to say that the trivial incidents which I have here thrown together from memory, all occurred at the same time. But their juxta position gives a very fair and truthful idea of the lively manner in which O'Connell bustled through Committee business.



between Dublin and Kilkenny, on one of the Repeal excursions, the carriage stopped at some intermediate stage to change horses, and amongst the crowd that immediately collected, a feeble old beggarwoman with a crutch approached quite close to the carriage window, and begged O'Connell might shake hands with her. He instantly complied. The effect of the venerable lady's delight was electric. She actually tossed up her crutch, and cut a spirited caper in the air, exclaiming : "I've touched his honour's hand—I'm young again!"

Another instance of this enthusiastic feeling was afforded by two English ladies, at whose hospitable house he passed some days. They seemed to idolise their guest. Not content with the ordinary cares of hospitality, they never retired to repose without singing a hymn in his praise, to the tune of "God save the King." But the most remarkable specimen of enthusiasm was yet to come. One of his kind hostesses, who had a painful swelled face, one night applied the Liberator's gold-laced travelling cap to the suffering part, in order to try what healing virtue might reside in it! I am unable to record whether the result of this experiment justified the enthusiastic faith of the fair votary.

I have known two English gentlemen cross the Channel, for the sole purpose of seeing so much of



O'Connell as they could upon the voyage between Dublin and Liverpool.

Ascending the mountain road between Dublin and Glencullen, in company with an English friend, O'Connell was met by a funeral. The mourners soon recognised him, and immediately broke into a vociferous hurrah for their political favourite, much to the astonishment of the Sassenach; who, accustomed to the solemn and lugubrious decorum of English funerals, was not prepared for an outburst of Celtic enthusiasm upon such an occasion. A remark being made on the oddity of a political hurrah at a funeral, it was replied that the corpse would have doubtless cheered lustily too, if he could.

One curious illustration of the extent of O'Connell's fame, is the following definition, in Flugel's "German and English Dictionary" (Leipsic, 1827):

"Agitator, *n.* an agitator—D. O'Connell especially."

In Scotland he found many admirers. Among the most distinguished of these was the celebrated Chalmers. Differing widely in politics and in religion from O'Connell, Chalmers yet cordially admitted his great qualities; observing, to a foreigner,



“He is a noble fellow, with the gallant and kindly, as well as the wily genius of Ireland.”\*

On Mr. Fitzpatrick's visiting London, in 1843, one of the *habitués* of the Stock Exchange said to him: “Your Daniel O'Connell, so far as the money market is concerned, is one of the Great Powers of Europe. His movements have a sensible effect upon the funds.”

In the month of May, 1840, Feargus O'Connor was imprisoned in York Castle, for the part he had taken in the advocacy of Chartism. In a few days after his imprisonment, he published a letter, in which he bitterly complained of the indignities and hardships to which he was subjected. Some of these were excessively severe. And, accordingly, when the case of Feargus' oppression—so disgraceful to those who inflicted it—came before the House of Commons, O'Connell denounced the severities inflicted on the prisoner as being highly illegal, and took part with those who sought their mitigation.

Mr. O'Connell often spoke of Feargus O'Connor's abilities with considerable admiration.

“In addressing the populace,” said he, “Feargus is irresistible. He has great declamatory powers; but he is wholly destitute of logical ability. He

\* “Hogg's Weekly Instructor.”



declaims admirably; but he would not do for debate. He has vast energy (he has taken that leaf out of *my* book), and energy always tells well in a speaker, especially a popular speaker."

On being asked whether Feargus, or some Chartist leader, named Taylor, was the abler man, he said "Pshaw! don't compare them. Feargus has *done things*. What has Taylor done?" But his admiration of Feargus did not extend to his writings. On taking up the *Northern Star*, he said "Come, let us see what poor Balderdash has got to say for himself this week. Upon my word, this *Northern Star* is a perfectly unique affair. Look where you will—editorial articles, correspondence, reports of speeches—it is all praise of Feargus! praise of Feargus! praise of Feargus! Well! the notion of a fellow setting up a newspaper to praise himself is something new at any rate. The paper is, in this respect, quite a literary curiosity!"



## CHAPTER VIII.

Speculations on War—Was O'Connell a Bigot?—Letter to Archbishop Mac Hale—O'Connell's Reception of a Protestant Member of his Family—The old Orange Corporators—O'Connell and "Forgery M'Ghee"—O'Connell and the Quakers.

IN the summer and autumn of 1840, a general war seemed probable. Utterly averse to the effusion of human blood, O'Connell earnestly deprecated war and its multitude of evils ; but he firmly resolved, if it *should* occur, to avail himself of whatever facilities it might offer him towards the accomplishment of his darling project—the Repeal.

"If France puts England into difficulty now," he said one day after his return to Dublin, "the first hostile shot that's fired in the Channel, I'll have the government in my hand! But what a wretched cause of war! What is the quarrel all about? Just to settle which of two barbarians shall misgovern Syria! And civilised nations go to war about *that*!"

No accusation was more frequently made against



O'Connell, by the unprincipled party orators and writers who hated him because he served his native land, than the charge of sanguinary bigotry. His object was uniformly stated by such persons to be the restoration of papal hierarchy in the plenitude of political power, and the ultimate extermination of the Irish Protestants. I recollect at this period, being shown a private letter addressed by O'Connell to Archbishop Mac Hale—a confidential epistle which its writer never meant for publication, and which in fact, was never published—I remember perusing this letter, which O'Connell had written to solicit the archbishop's assistance in the agitation for Repeal ; and among the beneficial consequences held out by the writer, as likely to result from that measure, was “ *The abolition of all sectarian ascendancy. There would be,*” he predicted, “ *no Protestant ascendancy over the Catholics, and no Catholic ascendancy over the Protestants ; religion would be perfectly free.*” This glorious consummation was O'Connell's ardent wish ; to achieve it was one of the chief labours of his life ; and the man whose earnest aspirations were directed to this laudable end, was habitually traduced by the Tory party, as being quite prepared to light again the fires of Smithfield on the first opportunity.



O'Connell was indeed no bigot. It was quite true that he had a strong Catholic party feeling, which was necessarily generated by his career. But he disliked no fellow creature on account of his creed. Men of all political and religious opinions were alike welcome to the hospitality of Darrynane. A bigoted Catholic observed that it was quite impossible that any Protestant in Ireland could have the plea of "invincible ignorance." "The fellow has no right to judge his neighbour's conscience," said O'Connell to me; "he does not know what goes to constitute invincible ignorance!"

When a Protestant lady became a member of his family, he thus addressed her on her arrival at Darrynane—(I heard him mention the circumstance many years subsequently)—"You are," said he, "a Protestant, and here, at Darrynane, the nearest place of worship of your own persuasion is at Sneem, which is twelve miles off. Now, I have taken care that you shall not want the means of worshipping God in your own way on the Sunday. You shall have a horse to ride to Sneem every Sunday during the summer, and a fresh horse, if requisite, to ride back; and if the ride should fatigue you, your carriage shall attend you."

Her answer was, "I thank you, sir; but I have resolved to go to mass."



“Going to mass is nothing,” rejoined O’Connell, “unless you believe in the doctrines of the Catholic church. And if you do *not*, it is much better that you should continue to attend your own place of worship; I shall provide you with the necessary accommodation.”

When the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill seemed certain of success, four of the Dublin Aldermen, who I presume were office-bearers in the old Corporation, applied for his aid in procuring for them compensation. He readily acquiesced, and said to one of them (Sheriff Hyndman, I believe,) “I want to work out political changes; but I am equally desirous to avoid inflicting individual injury. I war against systems, not against men; and I shall feel particularly happy if by my exertions I can procure for you the compensation to which I deem you most justly entitled.”

The man who could speak thus, may doubtless have been an enthusiastic partisan, but he could at any rate have been no bigot.

But when assailed by unprincipled bigotry, he was not always quite so bland.

There is, or was, near Dublin, a Protestant clergyman named M’Ghee, who possessed some vituperative ability, which was combined with great zeal, and an insatiable thirst for notoriety. In 1836, this



reverend gentleman had produced at a public meeting in London a document forged by another clergyman named Todd, which he passed off as a genuine epistle from the Pope to the Irish bishops. This exploit obtained for him the sobriquet of "Forgery M'Ghee." O'Connell, it seems, was addressed in a letter—probably a controversial one—by this bizarre enthusiast. An emissary from M'Ghee, whose name I think was King, was deputed by the former to visit O'Connell and inquire if he meant to reply to his letter. O'Connell thus described his reception of the emissary:

"When the fellow was announced, I started up from my chair and indignantly exclaimed, 'How dare you, sir, insult me by bringing any message to my house from that forgery vagabond? I should feel more disgraced by holding communication with him than with the vilest wretch that walks the streets. Get agone! get agone!'"

The envoy made a hasty retreat; and O'Connell, when subsequently speaking of the incident, exclaimed,

"What audacity these scoundrels have! What impudence of Forgery to send his epistles and messengers to *me*!"

"What did you do with his letter?" asked I.



“Flung it in the fire when I saw the rascal’s name to it.”

There was another description of dissenters from Catholicity with whom O’Connell was on much better terms than with the proselyting parsons. These were the Quakers. He undoubtedly was not only attached to many of the Society of Friends, but he also admired some of their principles. In both Ireland and England he was in habits of familiar intercourse with certain leading members of their sect ; and he referred with particular pleasure to the compliment paid him by old Joseph Pease, who was uncle, I think, to the Quaker member for Durham. That good old man had visited him often in London, and one day he said at parting, “ Friend O’Connell, I have for many years watched thine actions closely ; I have kept mine eye upon thee, and I have never seen thee do aught that was not honest and useful.” “ Truly,” said O’Connell, “ it was a satisfaction to my mind to be appreciated by that good man. It is consoling that an impartial and intelligent observer should do me justice. It makes me amends, if I needed any, for a life of labour, and for the vituperation of my enemies.”



## CHAPTER IX.

Repeal Agitation—O'Connell's agitating Staff—Hunting—The Value of an Ugly Nose—A Friar's Address upon the Veto of 1813—The Scotch Union—Mary Queen of Scots—Early Professional Success of O'Connell—Castlereagh, Arthur O'Connor, and Cornelius M'Loughlin—Old Catholic Hymns—O'Connell on Place-hunting—Repeal Meeting at Cork—Old Mr. Jeffreys of Blarney Castle—Fox-hunting *v.* Hare-hunting—Poor "Jack of the Roads"—A meritorious Lie—A Lesson in Cow-stealing—An *impromptu* Speech prepared beforehand—Chief-Baron O'Grady.

IN September, 1840, I made a short tour in the County Cork, for the purpose of stirring up the spirit of Repeal. There were excellent popular meetings in the town of Dunmanway, Skibbereen, and Macroon; and the disposition of the people may be judged of from the fact, that in the last-named town there was an attendance of 10,000 of the peasantry, who mustered thus numerous, although remote from all the machinery of metropolitan agitation. This was at the earlier period of the renewed movement, and a gathering of



10,000 was considered a very imposing display. We had not yet arrived at the "monster meetings."

O'Connell's usual travelling companions during the busiest period of the agitation, were Dr. Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*; Richard Barrett, proprietor of the *Pilot*; Robert Dillon Browne, M. P. for Mayo; Mr. Steele, Mr. Ray (the Secretary of the Association), John O'Connell, and Charles O'Connell, of Ennis. I often formed one of the travelling party until 1843; but in that year so many meetings sprang up, which I was deputed to attend on the part of the Association, that I found it nearly impossible to accompany O'Connell to any of the celebrated "monster" assemblages. For instance, on the very day of the enormous Tara meeting at which 1,200,000 were assembled, I attended a meeting at Clontibret, in the County Monaghan, at which an experienced reporter computed that 300,000 persons were present. Such a gathering would at anyother time have excited a good deal of public notice; but it was quite thrown into the shade by the unprecedented muster which O'Connell addressed on the same day at Tara.

O'Connell gave me a history of his journey from Darrynane to Killarney, on the 3rd of October, 1840. He had risen at six, and hunted across the mountains from Darrynane to Sneem. He detailed



with the greatest minuteness the day's hunt, describing each turn and double of the hare. "The hounds," said he, "were at fault for a few minutes, and a hulking fellow exclaimed: 'The good-for-nothing dogs have lost the scent!' 'You vagabond!' cried I, 'have you got no better business than to be abusing my dogs?' I had scarcely said this, when a dog recovered the scent, and was joined by the whole pack in full cry. The fellow looked foolish enough."

He narrated these little incidents with an eagerness and minuteness that evinced the interest he took in his favourite sport.

He was, as usual, full of anecdote. One of his odd stories was about a miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed 150*l.* per annum, in consideration of her having an ugly nose.

"He had made a will," said O'Connell, "disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left miss Mary? He replied that he had left her 1000*l.*, which would do for her very well, if she made off any sort of a good husband. 'Heaven bless your honour!' cried the housekeeper, 'and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she has got?'—'Why, that is really very true,' replied the dying father; 'I never



thought of her nose;’ and he lost no time in adding a codicil, that gave miss Mary an addition of 150*l.* a year as a set-off against her ugliness.”

He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto :

“ ‘ Now, *ma boughali*,’ said the friar, ‘ you haven’t got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d’ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I’ll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and none of yez undherstands Latin. But *I* will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you’ll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that——You see, boys, the veto is a thing that——that the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of ‘hear! hear!’) The veto is a thing that——in short, boys, it’s a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn’t take up more of your time about it now; but I’ll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O’Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!’ ”

We talked of the points of resemblance between the political condition of Ireland and that of Scotland.



“ I do not feel sure,” said I, “ that the Union did Scotland any good ; that is, that the Union gave her any thing that she might not have got without it.”

“ It gave her free trade,” replied O’Connell.

“ I am aware of that ; but I do not see why the Scotch could not have obtained free trade for themselves *without* the Union, as the Irish did in 1779? The American war, which afforded to *us* such a favourable opportunity, must have afforded a like opportunity to the Scotch.”

“ *Quere de hoc?*” said O’Connell. “ If it had not been for the Union, which gave England the command of the military force of Scotland, it is possible that England would never have dared to go to war with America at all. However, I grant you,” he added, “ that it is not now in our power to say but that Scotland might have worked out free trade for herself; if not on that occasion, at least at some other favourable juncture. But we must not forget that the Union conferred free trade on Scotland, fully seventy years before the American war ; so that it afforded scope to Scotsmen for commercial enterprise for the greater part of a century earlier than they might otherwise have obtained it.”

This was doubtless true. But it is equally true that the crushing blow to national enterprise, na-



tional spirit, and national pride, inflicted by the demolition of the Scottish Legislature, paralysed the energies of the Scottish people to such an extent, that the commercial privileges conferred by the Union treaty, were scarcely availed of by the great mass of the nation for fully half a century. During that long period, the unpopularity that attached to the Union seems to have tainted the solitary benefit it contained.

It will also be conceded by all who are conversant with the history of Scotland for the last century, that the Union in all probability cost the empire two disastrous civil wars. It appears unquestionable that of those who took arms in 1715 and 1745, a large number were actuated more by the desire of regaining their parliament than restoring the Stuarts. When conversing on this subject with O'Connell, I once expressed some surprise that the Scotch of the present day did not try to recover the privilege of home legislation.—“One reason why they don't,” said he, “is because the fellows have got no Daniel O'Connell among them.”

He was a zealous advocate of Mary Queen of Scots against all the accusations levelled at her character. His enthusiasm for her memory was very great. “I saw her manuscript,” said he, “in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; I kissed the writing, and pressed it to my heart!”

Passing from Killarney to Mill-street, O'Connell



pointed out to the left of the road, the farm of Lisnababie. "I may say with honest pride," said he, "that I was a good help to keep that farm in the hands of its rightful owner, Lalor of Killarney. I was yet very young at the bar, when Jerry Connor (the attorney concerned for Lalor) gave me two ten guinea fees in the Lisnababie case. Lalor remonstrated with Connor, stating that the latter had no right to pay so expensive a compliment out of his money to so young a barrister. This was at a very early period of the cause, which was tried in Dublin, before Sir Michael Smith. But a motion being made in court to dismiss Lalor's bill, I rose, and combatted it so successfully, that Sir Michael Smith particularly complimented me; and Lalor wrote to Jerry Connor, saying that I gave him the full worth of his money, and desiring (what indeed was a matter of course) that I should be retained for the assizes. We were finally successful, and I had the chief share in the triumph."

Between Mill-street and Macroom he pointed out the old mountain roads, by which in former days the judges were obliged to travel when on circuit. They seemed quite impassable for wheel carriages: but O'Connell said that the old infirm judges travelled on them in their carriages at a foot pace; the younger judges went circuit on horseback.



Something led us to talk of Arthur O'Connor ; and his celebrated letter to Lord Castlereagh \* was mentioned. "Do you know," said O'Connell, "who got that letter printed? It was your friend, old Cornelius M'Loughlin. He was walking past Kilmainham prison, and was hailed by Arthur O'Connor from a window. Arthur threw his manuscript out, saying, 'Will you do me the service of getting that printed?'—'If I find on perusal that it merits publication, I will,' said M'Loughlin.—'Promise me positively!'—'No—but if I like the production I shall gladly bear the expense of printing it.' So saying, M'Loughlin took it home, read, approved, and got it printed. For acting thus, Cornelius was brought before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. When asked 'who got the pamphlet printed?' he boldly answered, 'It was I.'—'Why did you do so?'—'Because I approved of the principles contained in it.'—Whereupon Castlereagh said, 'That's a brave fellow! we won't inflict any punishment upon him.'"

Rather surprised at this instance of lenity in Castlereagh, I said "I had not thought his lordship had so much good in him."

"Oh," replied O'Connell, "he had a good deal of *pluck*, and liked spirit in others. Besides, at

\* Written in 1798.



that period, as the Union was virtually carried, there did not exist any pressing occasion to shed innocent blood."

A silence of about half an hour ensued ; after which, O'Connell began to repeat some of the old Latin hymns of the Catholic church. He frequently did so when travelling. His favourites seemed to be,

"Lauda Sion Salvatorem,  
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem;"

and the noble hymn commencing with the words,

"Stabat Mater Dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lachrymosa  
Dum pendebat filius."

We slept in Macroom, and resumed our road next morning for Cork, where a vast concourse of Repealers awaited their leader's arrival. He enjoyed the picturesque beauty of the scenery along the route, which is wholly different in character from the Alpine tracts in Kerry. The road from Macroom to Carrigadrohid passes, at first, through a deep and winding glen, clothed with young oak-woods. Thence to Cork, it runs for many miles along the river Lee, traversing a rich and cultivated country, of which the surface is frequently broken into bold and abrupt inequalities. The whole was lighted with a bright morning sun.



Between nine and ten we emerged on the Great Western Road, at George the Fourth's bridge, which spans the Lee about a mile to the westward of the city of Cork. The crowd here amounted to at least 50,000 persons. Some of the peasantry wanted to take the horses from the carriage and draw it into Cork; the Liberator strenuously resisted this attempt. But they earnestly renewed their request, and proceeded to undo the harness. O'Connell cried out in great excitement, "No! no! no! I never will let men do the business of horses if I can help it! Don't touch that harness, you vagabonds! I am trying to elevate your position, and I will not permit you to degrade yourselves!" He thus, with considerable difficulty, induced them to abandon their attempt.

There was a vast meeting at Batty's Circus, every part of which was crammed with anxious auditors. O'Connell expressed the pleasure he felt at renewing the Repeal agitation, reinvigorated as he was by his recent mountain exercise. In his speech he gave a lively description of a hunt among the Darrynane mountains, and of the effect produced by the music of the hounds among the wild glens of Iveragh. "The very rocks," said he, "seem animated—they are vocal with their thousand answering echoes!" The London *Examiner*



had derisively compared the "Repeal cry" to the cry of the Darrynane beagles. "Aye," retorted O'Connell, "but the fellow made a better hit than he intended, for my beagles never cease their cry *until they catch their game.*"

Lord Ebrington, who was then Viceroy, had recently declared, that no person holding Repeal principles should be eligible to any place, office, or emolument within the gift of the government. O'Connell professed himself heartily gratified with the Viceroy's declaration. In the first place, he said, it would save him from the nuisance of incessant applications from all sorts of persons for his interest at the Castle.\* In the second place, he expressed his satisfaction that Lord Ebrington had furnished a test by which honest patriots might be distinguished from place-hunters.—At a much more recent period, it is true that O'Connell sanctioned applications for government patronage. But it was under different circumstances: it was at a time when the Repeal placeman was not required to recant his professions of nationality. Further on in this work, I shall offer a comment or two on the subject of patriot-place-seekers.

\* To my knowledge, O'Connell has been solicited for his patronage by clergymen of the Established Church, who were desirous of obtaining promotion from the Whigs. He always declined to interfere in behalf of such applicants.



Old Mr. Charles Jeffreys, of Blarney Castle, attended the Cork meeting, and moved one of the resolutions. He made a short speech, in which he stated that he had been one of the members of an Irish deputation appointed to lay an Anti-Union petition at the feet of George the Third, in 1799; adding, that he had ever since carefully watched the results of the measure; and being totally unable to discover any good it had produced, he now, although infirm and old, came joyfully forward to join in the efforts of the Repealers.

When Mr. Jeffreys concluded his speech, he felt so much oppressed by the heat and crowd, that he quitted the building for a few minutes. On his return, I observed to him, that I feared his again exposing himself to the inconveniences of a heated atmosphere, and thronged platform, was a hazardous experiment.

"I could not help it," he answered, with much enthusiasm, "my heart is with you all."

The old gentleman who thus warmly declared his attachment to Irish independence, was nephew to one of Pitt's principal tools in effecting the Union—the Earl of Clare.

In the evening we drove to Mallow. On the road, O'Connell alluded to Mr. Jeffreys, who, he said, had always been very polite and attentive to



him since one memorable night when they both in early youth had met at the Cork Theatre, where Mr. Jefferys got into some *row*, in which he would have been overmatched, if O'Connell had not promptly come to his assistance.

We slept at Mallow, and early on the following morning, the 7th of October, set out *en route* for Limerick. Passing between Mallow and Buttevant, O'Connell reverted to his favourite topic—the beagles—and declared their superiority in affording good sport, over all other description of dogs in the empire. — “This should be a good fox-hunting country,” said he, as we approached Buttevant; “I believe it is hunted by the Duhallow hounds; but their fox-hunting is poor sport compared to my beagles. Yet the fox-hunter affects to despise hare-hunting. I remember hearing that the Orange squireens used to say contemptuously, that hare-hunting was only fit for papists.”

I mentioned some person who imported his fox-hounds from England. — “The English,” said O'Connell, “only breed their dogs for speed, so that a fox-hunt becomes little more than a mere greyhound chase. I am the only fellow who understands how to hunt rationally—the instinct of the beagle in tracking out the hare is beautifully developed in the Darrynane hunts.”



O'Connell mentioned the origin of the name of Buttevant, which is said to have been derived from "*Boutez en avant*," the war-cry of David de Barry, one of the earliest Norman invaders of Ireland. The Irish name was Kilnamulla.

Our talk then turned to politics. Among other illustrations of the state of things in the good old days of Tory rule, he recorded the fate of a poor half-witted creature called "Jack of the roads," who, in the earlier part of the century used to run alongside the Limerick coaches.—"He once made a bet of fourpence and a pot of porter that he would run to Dublin from Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. He did so; and when he was passing through Mountrath on his return, on the 12th of July, 1807, or 1808, he flourished a green bough at a party of Orangemen who were holding their orgies. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed—he lingered and died—and there was an end of Poor Jack."

"Was the ruffian who fired at him punished?"

"Oh, no! To punish such an offence as *that*, was not precisely the policy pursued by the government of that day. Well, blessed be God! things are better now."

Speaking of the systematic falsehood of the Tory party, I mentioned a "pious" letter which some



person of that faction had written to the *Cork Constitution*, condemning the recent Skibbereen Repeal Meeting; and asserting that Repeal would never have obtained the support of the Irish masses, if they did not regard it as synonymous with the extirpation of the Irish Protestants. "The writer," said I, "must have known the falsehood of this assertion; for in my speech at the meeting which formed the subject of his censorship, I emphatically inculcated mutual affection between Catholic and Protestant; and the tolerant sentiment was loudly applauded."

"That was the very reason the rascal wrote the letter," replied O'Connell. "The greater the lie, the greater their merit in telling it!"

We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always had managed to steal the *fat* cows; to which he gravely answered:—'Why then I'll tell your honour the whole secret of that, sir. *Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow, always go on*



the worst night you can, for if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So," continued O'Connell, "I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client."

We spoke of the recent political meetings; and, alluding to a certain orator, I observed, that when a speaker averred with much earnestness that his speech was unpremeditated, I never felt inclined to believe him. Mr. O'Connell laughed. "I remember," said he, "a young barrister named B—— once came to consult me on a case in which he was retained, and begged my permission to read for me the draft of a speech he intended to deliver at the trial, which was to come on in about a fortnight. I assented; whereupon he began to read, '*Gentlemen of the Jury, I pledge you my honour as a gentleman, that I did not know until this moment I should have to address you in this cause.*'—'Oh! that's enough,' cried I; 'consult somebody else—that specimen is quite enough for me!'"

On our road from Charleville to Limerick, we passed through the barony of Connelloe, which the



Liberator told me had formerly belonged to his ancestors. As we came within view of Chief Baron O'Grady's seat, Mr. O'Connell conversed about the proprietor. In 1813, some person having remarked to O'Grady that Lord Castlereagh, by his ministerial management, "had made a great character for himself."—"Has he?" said O'Grady; "faith if he has, he's just the boy to spend it like a gentleman!"

"O'Grady," continued O'Connell, "was on one occasion annoyed at the disorderly noise in the Court House at Tralee. He bore it quietly for some time, expecting that Denny (the High Sheriff) would interfere to restore order. Finding, however, that Denny, who was reading in his box, took no notice of the riot, O'Grady rose from the bench, and called out to the studious High Sheriff, 'Mr. Denny, I just got up to hint that I'm afraid the noise in the court will prevent you from reading your novel in quiet.'

"After O'Grady had retired from the bench, some person placed a large stuffed owl on the sofa beside him. The bird was of enormous size, and had been brought as a great curiosity from the tropics. O'Grady looked at the owl for a moment, and then said with a gesture of peevish impatience, 'Take



away that owl! take away that owl! If you don't, I shall fancy I am seated again on the Exchequer Bench beside Baron Foster!

“Those who have seen Baron Foster on the bench, can best appreciate the felicitous resemblance traced by his venerable brother judge between his lordship and an old stuffed owl.

“I remember,” continued O'Connell, “a witness who was called on to give evidence to the excellent character borne by a man whom O'Grady was trying on a charge of cow-stealing. The witness got on the table with the confident air of a fellow who had a right good opinion of himself; he played a small trick, too, that amused me: he had but one glove, which he used sometimes to put on his right hand, keeping the left in his pocket; and again, when he thought he was not watched, he would put it on his left hand, slipping the right into his pocket. ‘Well,’ said O'Grady to this genius, ‘do you know the prisoner at the bar?’ ‘I do, right well, my lord!’ ‘And what is his general character?’ ‘As honest, dacent, well-conducted a man, my lord, as any in Ireland, which all the neighbours knows, only—only—there was something about stealing a cow.’ ‘The very thing the prisoner is accused of!’ cried O'Grady, interrupting the ‘witness to character.’”



“ O’Grady,” continued O’Connell, “ had no propensity for hanging people. He gave fair play to men on trial for their lives, and was upon the whole a very safe judge.”

Among the Liberator’s professional reminiscences was the following unique instance of a client’s gratitude. He had obtained an acquittal; and the fellow, in the ecstasy of his joy, exclaimed, “ Ogh, Counsellor ! I’ve no way *here* to show your honour my gratitude ! but I *wisht I saw you knocked down in my own parish*, and maybe I wouldn’t bring a faction to the rescue !”

A tattered-looking stroller recognised O’Connell at some place where we stopped for a few minutes, and asked him for money, pleading a personal acquaintance in aid of his claim. “ I don’t know you at all, my good man,” said O’Connell; “ I never saw you before.”

“ That’s not what your honour’s son would say to me,” returned the applicant, “ for he got me a good place at Glasnevin Cemetery, only I hadn’t the luck to keep it.”

“ Then, indeed, you were strangely unlucky,” rejoined O’Connell; “ for those who have places in cemeteries generally keep them.”



## CHAPTER X.

Pageant at Limerick—Peerages granted by Napoleon—Remark upon Napoleon's Power—O'Connell's early Thirst for Fame—Narrow Escape of shooting a Man—O'Connell at Douay—Trial by Jury—Value of the Law that requires Unanimity in a Verdict—Illustrative Instances.

THE crowds who assembled to welcome the Liberator into Limerick were estimated to amount to 100,000 persons. Large numbers of the tradesmen met him about three miles from the city, on the Cork road. The ship-carpenters displayed a sort of pageant; Neptune, bearing a trident, and dressed in a sea-green philabeg and sash, occupied a boat which moved along on wheels; and when the Liberator's carriage approached, the ocean-king addressed him in a quaint set speech, full of such crambo conceits as might figure to advantage in the mythological masques of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. O'Connell replied in character, declaring "he felt quite refreshed by receiving an aquatic compliment upon the dusty high road;" and expressing his high



sense of "the condescending courtesy of the illustrious monarch of the deep."

Arrived in Limerick, the men hurra'd and tossed up their hats ; a poor woman, equally enthusiastic, but having no hat, tossed up the *child* she held in her arms.

The cavalcade halted in George Street, opposite Cruise's Hotel; and O'Connell there addressed the multitude upon the Repeal of the Union ; alluding with powerful effect to the local recollections of the "City of the violated Treaty;"—the city "consecrated by Irish fidelity—desecrated by English perfidy." Thence we proceeded to the "Treaty Stone," where Steele spoke at length, with energy and fervour. In the evening, O'Connell was entertained at a dinner in the theatre. His speech was admirable. Sentence followed sentence; each an axiom of political wisdom; I never had heard him more effective; yet he was wretchedly reported.

Next morning we set off for Ennis, where 50,000 persons were met ; we spent the evening at the house of Mr. Charles O'Connell, a relative of the Liberator's, where we met my friend Hewitt Bridgman, then member for the borough, who boasted to me with honest pride that the first political act of his life was signing a petition against the Union, in 1799.

On our return from Ennis to Limerick on the



following day (9th of October, 1840), Mr. O'Connell pointed out to me Stamer Park, the seat of the Duke of Rovigo. I expressed some surprise that a French Duke should settle in the County Clare. "He had excellent reasons for doing so," answered O'Connell. "He married an Irishwoman who brought him 5000*l.* or 6000*l.* a year; probably he had not the tenth part as much in France." We spoke of the ancient noblesse, and the peers of Napoleon's creation. "The honours conferred by such fellows as the Bourbons," said O'Connell, "are not one whit better than those given by Napoleon. The creations of Napoleon were confirmed by Louis XVIII. upon his restoration. If Louis had not confirmed them, he could not have kept his throne one hour."

I said, "If Napoleon had possessed the hundredth part as much common sense as genius, he never would have lost France."

"It is remarkable," said O'Connell, "that Napoleon's power gradually increased until it enabled him to abolish the legal infidelity; but when he sought to turn restored Christianity to his political purposes—although his power seemed at the time to be consolidated beyond the reach of fate, yet it gradually crumbled away, till at last it dissolved in a Russian snow-drift!"



Speaking of his own early recollections, O'Connell said,

“My uncle used to get the Dublin Magazine at Carhen; it usually contained the portrait of some remarkable person, with a biographical notice. I was always an ambitious fellow, and I often used to say to myself, ‘I wonder will *my* visage ever appear in the Dublin Magazine?’ I knew at that time of no greater notoriety. In 1810, when walking through the streets soon after some meeting at which I had attracted public notice, I saw a magazine in a shop-window, containing the portrait of ‘Counsellor O’Connell,’ and I said to myself with a smile, ‘Here are my boyish dreams of glory realised.’ Though I need not tell you that in 1810 I had long outgrown *that* species of ambition.”

When we got about five or six miles on the Dublin side of Nenagh, Mr. O’Connell pointed out a particular spot on the right hand of the road. “I was near being a very guilty wretch there,” said he. “Some years ago, when this neighbourhood was much infested with robbers, I was travelling on circuit: my horses were not very good, and just at this spot I saw a man whose movements excited my suspicions. He slowly crossed the road



about twenty yards in advance of my carriage, and awaited my approach with his back against the wall, and his hand in the breast of his coat as if ready to draw a pistol. I felt certain I should be attacked, so I held my pistol ready to fire, its barrel resting on the carriage door. The man did not stir—and so escaped. Had he but raised his hand, I should have fired. Good God! what a miserable, guilty, wretch, I should have been! How sincerely I thank God for my escape from such guilt!”

Talking of a certain person who assumed and acquired a leadership among a numerous “radical” class, O’Connell remarked—

“He has got the Jacobinical notions of his family, and would act upon them to the utmost extremity. His pole-star is self-aggrandisement. I think he would realise, in working out his views by physical force, the abominable sentiment ascribed to Marât,—‘What signify 100,000 lives, compared with the maintenance of a principle?’”

This recalled his sojourn in France, and he repeated the verses composed at the time of Marât’s death—

“Marât est mort !

Marât est mort !

La France encore respire ;

‘Satan ! Prends garde de toi,

Car aujourd’hui s’il entre dans votre empire,

Demain tu ne seras plus roi !”



I asked him if he was in any personal danger at the time of the French Revolution?

“Not except once. I was always in terror lest the scoundrels should cut our throats. On one occasion a waggoner of Dumouriez’ army scared me and a set of my fellow-collegians, who had walked out from Douay, crying ‘Voilà les jeunes jesuites! les capucins! les recolets!’—so we ran back to our college as fast as we could, and luckily the vagabond did not follow us.”

We slept at Maryborough, in the Queen’s county. Ere we retired to bed, something led to the subject of trial by jury. I asked him if it was not absurd to require unanimity in a jury?—if the plan of the old Scotch criminal juries—namely, that of deciding by the majority, was not the more rational mode?

“In theory it is,” he answered; “but there are great practical advantages in the plan that requires unanimity. To be sure there is *this* disadvantage—that one obstinate fellow may knock up a good verdict in spite of eleven clear-headed jurors—but that does not happen once in a hundred cases. And the necessity for a unanimous verdict may be a vast protection for a person unjustly charged with an offence. I remember a case in which eleven jurors found a man guilty of murder, while the twelfth—a gawky fellow, who had never before been on a jury—said



he thought the deceased died by a fall from his horse. The dissident juror persisted;—the case was accordingly held over till the next assizes, and in the meantime evidence came out that most clearly confirmed the surmise of the gawky juror. Here, then, if the *majority* of jurors had been able to return a verdict, an innocent man had suffered death."

O'Connell had strong convictions against the law of punishment by death. His own professional experience furnished him with a multitude of reasons for its abolition. He told me an instance where an innocent life was all but lost; the prosecutrix (a woman whose house had been attacked) having erroneously sworn to the identity of a prisoner who was totally guiltless of the offence. The man was found guilty and sentenced to death on her evidence. He bore a considerable personal resemblance to the real criminal. The latter having been arrested and confronted with the prosecutrix, she fainted with horror at her mistake, which had been so nearly fatal in its consequences. By the prompt interference of Judge Burton (then at the bar) and O'Connell, the government were induced to discharge the unoffending individual, who had the narrowest possible escape of a rope.

But a far worse case than this was recorded by O'Connell. I give the narrative in his own



words, extracted from a speech he delivered at a meeting held in London:

“I, myself,” said he, “defended three brothers, of the name of Cremin. They were indicted for murder. The evidence was most unsatisfactory. The judge had a leaning in favour of the crown prosecution, and he almost compelled the jury to convict them. I sat at my window as they passed by after sentence of death had been pronounced; there was a large military guard taking them back to gaol, positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there; and she, armed in the strength of her affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was but twenty-two years of age; I saw her hang on the second, who was not twenty; I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of the youngest boy, who was but eighteen—and I ask, what recompense could be made for such agony? They were executed, and —— they were innocent!”



## CHAPTER XI.

Death of Brennan, the Robber—Leonard M’Nally and Parsons  
—Local Rhymes—Roscrea Castle—O’Connell King of Belgium—Sir Jonah Barrington and Stevenson the Pawnbroker  
—Curious Escape from Gaol—Project to re-organise the Volunteers.

NEXT morning, the 10th of October, we rose at seven o’clock, and resumed our route to Dublin.

Passing a gravel pit, O’Connell said, “That is the spot where Brennan, the robber, was killed. Jerry Connor\* was going from Dublin to Kerry, and was attacked by Brennan at that spot. Brennan presented his pistol, crying ‘Stand!’—‘Hold!’ cried Jerry Connor, ‘don’t fire—here’s my purse.’ The robber, thrown off his guard by these words, lowered his weapon, and Jerry, instead of a purse, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot Brennan in the chest. Brennan’s back was supported at the time against the ditch, so he did not fall. He took deliberate aim at Jerry, but feeling himself mor-

\* Of Tralee, an attorney.



tally wounded, dropped his pistol, crawled over the ditch, and walked slowly along, keeping parallel with the road. He then crept over another ditch, under which he was found dead the next morning."

At a part of the road between Kildare and Rathcoole, O'Connell pointed out the place where Leonard M'Nally, the attorney, son to the barrister of the same name, alleged he had been robbed of a large sum. To indemnify himself for his alleged loss, he tried to levy the money off the county. "A pair of greater rogues than father and son never lived," said O'Connell; "and the father was busily endeavouring to impress upon every person he knew a belief that his son had been really robbed. Among others, he accosted Parsons, then M.P. for the King's County, in the hall of the Four Courts. 'Parsons! Parsons, my dear fellow!' said old Leonard, 'did you hear of my son's robbery?'—'No,' answered Parsons, quietly, 'I did not—Who did he rob?'"

We dined at Roscrea. The old castle of the Damers is nearly opposite the inn. Its founder made a fortune from very small beginnings. O'Connell repeated the epitaph Dean Swift composed for one of its proprietors:—

"Beneath this verdant hillock lies,  
Damer, the wealthy and the wise,



His heirs, that he might soundly rest,  
Buried him in an iron chest—  
The very chest in which, they say,  
His second self—his money—lay !”

O’Connell’s memory was stored with the local rhymes with which rustic bards had celebrated the country towns of Ireland. Speaking of Mallow, he repeated “The Rakes of Mallow;” and the mention of Doneraile elicited some stanzas he had gathered from the diatribe pronounced against that village by Patrick O’Kelly—a wandering poet.

From Roscrea to Dublin we talked politics, of which the tone was not mitigated by the recollections excited by Jigginstown House; the extensive ruins of which, on the right of the road, attest the splendour of “Black Tom”—the name by which the founder (the detested Strafford) is still known in Ireland.

O’Connell mentioned that at the election for a King of Belgium in 1830, which ended in placing Leopold upon the throne, three votes had been given for him.

We talked of the Union, and of its historian, Sir Jonah Barrington. The Liberator told me an anecdote of Barrington, which, if true, is rather more creditable to his ingenuity than to his integrity. “Sir Jonah,” said O’Connell, “had pledged his family plate for a large sum of money to one Stevenson, a Dublin pawnbroker ; and feeling desirous to recover the



plate without paying back the money, he hit upon the following device to accomplish his purpose. He invited the Viceroy and several noblemen to dinner, and then went to Stevenson, begging he might let him have the plate for the occasion. 'You see how I am circumstanced, Stevenson,' said Sir Jonah. 'I have asked all these fine folk to dine, and I *must* borrow back my plate for this one day. I assure you, my dear fellow, you shall have it again; and in order to secure its restoration to your hands, you shall come and make one of our party. I can ask *one* private friend; and you, as a member of the Common Council, are perfectly admissible. Come—there's a good fellow! and you know you need not leave my house until you carry off the plate along with you.' Stevenson, delighted at the honour of dining at the table with the Viceroy, Lords, and Judges, fell into the trap, and went to dinner. Sir Jonah plied him well with champagne, and soon made him potently drunk. At a late hour he was sent home in a job-coach; his wife put him to bed, and he never awoke till two o'clock next day. An hour then elapsed before his misty, muddled recollection cleared itself. He *then* be-thought him of the plate—he started up, and drove to Barrington's. But alas! Sir Jonah was gone, and



what was much worse, *the plate was gone too!* Poor Stevenson recorded a bitter vow against dining in aristocratic company for the rest of his natural life."

As we drove along Skinner's Row, O'Connell pointed out the ruins of the Old Four Courts, and showed me where the old gaol had stood. "Father Lube," said he, "informed me of a curious escape of a robber from that gaol. The rogue was rich, and gave the gaoler 120*l.* to let him out. The gaoler then prepared for his prisoner's escape in the following manner: he announced that the fellow had a spotted fever, and the rogue shammed sick so successfully that no one suspected any cheat. Meanwhile, the gaoler procured a fresh corpse, and smuggled it into the prisoner's bed; while the pseudo-invalid was let out one fine dark night. The corpse, which passed for that of the robber, was decently interred, and the trick remained undiscovered till revealed by the gaoler's daughter, long after his death. Father Lube told me," added O'Connell, "that the face of the corpse was dappled with paint, to imitate the discolourment of a spotted fever."

During this day's journey, O'Connell, while reading the newspapers, suddenly called out—"Oh, have you seen Lord Charlemont's declaration in his speech at the Armagh dinner? He says that 'if



justice be not done to Ireland, we must see the resuscitation of the volunteer corps.' God bless him! It is just like his father's son."

"And if the volunteers were re-organised," said I, "what command would *you* take?"

"I would be colonel of the First Regiment of Dublin Volunteers."

I said something about "the Peace Principle."

"Oh," rejoined he, "although a military, it would yet be a pacific band; its existence would quietly achieve our rights by showing the futility of resisting them."

"It seems curious," said I, "that so many of our Protestant gentry, who opposed the Union with the utmost bitterness, should have afterwards opposed the Repeal, and adopted what are called Tory politics."

"They got the patronage of the country," said O'Connell, "and the license to misgovern the people. That kept them quiet, and helped to reconcile them to the new order of things."

I spoke of a Conservative barrister named Collis, who in 1800 had written an Anti-Union pamphlet, predicting the ruin of the country from that measure, and who in 1826 had told me all his predictions were fulfilled by the event.

"Ah, I knew Collis, too," said O'Connell; "he



was a clever fellow. He had talent enough to have made a figure at the bar, if it had not been for the indolence induced by his comfortable property. His wife was a Miss Rashleigh,\* an uncommonly beautiful woman. He and I went circuit together. Going down to the Munster circuit by the Tullamore boat, we amused ourselves on deck firing pistols at the elms along the canal. There were a small party of soldiers on board, and one of them authoritatively desired us to stop our firing. 'Ah, corporal, don't be so cruel,' said Collis, still firing away. 'Are you a corporal?' asked I. He surlily replied in the affirmative. 'Then, friend,' said I, 'you must have got yourself reduced to the ranks by misconduct, for I don't see the V's upon your sleeve.' This raised a laugh at his expense, and he slunk off to the stern quite chopfallen."

\* The punsters said, on the occasion of Mr. Collis's marriage with Miss Rashleigh, "that he had been a long time thinking of marrying, and at last he married '*rashly*.'" The lady, in addition to her eminent personal charms, was a wealthy co-heiress.



## CHAPTER XII.

Provincial Repeal Meeting at Kilkenny—Eulogy on the Irish Church—William Cobbett at Kilkenny—O'Connell's Remark on Cobbett—O'Connell's Recollection of his School Days—O'Connell's Account of his First Circuit—Robert Hickson—N. P. O'Gorman—Checkley, the Attorney—How to prove an *Alibi*—Kingstown Harbour—Representation of Kilkenny—Patronage—The “Edinburgh Review” on Catholicity—Visit to Canterbury Cathedral.

THE provincial meeting of Leinster for the Repeal of the Union shortly took place at Kilkenny.\* Croker's Hill, in the vicinity of that city, was the place selected for the meeting. Accustomed as my eyes had been for several years to large assemblies, I was really astonished at the enormous concourse which gathered upon this occasion. The numbers were computed—and I do not think the computation an exaggerated one—at 200,000 persons, of whom at least 20,000 were on horseback. It was a noble sight! that orderly and well-conducted multitude, pacifically met together without riot, without

\* October 14, 1840.



crime, without violence, to record their hostility to all save domestic legislation for Ireland. They had come to renew the declaration of the Irish Volunteers of 1779—"We know our duty to our Sovereign, and are loyal; we know also our duty to ourselves, and are resolved to be free."

O'Connell felt the full inspiration of the scene before him, and his thrilling words aroused the spirits and confirmed the resolves of his auditors. As has usually happened with his greatest efforts, the report did not do him justice. I have preserved the following passage, in which he alludes to the faith of the people of Ireland; it is one of the best *morceaux* of his eloquence, as regards both the beauty of sentiment and the felicity of expression. He had been speaking of the penal code—

"Your priesthood were hunted and put to death; yet your hierarchy has remained unbroken—a noble monument of your faith and your piety. The traveller who wanders over Eastern deserts, beholds the majestic temples of Balbec or Palmyra, which rear their proud columns to heaven in the midst of solitude and desolation. Such is the Church of Ireland. In the midst of our political desolation, a sacred Palmyra has ever remained to us. It is true our altars have been broken down, and the gold and the silver have been taken away; the temple has



been desecrated, and its sacred tenants slain or forced to fly. But the moral Palmyra still stands in the midst of the desert. Its columns of eternal truth still tower to the clouds. The Church of the People of Ireland has survived the wreck of time; the hierarchy exists in the plenitude of its integrity—a glorious monument of the religious fidelity and steady faith of the Catholics of Ireland.”

The evening terminated with a Repeal banquet, which took place in a large apartment belonging to Mr. Smithwick, of St. Francis' Abbey.

I was Mr. Smithwick's guest; and that gentleman informed me that Cobbett had passed a week beneath his roof in 1834. Cobbett, during his sojourn, used to rise at five, and promenade the gardens, with his hands joined behind his back, and his eyes fixed on the ground. His hostess and her child met him on some of these early perambulations, but he did not condescend to take the least notice of them. During the day, he often inquired with apparent anxiety what he was to have for dinner; and on the whole, he was so much pleased with Mr. Smithwick's *ménage*, as to make it the subject of an eulogistic letter in his *Weekly Register*.

O'Connell said of Cobbett, that “his mind had not an extensive grasp; but what it *could* lay hold on, it grasped with iron force. He was honest: he



never saw more than one side of a subject at a time, and he honestly stated his impression of the side he saw."

O'Connell, as I have already said, was very communicative when travelling. About this period the various Repeal meetings kept the agitators constantly on the road; and he told me several incidents connected with his early life. He said, "I learned the alphabet in an hour. I was, in childhood, remarkably quick and persevering. My childish propensity to idleness was overcome by the fear of disgrace: I desired to excel, and could not brook the idea of being inferior to others. One day I was idle, and my teacher finding me imperfect in my lesson, threatened to beat me. But I shrank from the indignity, exclaiming, 'Oh, don't beat me for one half hour! If I haven't my lesson by that time, beat me *then*!' The teacher granted me the reprieve, and a lesson, rather a difficult one, was thoroughly learned."

On another occasion O'Connell said to me, "I was the only boy who wasn't beaten at Harrington's school; I owed this to my attention."

His instructors at Douay predicted his future distinction, from the rare abilities he displayed while in that seminary.

In the spring of 1798 he was in Dublin, and



joined the yeomanry, embodied to defend the city from the insurgents. Of the men who were embodied in the corps, many were discovered to be United Irishmen ; a discovery which alarmed O'Connell, who naturally feared, that some officious person might endeavour to implicate him in their disaffection. In June, 1798, he quitted Dublin. The following narrative I give as nearly in his own words as possible :

“ Communication by land with the interior was cut off ; so eighteen of us sailed for Cork in a potato-boat, bound for Courtmasherry. We each gave the pilot half a guinea to put us ashore at the Cove of Cork, where we landed, after a capital passage of thirty-six hours. I then went to Iveragh, and remained some months at Carhen. In the August \* of 1798 my career was nearly ended by a violent fever, occasioned by sitting in wet clothes. I tried, for a fortnight, to fight it off, but at last I was compelled to yield. My life was despaired of. By the blessing of God I recovered, contrary to all expectation ; and, after my recovery, I prepared to quit Carhen, to go off circuiteering. It was at four o'clock, on a fine sunny morning, that I left Carhen, on horseback. My brother John came part of the way with me ; and oh, how I *did* envy him, when he turned off the road to hunt among the

\* See page 48, *ante*.



mountains, whilst *I* had to enter on the drudgery of my profession. But we parted. I looked after him, from time to time, until he was out of sight, and then I cheered up my spirits as well as I could; I had left home at such an early hour, that I was in Tralee at half-past twelve. I got my horse fed, and, thinking it was as well to push on, I remounted him, and took the road to Tarbert by Listowell. A few miles further on, a shower of rain drove me under a bridge for shelter. While I stayed there, the rain sent Robert Hickson also under the bridge. He saluted me, and asked me where I was going? I answered, 'To Tarbert.' 'Why so late?' said Hickson. 'I am not late,' said I. 'I have been up since four o'clock this morning.'—'Why, where do you come from?'—'From Carhen.' Hickson looked astonished, for the distance was near fifty Irish miles. But he expressed his warm approval of my activity. '*You'll do*, young gentleman,' said he; 'I see *you'll do*.' I then rode on, and got to Tarbert about five in the afternoon—full sixty miles, Irish, from Carhen. There wasn't one book to be had at the inn. I had no acquaintance in the town; and I felt my spirits low enough at the prospect of a long, stupid evening. But I was relieved, by the sudden appearance of Ralph Marshall, an old friend of mine, who came to the inn to dress for a ball that took place in Tar-



bert that night. He asked me to accompany him to the ball. 'Why,' said I, 'I have ridden sixty miles.' 'Oh, you don't seem in the least tired,' said he, 'so come along.' Accordingly I went, and sat up until two o'clock in the morning, dancing. I arose next day at half-past eight, and rode to the Limerick assizes. At the Tralee assizes of the same circuit, James Connor gave me a brief. There was one of the witnesses of the other party whose cross-examination was thrown upon *me* by the opposite counsel. I did not do, as I have seen fifty young counsel do; namely, hand the cross-examination over to my senior. I thought it due to myself to attempt it, hit or miss! and I cross-examined him right well. I remember he stated that he had *his share* of a pint of whiskey; whereupon, I asked him *whether his share was not all except the pewter?* He confessed that it was: and the oddity of my mode of putting the question was very successful, and created a general and hearty laugh. Jerry Keller repeated the encouragement Robert Hickson had already bestowed upon my activity, in the very same words, 'You'll *do*, young gentleman! you'll *do*!' "

I asked him who was Robert Hickson?

"He had been originally a Catholic; he then turned Protestant, and was twice appointed High Sheriff of Kerry. In 1799, he wished to turn



Catholic again, and consulted Plunkett, Saurin, and myself, whether by doing so, he would incur the penalties against relapsed Papists. His counsel freed his mind from this apprehension; and he accordingly returned to his original church and died a Catholic."

Among O'Connell's reminiscences of his fellow strugglers for emancipation, he told me the following anecdote of Mr. N. P. O'Gorman. "O'Gorman, previously to emancipation, was one of the most violent out-and-out partisans of the Catholic party. He often declared that I did not go far enough. We were once standing together in the inn at Ennis, and I took up a prayer-book which lay in the window, and said, kissing it, 'By virtue of this book, I will not take place or office from the government, until emancipation is carried. Now, Purcell, my man! will *you* do as much?' Purcell O'Gorman put the book to his lips, but immediately put it away, saying, 'I won't swear; I needn't! my word is as good as my oath—I am sure of my own fidelity!' When Chief Baron O'Grady heard this story, he remarked, 'They were both quite right. Government has nothing worth O'Connell's while to take, until emancipation be carried; but any thing at all would be good enough for Purcell O'Gorman.'"

21st of October.—The conversation turned upon



legal practice in general, and the ingenious dexterities of roguish attorneys in particular. "The cleverest rogue in the profession that ever I heard of," said O'Connell, "was one Checkley, familiarly known by the name of 'Checkley-be-d——d.' Checkley was agent once at the Cork assizes, for a fellow accused of burglary and aggravated assault committed at Bantry. The noted Jerry Keller was counsel for the prisoner, against whom the charge was made out by the clearest circumstantial evidence; so clearly, that it seemed quite impossible to doubt his guilt. When the case for the prosecution closed, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence. 'Yes, my Lord,' said Jerry Keller, 'I have three briefed to me.' 'Call them,' said the judge. Checkley immediately bustled out of court, and returned at once, leading in a very respectable-looking, farmer-like-man, with a blue coat and gilt buttons, scratch wig, corduroy tights, and gaiters. 'This is a witness to character, my lord,' said Checkley. Jerry Keller (the counsel) forthwith began to examine the witness. After asking him his name and residence, 'You know the prisoner in the dock?' said Keller. 'Yes, your honour, ever since he was a gorsoon!' 'And what is his general character?' said Keller. 'Ogh, the devil a worse!' 'Why, what sort of a witness is



this you've brought?' cried Keller, passionately, flinging down his brief, and looking furiously at Checkley; 'he has ruined us!' 'He may prove an alibi, however,' returned Checkley; 'examine him to alibi as instructed in your brief.' Keller accordingly resumed his examination. 'Where was the prisoner on the 10th instant?' said he. 'He was near Castlemartyr,' answered the witness. 'Are you sure of that?' 'Quite sure, counsellor!' 'How do you know with such certainty?' 'Because upon that very night I was returning from the fair, and when I got near my own house, I saw the prisoner a little way on before me—I'd swear to him anywhere. He was dodging about, and I knew it could be for no good end. So I slipped into the field, and turned off my horse to grass; and while I was watching the lad from behind the ditch, I saw him pop across the wall into my garden and steal a lot of parsnips and carrots; and, what I thought a great dale worse of—he stole a bran new English spade I had got from my landlord, Lord Shannon. So, faix, I cut away after him, but as I was tired from the day's labour, and he being fresh and nimble, I wasn't able to ketch him. But next day my spade was seen surely in his house, and that's the same rogue in the dock! I wish I had a houl't of him.' 'It is quite evident,' said the



judge, 'that we must acquit the prisoner; the witness has clearly established an alibi for him; Castlemartyr is nearly sixty miles from Bantry; and he certainly is any thing but a partisan of his. Pray, friend,' addressing the witness, 'will you swear informations against the prisoner for his robbery of your property?' 'Troth I will, my lord! with all the pleasure in life, if your lordship thinks I can get any satisfaction out of him. I'm tould I can for the spade, but not for the carrots and parsnips.' 'Go to the Crown Office and swear informations,' said the judge.

"The prisoner was of course discharged, the alibi having clearly been established; in an hour's time some inquiry was made as to whether Checkley's rural witness had sworn informations in the Crown Office. That gentleman was not to be heard of: the prisoner also had vanished immediately on being discharged—and of course resumed his mal-practices forthwith. It needs hardly be told, that Lord Shannon's *soi-disant* tenant dealt a little in fiction, and that the whole story of his farm from that nobleman, and of the prisoner's thefts of the spade and the vegetables, was a pleasant device of Mr. Checkley's. I told this story," continued O'Connell, "to a coterie of English barristers with whom I dined; and it was most diverting to witness their astonishment at Mr.



Checkley's unprincipled ingenuity. Stephen Rice, the assistant barrister, had so high an admiration of this clever rogue, that he declared he would readily walk fifty miles to see Checkley !"

Talking of the new harbour at Kingstown, O'Connell said, "That harbour proves that you can make a harbour anywhere, provided you have money enough. There could not be greater natural disadvantages anywhere than at Kingstown ; a wild, open bay, and exposure to all the blasts that blow. But see what the money has made of it." An English gentleman, named Senior, inquired about the chance of getting railways in Ireland. "No chance at present," was the answer. "You have seen the English Radicals and Tories unite in refusing to Ireland the necessary loan." "Oh, but that may have arisen from the fear of non-payment ; the million advanced for the parsons has never been repaid." "There was no deception *there*," said O'Connell ; "I distinctly told them, before that million was advanced, that it never would be repaid. Not so the advance for railways ; *that* would have been for a work of real utility to Ireland, and the security would have been unimpeachable." "How did Joe Hume vote?" inquired Mr. Senior. "Oh, for lending the money, I believe," replied O'Connell. "You know," observed I, "that he has an Irish constituency."\* "Oh, he

\* Kilkenny.



wouldn't much mind that," rejoined O'Connell. "He is not very popular with his Kilkenny friends now. I do not think they will again return him. Kilkenny is the pleasantest place in the world to be returned for; it costs the member nothing. Hume's election cost him only sevenpence, the sevenpence being the extra postage of a letter he got the day before he was returned. Matters are managed in Kilkenny by three or four families, who are in the confidence of the people. Among the rest, there is the family of Smithwick. The head of that family has made about 4000*l.* a year by trade; a most respectable and patriotic family! I am keeping Kilkenny for a nest-egg for myself, in case I should not deem it advisable to go to the expense of contesting Dublin at the next election. Lord Lyndhurst has got a clause into the Municipal Act which confirms the titles of a vast number of fictitious freemen in Dublin—those fellows might give us trouble."

O'Connell complained that he had received a letter from some person soliciting "patronage." "Well, well!" he exclaimed, "is not this fatuity most unaccountable? In spite of Lord Ebrington's recent declaration, that no patronage should be given to Repealers, here are these blockheads still persisting to suppose that I can get what I please from the government!"



O'Connell was greatly pleased and interested with an article in the "Edinburgh Review," for October, 1840, on "Ranke's Lives of the Popes." I remarked that the Reviewer had ascribed to human policy, that which no human policy could have availed to produce, namely, the essential vitality of the Catholic Church. That vitality can only be ascribed to the care and protection of the Divine Founder of the Catholic religion. No human wisdom could have possibly availed to perpetuate through the stormy vicissitudes of eighteen centuries any institution which merely had *men* for its authors.

"Yes," replied O'Connell, "but it is pleasing to observe, that the Reviewer fully *admits* the vitality, though he errs in his mode of accounting for it. I like the article very much; it is one of the many pioneers of Catholicity in Britain."

O'Connell constantly spoke with much interest of the number of converts in England who were swelling the ranks of the Catholic Church. I remember the delight with which he exclaimed, one morning in London, "Yesterday I dined in company—blessed be God! with fourteen converts!" And he often said, "I hope that I may yet live to see mass offered up in Westminster Abbey, as it formerly was. God has mercy yet in store for England."



He was an enthusiastic admirer of the ancient cathedrals of England. In that of Canterbury he took a peculiar interest, as it was the scene of the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket; an occurrence which he employed Mr. Alfred Elmore to commemorate, in the spirited picture which hangs in the church of St. Andrew, Westland-row, Dublin. O'Connell said, "I have presented this picture to the church, in the hope that the sight of it may put other people in mind to follow my example."

There was a slight incident connected with his visit to Canterbury Cathedral, which he took pleasure in frequently recording. "While walking through the noble old Catholic pile," said he, "I chanced to remark to my daughter,\* who accompanied me, that it was not a little singular that not one Protestant prelate had ever been interred within its walls. This remark was overheard by the female guide who shows the cathedral to visitors. She listened attentively, and after some apparent hesitation, said, 'May I take the liberty, sir, of asking a question?'—'Certainly,' said I.—'Then may I make so bold as to ask, if all those Archbishops were Papists?'—'Every one of them, madam,' said I.—'Bless me!' cried the woman, in astonishment, 'I never knew that before.'—I then described

\* The accomplished and highly-gifted Mrs. Fitzsimon.



the effect of the high altar lighted up for the celebration of mass in Catholic times ; when the great aisle, now boxed up into compartments by the organ loft, stretched its venerable and unbroken length from the altar to the portal, thronged with kneeling worshippers. The picture delighted the woman. ‘ Oh !’ cried she, clapping her hands, ‘ I should like to see that !’—‘ God grant you may yet.’ returned I.”

Then he would sometimes add,—“ and he may yet grant it—England is steadily and gradually returning to the Catholic faith.”

Comparing the cathedrals of Catholic times with those erected since the Reformation, he observed, “ Westminster Abbey and St. Paul’s afford us good specimens of this sort of contrast: the very architecture of the former seems to breathe the aspiring sentiment of Christianity ; but St. Paul’s—it is a noble temple to be sure ; but, as for any peculiarity of Christian character about it, it might just as well be a temple to Neptune !”



## CHAPTER XIII.

“The best-abused Man in the British Dominions”—O’Connell abused by William the Fourth—By George the Fourth—Personal Appearance of George the Fourth in 1794 and 1821—His Object in coming to Ireland—Anecdote of his *liaison* with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

MR. O’CONNELL was in the habit of saying that he was the best-abused man in the British dominions. That he should have served as a target for the factious enemies of liberty to discharge their pop-guns at, is exceedingly natural, when we consider the prominent position he occupied as the champion of constitutional freedom.

“You are used to this now,” I observed to him one day; “but did it not at first annoy you?” “Not a bit,” he replied; “I knew the scoundrels were only *advertising* me by their abuse.”

But he sometimes was the object of abuse of a less usual description than that of pamphleteers or newspaper-paragraph writers.



“ I have had,” said he, “ the honour of sustaining some royal abuse. William the Fourth scolded me in a royal speech; but George the Fourth had previously bestowed a most royal malediction on me. I attended the first levée after the Emancipation Bill passed ; the wretched king was suffering from an utterly broken constitution, and the presence chamber was kept as thin as it was possible, to preserve him from inconvenient crowding. When I got into the midst of it, approaching the throne, I saw the lips of his majesty moving; and thinking it possible he might be speaking to me, I advanced, in order to make, if requisite, a suitable reply. He had ceased to speak—I kissed hands and passed out. In some days I saw a mysterious paragraph in a Scotch newspaper, remarking on the strange mode in which an Irish subject had been received by his prince, who was stated to have vented a curse at him. I happened to meet the Duke of Norfolk, and asked him if he could explain the paragraph. ‘ Yes,’ said he, ‘ *you* are the person alluded to. The day you were at the levée, his majesty said, as you were approaching, ‘ There is O’Connell!—G—d damn the scoundrel!’ ”

A recent writer had praised George the Fourth’s colloquial abilities.

“ Why,” said O’Connell, “ from his rank, he of



course found ready listeners, and he could talk familiarly of royal personages, concerning whom there is usually some curiosity felt. That kind of talk might have passed for agreeable ; but his favourite conversation was like that of a profligate, half-drunken trooper."

" Was he, in your opinion, a handsome, princely-looking fellow?"

" When I saw him in 1794," replied O'Connell, " he was a remarkably handsome-faced man; his figure was faulty, narrow shoulders, and enormous hips ; yet altogether he was certainly a very fine-looking fellow. But when I saw him in Dublin in 1821, age and the results of dissipation had made him a most hideous object ; he had a flabby, tallow-coloured face ; and his frame was quite debilitated. He came to Ireland to humbug the Catholics, who, he thought, would take sweet words instead of useful deeds. Ah ! we were not to be humbugged !

" I believe," he added, " that there never was a greater scoundrel than George the Fourth. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner, Mrs. Fitzherbert said, ' By-the-bye, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you, what you *did* say about me in the



House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent so very strangely, that one cannot depend on them. You were made to say, that the Prince authorised you to deny his marriage with me!"—The Prince made monitory grimaces at Fox, and immediately said, 'Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.'—'Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from table; 'I had always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.'\* Fox would not associate with the Prince for some years, until one day that he walked in, unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the Prince entered, and said that he had but one course consistent with his hospitable duty as an English gentleman, and that was to admit him."

\* One Sunday, in 1796, my maternal grandfather, who was the Protestant Rector of Ardstraw, on returning from church, told some members of his family who had spent the day at home, "that he had publicly prayed in the Litany for Mrs. Fitzherbert." On their expressing surprise, he replied, "I prayed for the Princess of Wales; and there is not, in the sight of Heaven, any other Princess of Wales than Mrs. Fitzherbert."



## CHAPTER XIV.

O'Connell's Reminiscences of his own Courtship—Hands the goaler—Ballads—Travelling in the Olden Time.

ON one of our Repeal journeys—namely, to Waterford—he adverted, as he frequently did, to the memory of the late Mrs. O'Connell.

“I never,” said he, “proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I said to her, ‘Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?’—She answered, ‘I am not.’—‘Then,’ said I, ‘will you engage yourself to me?’—‘I will,’ was her reply.—And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should—she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed. My uncle was desirous I should obtain a much larger fortune, and I thought he would disinherit me. But I did not care for that. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness.”

“And your profession made you independent?”



“Yes—the first year I was at the bar I made 58*l.*, the second year about 150*l.*, the third year 200*l.*, the fourth year about 300 guineas.\* I then advanced rapidly ; and the last year of my practice I got 9000*l.*, although I lost one term.”

“Did your wife reside in Tralee ?”

“She did, with her grandmother ; and it was my delight to quiz the old lady, by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter’s want of temper. ‘Madam,’ said I, ‘Mary would do very well, only she is so cross.’ ‘Cross, sir ? My Mary cross ? Sir, you must have provoked her very much ! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault ! Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.’

“And so she was,” he added, after a pause. “She had the sweetest, the most heavenly temper, and the sweetest breath.”

He remained some moments silent, and then resumed —

“When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol ; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsey to him. She despatched the

\* I think I have stated these sums correctly, but am not quite certain.



curtsey with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

It often happened during our journeys, that after a silence that lasted for some time, O'Connell would suddenly break out with a snatch of some old ballad in Irish or English. On this day he sang out,

"I leaned my back against an oak,  
I thought it was a trusty tree,  
But first it bent; and then it broke—  
'Twas thus my love deserted me !"

I expressed some surprise that these ballad scraps should rest upon his memory. "Oh," replied he, "I liked ballads of all things, when I was a boy. In 1787, I was brought to the Tralee assizes—assizes were then a great mart for all sorts of amusements, and I was greatly taken with the ballad-singers. It was then I heard two ballad-singers, a man and a woman, chanting out the ballad from which you heard me sing that verse. *He* sang the first two lines—*she* sang the third line—both together sang the fourth, and so on through the whole ballad."

Among the odds and ends of verse which stored his memory, were some stanzas composed by a luckless Kerry poet, who, when starving in Paris, was recommended to pay his court to the minister



Sartine, in an adulatory address. The first couplet ran thus,

“Yellow Phœbus, inspire my poitrine,  
To sing the praises of Monsieur de Sartine.”

O'Connell often contrasted the rapid mode of modern travelling, with the slower movements of past days. “I remember,” said he, “when I left Darrynane for London in 1795, my first day's journey was to Carhen—my second to Killorglin—my third to Tralee—my fourth to Limerick—two days thence to Dublin. I sailed from Dublin in the evening—my passage to Holyhead was performed in twenty-four hours; from Holyhead to Chester, took six-and-thirty hours—from Chester to London, three days. My uncle kept a diary of a tour he made in England between the years '70 and '80, and one of his *memorabilia* was ‘This day we have travelled thirty-six miles, and passed through part of five counties.’ In 1780, the two members for the county of Kerry sent to Dublin for a noddie, and travelled together in it from Kerry to Dublin. The journey occupied seventeen days; and each night the two members quartered themselves at the house of some friend; and on the seventeenth day they reached Dublin, just in time for the commencement of the session. The steam navigation is of infinite utility in abridging the sufferings of sea-sickness.



In a sailing vessel, you often got almost to land, and yet were tantalised by chopping winds or tides which prevented your landing. I remember in 1817 dodging for eight hours about Caernarvon harbour before we could land. When on shore, I proceeded to Capelcarrig, where I was taken very ill; and I was not consoled by reflecting that should my illness threaten life, there was no Catholic priest within forty miles of me."



## CHAPTER XV.

Pitt and Grattan compared—Grattan's Colloquial Powers—A Noble Oddity—Entry into Waterford—Old Mr. O'Connell's Coffin—General Cloney—A Prudent Patriot of '98—The Marquis of Waterford and the Repealers—Bianconi—Peter Bodkin Hussey.

O'CONNELL spoke of the peculiarities of Pitt and Grattan as orators. Pitt, he said, had a grand majestic march of language, and a full melodious voice. Grattan's eloquence was full of fire, but had not the melody or dignity of Pitt's; yet nobody quoted Pitt's sayings, whereas, Grattan was always saying things that every body quoted and remembered. "I did not," said Mr. O'Connell, "hear Grattan make any of his famous speeches; but I have heard him in public. He had great power, and great oddity—he almost swept the ground with his odd action."

"Was he in private society an entertaining man?"

"Very much so. His conversation contained much humour of a dry antithetical kind; and he never relaxed a muscle, whilst his hearers were convulsed with laughter. He abounded with anecdotes



of the men with whom he politically acted, and told them very well. I met him at dinner at the house of an uncle of O'Connor Don, and the conversation turned on Lord Kingsborough, grandfather to the present Earl of Kingston, a very strange being, who married at sixteen a cousin of his own, aged fifteen—used to dress like a roundhead of Cromwell's time; kept his hair close shorn, and wore a plain coat without a collar. Grattan said of this oddity, 'He was the strangest compound of incongruities I ever knew; he combined the greatest personal independence, with the most crouching political servility to ministers; he was the most religious man, and the most profligate; he systematically read every day a portion of the Bible, and marked his place in the sacred volume with an obscene ballad.'

"I dare say," said Mr. O'Connell, after a pause, "that Grattan told O'Connor to ask me to dinner. I was then beginning to be talked of, and people like to see a young person who acquires notoriety."\*

We passed some remarkably fine elms on our

\* O'Connell had great confidence in the patriotism of the present Henry Grattan, M.P. for the county Meath. One day, when pointing him out to an Englishman, he thus eulogised him—"That is Henry Grattan, son of the great Irish patriot. He inherits all his father's devotion to Ireland. If you presented a pistol at his head, and if he were persuaded his own immediate death would secure the Repeal of the Union, he would say, 'In the name of Heaven, fire away!'"



route. O'Connell, who knew my passion for forest trees, exclaimed, "How proud it would make you, Daunt, if your own old elms at Kilcascan were as fine as those."

Thus talking, we arrived in Waterford. The entry into the city was splendid. The long line of banners floated in the breeze—the shipping in the noble river Suir hoisted pennants, and repeatedly fired salutes, as the procession moved along the quay.

Next day, the 28th of October, a large party of Repealers dined at the house of the Catholic Bishop. Old age was talked of.

"My grandmother," said O'Connell, "had twenty-two children, and half of them lived beyond the age of ninety. Old Mr. O'Connell of Darrynane, pitched upon an oak-tree to make his own coffin, and mentioned his purpose to a carpenter. In the evening, the butler entered after dinner to say that the carpenter wanted to speak with him. 'For what?' asked my uncle. 'To talk about your honour's coffin,' said the carpenter, putting his head inside the door over the butler's shoulder. *I* wanted to get the fellow out, but my uncle said, 'Oh! let him in by all means.—Well, friend, what do you want to say to me about my coffin?'—'Only, sir, that I'll saw up the oak-tree your honour was speaking of, into seven-foot plank.'—'That would be wasteful,' answered my uncle;



‘I never was more than six feet and an inch in my vamps, the best day I ever saw.’—‘But your honour will stretch after death,’ said the carpenter.—‘Not eleven inches, I am sure, you blockhead! But I’ll stretch, no doubt—perhaps a couple of inches or so. Well, make my coffin six feet six—and I’ll warrant that will give me room enough!’”\*

O’Connell extremely disliked being poked up to lionise at a private dinner-party, although it was sometimes his fate to sustain this species of annoyance. After dinner at the Bishop’s, his health was drunk with all the honours. But he made no speech in reply; he merely bowed, without rising from his seat.†

At Waterford I met General Cloney, who had held a command in the rebel army in 1798. Among his anecdotes of that period, he told me of a certain gentleman who stationed himself in a house near Ross, on the day of the battle. “Although he did

\* Mr. William Howitt has published a somewhat different version of this anecdote. I give it, literally, as I heard O’Connell relate it at the Bishop of Waterford’s table.

† I was once at a dinner party in Dublin, when our host proposed O’Connell’s health in a complimentary speech, which he ended by saying that he abstained from warmer eulogy through fear of wounding the modesty of his distinguished guest. O’Connell rose to return thanks, and commenced his speech by saying:—“My friend has alluded to my modesty. Whatever my original amount of that quality may have been, I certainly have never worn any of it out by too frequent use; so that I have the whole original stock quite ready for service on the present occasion.”



not take the field," said Cloney, "yet he was not quite unoccupied; for he changed his uniform four or five times while the battle lasted. He kept scouts to let him know, from time to time, how the fortunes of the day went. Whenever he heard that the rebels were getting the better of it—on with his green regimentals! The next scout, perhaps, would announce that the king's troops were making head—on with my prudent friend's yeomanry suit! and so on, from red to green, and green to red, according to each shadow of veering in the fortunes of the fight."

On the following day, the 29th, there was a Repeal dinner at Carrick-on-Suir, at which the health of the Marquis of Waterford was given. O'Connell was called on to return thanks, which he did in the following terms, amidst general laughter and cheering:

"I could not allow the health of a brother sportsman to be drunk, without saying a few words in reply. The time has been when I little expected I should ever hear a Beresford toasted among a society of Repealers. Far less, that *I* should be selected to return thanks upon such an occasion. But times are changed—and in this respect happily changed. Lord Waterford has evinced a most praiseworthy disposition to expend in his native country a large share of his princely revenues; and



his name has, therefore, been deservedly received amongst you with manifestations of attachment. Himself the centre of the local rank and fortune of this part of the country, the fascinations of his hospitality and of his fox-hounds will, doubtless, keep at home many men of station and fortune, who would otherwise seek amusement in England or elsewhere. Therefore, let us wish him all health and prosperity, and a first-rate hunting season; and as a mark of our respect, the most congenial to his lordship's taste, let us give him, in conclusion, a loud and hearty *Tallyho!*"

This call was responded to by a jovial and uproarious tally ! tally ! tallyho ! from the whole assembly ; amongst whom there were certain ingenious gentlemen, who gave us a very felicitous imitation of the hounds in full cry.

On the following morning, the 30th, our party left Carrick at an early hour for Killarney, and breakfasted with Mr. Charles Bianconi at his house near Clonmel. Bianconi's son and daughter, the girl a lovely child, came in to see the Liberator.

"Do you know, my young friends, that it was I who emancipated you?" asked O'Connell. This was a question he frequently addressed to Catholic children.

Bianconi asked his advice about sending the girl to school. "Oh, no ! no ! no !" replied O'Connell, eagerly, "never take her from her mother ! Get a



governess to assist the mother in your little Kate's education, but never take the child from her mother's care. The tender affection of the parent educates the daughter's heart."

Bianconi made some apology for bringing in the children ; " Your time is so limited," said he ; " and I fear they must tease you."

" Your apology," returned O'Connell, " reminds me of my friend Peter Hussey, who was not remarkable for suavity. ' Dan,' said Peter to me, ' you should not bring in your children after dinner, it is a heavy tax upon the admiration of the company.'—' Never mind, Peter,' said I ; ' I admire them so much myself, that I don't require any one to help me.' My eldest daughter told me she was afraid I should spoil her Mary. ' I don't think I shall,' said I ; ' I know I did my best to spoil *you*, my love, and I could not succeed.' "

O'Connell was a firm believer in the transmission of intellectual qualities from the mother to her offspring. When speaking of a property in Kerry, that the Meredith family had lost many years ago, he said, " Mr. Meredith married a fool ; and, of course, they bred nothing but fools. They had not common sense to keep their estate, and it slobbered away through their fingers."

When we were *en route* from Bianconi's, something led us to talk of Pitt, whom O'Connell said



he had heard in a debate "on the state of the nation."

"He struck me," said O'Connell, "as having the most majestic flow of language and the finest voice imaginable. He managed his voice admirably. It was from him I learned to throw out the lower tones at the close of my sentences. Most men either let their voice fall at the end of their sentences, or else force it into a shout or screech. This is because they end with the upper instead of the lower notes. Pitt knew better. He threw his voice so completely round the House, that every syllable he uttered was distinctly heard by every man in the House."

"Did you hear Fox in the debate of which you are speaking?" asked I.

"Yes—and he spoke delightfully; his speech was better than Pitt's. The forte of Pitt as an orator was majestic declamation, and an inimitable felicity of phrase. The word he used was always the very best word that could be got to express his idea. The only man I ever knew who approached Pitt in this particular excellence, was Charles Kendal Bushe, whose phrases were always admirably happy."

Mr. Bianconi had lent me "Captain Rock's Letters to the King of England;" a book that professes to give the real origin of many families of the Irish peerage. The author's statements of course



include many particulars omitted from the compilations of Debrett. He has, however, fallen into several inaccuracies, the perusal of which always elicited from O'Connell a contemptuous "pshaw!" and he then would immediately state the real facts, of which he had in many instances become professionally cognisant.

Speaking of pedigrees, he said that his own had been spoiled by the Chevalier O'Gorman, who undertook to draw it up without knowing much about the matter. One of his family, John O'Connell, of Ashtown, near Dublin, the brother of a lineal ancestor, had "*proved his good affection*" to Oliver Cromwell in 1655, conformed to Protestantism, and thereby saved his property from confiscation. "I saw his escutcheon," said O'Connell, "on the wall of St. James's church in Dublin, some twenty years ago; I don't know if it be there still."

He was angry at the disparaging manner in which his family had been spoken of by "MASK," an anonymous writer, who described leading Members of Parliament. "The vagabond allows me a large share of talent, but he says I am of humble origin. My father's family was very ancient, and my mother was a lady of the first rank."

As we travelled southwards, he invited me to accompany him to Darrynane, which invitation I readily accepted.



## CHAPTER XVI.

Interview between O'Connell and an Oppressive Landlord—  
Inn at Millstreet—Bahoss—Different Modes of Restoring  
the Irish Legislature—Recollections of the Hard-Drinking  
Times, 1785—Puseyism and Catholicity—Hunting.

O'CONNELL described an interview he had with an Irish landlord of extensive possessions. I give it in his own words, suppressing the name of the landlord, who, I believe, has since then reformed his policy. At least I have seen him gazetted in popular journals as a bountiful friend and benefactor of his tenantry.

“ I heard,” said the Liberator, “ that ——— had issued over a thousand notices to his tenantry to quit their holdings; and that he had treated a certain widow in particular with very great barbarity. This intelligence was conveyed to me while I was walking through ———’s domain. While I was there he came up and invited me into his mansion.

“ ‘ I should fear,’ answered I, ‘ that your roof would fall down upon me.’



“ ‘ Why do you say so?’ inquired the landlord.

“ ‘ Because I have heard of the harshness and cruelty you have exhibited to your tenants, and in especial to the widow ——.’

“ ‘ I must have been misrepresented to you,’ said ——.’

“ ‘ I wish I could believe that you were so,’ said I; ‘ but I fear the facts are as they have been stated to me.’

“ ‘ Come in and talk it over,’ said —— ; ‘ and I will show you I was justified in acting as I did.’

“ I refused to enter the castle, but consented to the proffered conference, in the hope of being of some service to the widow. The hope, however, was vain; for after conversing on the subject for nearly an hour, I found I could make no impression, and I came away declaring that if the case should come to trial in Cork, I would specially attend, in order to give the widow my professional assistance gratuitously.”

It was the period of the year when the O’Connell tribute was usually collected ; and the accused landlord, resenting the expression of O’Connell’s sympathy with the oppressed widow, soon afterwards published a manifesto, threatening the tenants with his vengeance, if any of them should subscribe to the Liberator’s annuity.



We arrived, after midnight, at Millstreet; where they had not prepared beds, as we were not expected. During the interval of preparation, we sat at an excellent fire in the inn-parlour, which was peculiarly welcome, as the night was cold, raw, and foggy. The landlord got out of bed to receive his guests, and continued to detail all the incidents of local politics, until our rooms were ready. Next morning we departed at seven o'clock.

"The improved roads have injured that inn," said O'Connell. "I well remember, when it was the regular end of the first day's journey from Tralee. It was a comfortable thing for a social pair of fellow-travellers to get out of their chaise at night-fall, and to find at the inn (it was then kept by a cousin of mine, a Mrs. Cotter), a roaring fire, in a clean, well-furnished parlour, the whitest table-linen, the best beef, the sweetest and tenderest mutton, the fattest fowl, the most excellent wines (claret and Madeira were the high wines then—they knew nothing about Champagne), and the most comfortable beds. In my early days it was by far the best inn in Munster. But the new roads have enabled the travellers from Kerry to get far beyond Millstreet in a day; and the inn being therefore less frequented than of old, is, of course, not so well looked after by its present proprietor."



At ten o'clock we arrived at Killarney, and drove to the Victoria Hotel, which stands about a mile from the town, on the borders of the lower lake. Gansy, the celebrated piper, attended, and played Scotch and Irish airs during the evening, for the amusement of our party. Whenever he played any of Moore's Melodies, O'Connell would invariably repeat the poet's words, after the conclusion of the air. He was a passionate admirer of Moore's Melodies, and constantly recited them. He was also much pleased with Father Prout's ballad, "The Bells of Shandon," which he got by heart, declaring it to be the best ballad that ever was written.

On the 1st of November, we proceeded from Killarney to Bahoss, where a social party assembled at the house of Charles O'Connell, the Liberator's son-in-law. After dinner the Repeal agitation was talked of. Mr. Kean Mahony, of Castlequin, said to O'Connell,

"I am sure the Repeal will be highly useful, if you only can succeed; but I doubt your success."

"My dear sir," replied O'Connell, "the difficulty is far smaller than you seem to imagine. This recent municipal reform act, although it falls very short of full justice, yet does us this much good—that it breaks up one great stronghold of the



Orange party, namely, the Orange corporations. It doubly benefits us, not only by scattering the Orangemen and breaking up their powerful organisation of mischief, but also by exciting in their minds a strongly hostile sentiment against the Union, which could not protect them from reform. This will naturally impel them to join us in seeking the Repeal, now that they find they have no party object to gain by opposing it. Orangeism, heretofore, has infected the Dublin juries. But, henceforth, the sheriff will be a liberal, and can select for his jurymen, *not* bigoted partisans, but honest men, who will be quite as anxious to see justice done as the old Orange juries were to convict all the Liberals and Catholics. When the jury-box is purged of the foul leaven, pray, what is then to hinder us from having a Convention in Dublin? Do you not see what a powerful engine a Convention would be in working out Repeal?"

"But," interposed the other, "if a member of the Convention were prosecuted, could not the Government change the *venue* to London?"

"They passed an act to enable them to do so in the case of the Americans," answered O'Connell, "and what was the result? Why, that they lost America!"

O'Connell did not deem the legislative sanction



of the United Parliament indispensably requisite to the restoration of the Irish Legislature. In the "Report of the Repeal Association on the Reconstruction of the Irish House of Commons" (which document was drawn up by him exclusively), two other modes of re-establishing the Parliament of Ireland are pointed out. I quote the passage at length; it is curious, from the views which it contains of what we may term the *elastic* capacity of the British Constitution to meet all political emergencies. Having first discussed the probability of obtaining the sanction of the Imperial Legislature to the Repeal, Mr. O'Connell thus proceeds:—

"But there are other modes, in which the Crown may easily procure the restoration of the Irish Legislature, should her Majesty be so advised.

"Let it be recollected, that in the judgment of our present Lord Chancellor,\* who is Keeper (in Ireland) of her Majesty's conscience, the Union was in itself a NULLITY; that is his precise expression—it was his solemn judgment—and he is bound by it.

"The Queen therefore might be advised to act in either of these two ways:—

"*Firstly*.—She may call together in Dublin, by intimation, or invitation, the 105 Members now representing Irish constituencies. More than forty of them (that is, more than sufficient to make a House) would certainly attend any royal summons, however informal. And her Majesty might easily bring together a sufficient number of the Irish Peers. And thus, with the assent of her Majesty, an Ordinance might be enacted adopting the plan we have suggested for re-constructing the

\* Lord Plunket.



Irish Parliament, and authorising the issuing of writs or summonses accordingly.

“The Parliament, when met under such writs or summonses, would have no difficulty in enacting laws, with the assent of the Queen, sanctioning their own appointment, and confirmatory of their own legislative powers.

“*Secondly.*—Let it be recollected, that it was originally the *exclusive prerogative of the Crown*, to issue to such places as it thought fit, writs for the election of Members of Parliament; and this prerogative continued to be exercised down to the reign of Queen Anne. The familiar fact of the creation in Ireland, by KING JAMES the First, of no less than forty boroughs in a single day—boroughs that from that time continued to send members to Parliament until the Union—proves in the strongest way, the power to exercise (as it also shows the abuse of) this prerogative.

“Now, there is no Act of Parliament in Ireland taking away that prerogative from the Crown. It therefore continues to exist, unimpeached and undiminished; and her Majesty might be advised at once to issue writs to all the counties, and to the several towns named in our proposed plan; and then she may either bring together, or create, a sufficient number of Irish Peers to constitute the Irish Parliament.

“It is quite true, that the proposal we suggest, is one intended to be enacted by the UNITED Parliament; but we are not thereby prevented from pointing out the other means (such as the two modes above described) for obtaining the same object. To each of such modes there are abundant technical and legal objections. BUT WE BELIEVE THERE IS NO CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

“The Constitution of these realms is suited to meet every emergency; and the most irregular proceedings of Parliament have been sanctioned, and become the law of the land.

“For instance, in the year 1399, the Parliament dethroned RICHARD the Second, the legitimate monarch, and conferred the Crown upon HENRY the Fourth, who had no kind of title to that Crown. Nor was he even heir of succession to Richard. This Parliamentary Act regulated the succession of the Crown for three generations, and several of the statutes passed during that interval are binding at the present day.



“Again; the Parliament, in the instance of EDWARD the Fourth, assumed the like power of disposing of the Crown; taking it away from the House of Lancaster, and conferring it upon that of York.

“Again; the case of HENRY the Seventh is yet stronger. The Parliament in 1485, after the battle of Bosworth, gave him a legal title to the Crown; although he had no other title than that most irregular law. It is true he afterwards married the heiress of the House of York; but he took especial care, and indeed the most distinct modes, of disavowing any title as derived from her. And her Majesty, whose title is so indisputable, derives that title as one of his descendants.

“But the strongest instance remains behind. It is the case of King WILLIAM the Third, of ‘glorious, pious, and immortal memory.’ The Convention Parliament at the Revolution, without any King at all, dethroned the reigning and then legitimate monarch, JAMES the Second.

“They used the word ‘*abdicate*,’ but a word is nothing! The actual fact is, that they dethroned King JAMES, and enthroned King WILLIAM, who had no species of claim to be King—who had no kind of legal right to be King of England, as he was, not only during his wife’s lifetime, but for some years after her decease. He had, we repeat, no other right, save that excellent and efficient one, of a most irregular Act of Parliament.

“No persons can be more thoroughly convinced than we are, that a most legitimate right to the Crown was acquired by the transactions of the Revolution of 1688; we are quite certain, that a perfect title was made out by these transactions. And our allegiance to our most gracious Sovereign, whom may God long preserve, is much enhanced by the principles which were involved in, and sanctioned by the Revolution.

“But what a host of legal and technical objections were and may be raised against each and all the precedents which we have thus cited, including the glorious Revolution itself! We venture to assert, that none greater could be stated to either of the modes of Repealing the Union we have suggested—NO, NOR BY ANY COMPARISON SO GREAT!”

On the evening already alluded to in the present



chapter, the company at Bahoss had drawn much more copiously on the water-jars than on the wine decanters; a circumstance which naturally led to the subject of Father Mathew and his useful labours.

“In my young days,” said O’Connell, “it was deemed an essential point of hospitality to make guests drink against their will—drink till they were sick. I was myself the first person who rebelled against this custom in Iveragh. After I returned from the Temple, I introduced the fashion of resistance, and I soon had abettors enough. It was fortunate for me that I never, while a youth, could drink more than three glasses of wine without being sick; so that I had my personal convenience to consult in aid of temperance. To be sure, I have seen some rare drinking-bouts! In 1785, when less than ten years old, I was at the house of a friend near the sea side, and a sloop came in, of which the whole crew got drunk every night; Monday night on wine, Tuesday night on punch; Wednesday night on wine, Thursday night on punch, and so on; the only variety consisting in the alternation. What a change in our social habits since those days! a most happy change in this respect! I believe there is no nation under heaven save our own, in which the Apostle of a great moral move-



ment could meet the success that has attended Father Mathew."

"A success," observed one of the company, "highly honourable to the Catholics, and probably destined to be one of the means of extending the Catholic religion."

"Oh," exclaimed O'Connell, "that extension is daily making progress—it receives an impulse from various and opposite quarters. Among the devout and religious members of the Anglican Church, the Puseyites hold a distinguished place both in numbers and importance; they have grafted upon their own species of Protestantism, many of the leading principles and practices of Catholicity. The evidence they thus bear to the truth of those principles and practices is placed beyond suspicion, by the fact that they often have indulged in gross abuse of the Catholic religion. Then—look at that powerful article on 'Ranke's Lives of the Popes' in the last 'Edinburgh Review'—evidently written by some philosophical Protestant inquirer, some honorary member of Christianity; who, while he manifestly dissents from the Catholic Church, is yet compelled by his own candour to admit that she contains within herself the imperishable germ of perpetual vitality. It is no trivial feature in the intellectual aspect of England at present, that these involuntary



tributes to the truth of Catholicity should be borne by the most powerful, and at the same time the most dissimilar Protestant intellects."

Ere we adjourned to the drawing-room, Mr. O'Connell announced that he would hunt across the mountains to Darrynane on the morrow. Some person complimented him on his undecaying personal activity.

"Yes," he answered, "activity is with me a habit. I was always active, and my brother John was always active. I remember one morning when John was a lad, seeing him prepare to set off on a walk of several miles at sunrise, after having sat up the whole night dancing, and without having gone to bed at all. I said to him, 'John, you had better take your mare.' 'Oh,' said John, 'I'll spare my mare; the walk will do me good.' So off he set, and his mare expired of fat in the stable the very same day! How often have I heard the voice of *old John O'Connell* calling out at cockcrow under our gate, '*Cur a maugh Shane O'Connell agus an cu!*'"\*

\* "Send out John O'Connell and the greyhound."



## CHAPTER XVII.

Darrynane—Scenery—The House—The Hunting—The Collegians—O'Connell's Description of his Home—Two Things at a Time—Arboriculture.

NEXT day we arrived at Darrynane.

The dwelling-house is situated within a few hundred yards of a little bay, which is separated from the harbour of Ballinskelligs, by a rocky promontory, called the Abbey Island. This promontory is sometimes insulated in particularly high tides. It contains the ruins of an ancient abbey, amongst which are the graves of many of the O'Connell family.

Much of the adjacent coast appears to have been upheaved in some desperate agony of nature. It consists of patches of unprofitable boggy surface, alternating with *débris* of naked rock. But there are some grand and romantic scenes among the hills and on the cliffs.

The house is sheltered to the north and west, by



mountains ranging from 1500 to 2000 feet in height. On the east, the view is bounded by a chain of high rocks, that divide the bay of Darrynane from that of Kenmare. Close to the house is a thriving plantation called the shrubbery, covering some ten or twelve acres of a most rocky and irregular tract, through the irregularities of which there are many very pretty winding walks. In the midst of this shrubbery, perched high aloft upon an ivied rock, is a small circular turret, commanding over the tops of the young trees, a view of the ocean and of the neighbouring hills. To this turret, Mr. O'Connell frequently retired to cogitate in solitude over his future political movements. He had also a favourite walk in the garden, which is picturesquely situated amongst rocks, and contains some of the finest old hollies I have ever seen.

Darrynane house possesses tolerable accommodation, although it often proved scarcely sufficient for the numbers attracted by the hospitable habits and political celebrity of the owner. It was built at different periods, and without the slightest regard to any uniform plan of architecture; a room was added whenever there arose a demand for increased accommodation; so that the whole mass presents a curious cluster of small buildings of different dates, heights, and sizes. In the dining-room are por-



traits of Mr. O'Connell, his lady, and his children: the portrait of the Liberator, although an indifferent painting, is, I understand, the very best likeness ever taken of him.

Up to the year 1839, when the new road from Cahirciveen was completed, the approach from that town to Darrynane was for three or four miles almost impassable for carriages, from its precipitous nature. Men were employed to draw carriages with ropes along the old road. The new line was opened to the public in autumn, 1839; it commands from many points superb views of the sea and the mountains.

On the third or fourth morning after my arrival at Darrynane, I was summoned by Mr. O'Connell to accompany the hunting party. It was not quite six o'clock—the morning was clear and bright, and gave promise of a beautiful day. We followed a winding path called "The Meadow Walk," which crosses and recrosses a merry mountain brook; we ascended the hill of Coomakista, crossed the line of the new road, and ere half-an-hour had elapsed, a hare was started. It was a glorious run; the hare was in view for half a mile or more; and as the dogs ran the scent, they kept so close together, that a sheet might have covered the pack. O'Connell, who enjoyed the hunt with infinite glee



walked and ran from rock to rock, to keep the dogs in view. The mountain air had already sharpened my appetite, and I inquired rather anxiously when we should have breakfast.

“Not until we kill two hares,” replied O’Connell, “we must earn our breakfast.” He then engaged in busy speculations on the course of the hare—she had doubled, and thrown out the dogs—the pack were at fault—they had scattered, and were trying in different directions to recover the scent. Ah! Drummer hit the scent again, and now they were all once more in full pursuit.

It was a glorious scene. Overhead was a cloudless sky; around us, on every side, was the most magnificent scenery, lighted up with brilliant sunshine. There was that finest of all music, the loud, full cry of the beagles, returned by a thousand echoes; the shouts of men and boys ringing sharp and cheerily along the hills; and there was Daniel O’Connell himself, equaling in agility men not half his age, pouring forth an exhaustless stream of jest and anecdote, and entering with joyous zeal into the fullest spirit of the noble sport.

Two hares were killed within a hour and a half; and we then sat down to breakfast in a small sheltered nook. It was a green hollow in the hill-side, about 900 feet above the level of the sea. Imme-



diately over us projected a gray rock, which formed a sort of rude ceiling to the inner part of our mountain parlour. Breakfast in such a spot, and with such appetites, was truly a luxurious feast. A fragment of rock was our table; some of the party sat on stones, whilst others reclined in primitive fashion on the grass. The huntsmen, in their gay red jackets, and several of the peasantry, formed an irregular line upon the outskirts. The noble dogs sat around with an air of quiet dignity, that seemed indicative of conscious merit. Far beneath us was the Atlantic, sparkling in the morning sun; to the right were the mountain isles of Scarriff and the bold rocks of Skellig. "Those Skelligs," said an imaginative English visitor, "are like two huge cathedrals rising out of the sea." The outline of the larger Skellig, as seen from Coomakista mountain, in some measure justifies the comparison. Our telescopes enabled us to discern a few large sail in the extreme offing; but with the exception of some fishing-boats, there were not any vessels in the Bay of Ballinskellig.

The Liberator amused himself at the expense of such of the party as had been deficient in agility; and quizzed one or two Londoners, whose previous knowledge of country scenery had been almost solely drawn from the Beulah Spa, the parks, or



theatrical representations. However, although the *pavés* of Pall Mall and Regent Street afford but indifferent preparation for mountain pedestrianism, yet his London friends, upon the whole, acquitted themselves very creditably.

The post-boy arrived with the letter-bag while we were at breakfast. Mr. O'Connell read his letters on the mountain—the hunt was then resumed, and with such success, that, if I mistake not, we brought home seven hares at sunset.

On days when he did not hunt, the mode in which he usually disposed of his time at Darrynane was as follows: after breakfast the newspapers and letters occupied, in general, from one to two hours; he would then, if the day was fine, stroll out for a while to the beach, the garden, or to his turret in the shrubbery: whenever I accompanied him on any of these walks, he has invariably pointed out among the surrounding rocks the course of some hunt, and detailed with a minuteness that evinced the interest he took in the subject, the various turns of the hare, and the exploits of the dogs. He would then return to the house, and spend the rest of the day till dinner in his study. One day I found him reading the “*Collegians*,” which he told me was his favourite work of fiction. “I have been reading it over again,” said he, “with a melan-



choly interest. Scanlan was the real name of the man who is called Hardress Cregan in the novel. I was Scanlan's counsel at the trial, and I knocked up the principal witness against him. But all would not do—there were proofs enough besides, that were quite sufficient to convict him."

He always occupied the head of his table at dinner, and, with rare exceptions, was talkative and jocular during that meal. He generally sat about an hour after it, and then returned to the study, where he remained until bed-time.

He certainly enjoyed himself more at Darrynane than anywhere else. Independently of the personal associations that bound him to the spot, he loved the scenes of rude and sterile grandeur that surrounded his home. Writing in October, 1838, to Walter Savage Landor, from Darrynane, he thus describes the coast and mountain scenery:—

"Little do you imagine how many persons besides myself have been delighted with the poetic imaginings which inspired these lines on one of the wonders of my infancy—the varying sounds emitted by marine shells:

"Shake one, and it awakens: then apply  
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there!"

\* The editor has restored this quotation in full. Mr. O'Connell omitted the first two lines.



“ Would that I had you here, to show you ‘ their august abode ’ in its most awful beauty. I could show you at noontide—when the stern south-wester had blown long and rudely—the mountain waves coming in from the illimitable ocean in majestic succession, expending their gigantic force, and throwing up stupendous masses of foam, against the more gigantic and more stupendous mountain cliffs that fence not only this my native spot, but form that eternal barrier which prevents the wild Atlantic from submerging the cultivated plains and high steeped villages of proud Britain herself. Or, were you with me amidst the Alpine scenery that surrounds my humble abode, listening to the eternal roar of the mountain torrent, as it bounds through the rocky defiles of my native glens, I would venture to tell you how I was born within the sound of the everlasting wave, and how my dreamy boyhood dwelt upon *imaginary* intercourse with those who are dead of yore, and fed its fond fancies upon the ancient and long-faded glories of that land which preserved literature and Christianity when the rest of now civilised Europe was shrouded in the darkness of godless ignorance. Yes! my expanding spirit, delighted in these day dreams, till catching from them an enthusiasm which no disappointment can embitter, nor accumulating years



diminish, I formed the high resolve to leave my native land better after my death than I found her at my birth; and, if possible, to make her what she ought to be—

“Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

“Perhaps, if I could show you the calm and exquisite beauty of these capacious bays and mountain promontories, softened in the pale moonlight which shines this lovely evening, till all which during the day was grand and terrific has become calm and serene in the silent tranquillity of the clear night—perhaps you would readily admit that the man who has been so often called a ferocious demagogue, is, in truth, a gentle lover of Nature, an enthusiast of all her beauties—

“Fond of each gentle and each dreary scene,  
and catching, from the loveliness as well as the dreariness of the ocean, and Alpine scenes with which he is surrounded, a greater ardour to promote the good of man, in his overwhelming admiration of the mighty works of God.”

One trait in his social character was a remarkable attention to all that was passing, even the most trivial things. Often, when he has apparently been wholly engrossed among newspapers or letters, he



has surprised me by suddenly throwing in an observation or reply to some remark made *sotto voce* at the further end of a long room. His alertness of mind as well as quickness of hearing, made him thus quite alive to whatever passed, even when one least would suspect it.

One day I witnessed the surprise of a rough northern lawyer at this faculty of bestowing attention upon different subjects at once. The lawyer consulted him about an Act of Parliament, and was reading aloud the disputable parts of the Act, when he suddenly stopped short, exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. O'Connell, I see you are reading something else; I'll wait till you have done." "Go on! go on, man!" said O'Connell, without raising his eyes from the document with which he was engaged, "I hear you quite distinctly. If you had as much to do as I have, you would long ago have been trained into the knack of devoting the *one* moment to *two* occupations." The other obeyed, and when he had concluded his queries, O'Connell put aside the *second* subject of his thoughts, and delivered a detailed reply to all the questions of his visitor.

Whilst Mr. O'Connell remained at Darrynane, he often devoted an hour or two to hearing and adjusting the disputes of the neighbouring peasantry. He officiated as "Judge and Jury" upon these occa-



sions, and prevented by his interposition a vast deal of ill-will and litigation.

His acquirements did not include any knowledge of arboriculture. We were speaking of some young ash that did not seem healthy. I advised him to cut them over at the root, in order that new leaders might grow up from the stool. He demurred. I assured him it was an old practice with foresters, and that I had frequently tried it myself with perfect success. He laughed, and said, "Of all the preposterous schemes I ever heard, the notion of cutting a tree *down* to make it grow *up*, seems the most comical."

O'Connell's etymology of Darrynane was derived from the two Irish words *Darragh*, an oak, and *Inane*, ivy—"The Ivied Oaks."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

O'Connell at Home—Forensic Recollections—A candid Physician—Crosbie Morgan—Hunting—Recollections of the Penal Laws—"Discoverers."

O'CONNELL never appeared to greater advantage than when presiding at his own table. Of him it may be said—as Lockhart has observed of Scott—that his notions of hospitality included the necessity of making his intellectual stores available to the amusement of his guests. His conversation was replete with anecdote; and the narratives which possessed for me by far the greatest interest, were those in which the narrator was personally concerned. His memory was prodigious; and not the smallest trait of character or manner in the numberless persons with whom, in the course of his bustling career, he had come in contact, escaped the grasp of his retentive recollection.



In my journal of the 5th of November, 1840, I find among other memoranda, some interesting forensic recollections of O'Connell. Hedges Eyre, of Orange notoriety, had invariably engaged O'Connell as his counsel. On one occasion a brother Orangeman severely censured Hedges Eyre for employing the Catholic leader. "You've got seven counsel without him," quoth this sage adviser, "and why should you give your money to that Papist rascal?"

Hedges did not make any immediate reply; but they both remained in court, watching the progress of the trial. The counsel on the opposite side pressed a point for nonsuit, and carried the judge (Johnson) along with them. O'Connell remonstrated against the nonsuit, protesting against so great an injustice. The judge seemed obdurate. "Well, *hear* me, at all events!" said O'Connell. "No, I won't!" replied the judge; "I've already heard the leading counsel." "But *I* am conducting counsel, my lord," rejoined O'Connell, "and more intimately aware of the details of the case than my brethren. I entreat, therefore, you will hear me." The judge ungraciously consented; and in five minutes O'Connell had argued him out of the nonsuit. "Now," said Hedges Eyre, in triumph, to his Orange confrère, "*now* do you see why I gave my money to that Papist rascal?"



O'Connell amused us with the story of a physician, who was detained for many days at the Limerick assizes, to which he had been subpoenaed as a witness. He pressed the judge to order him his expenses. "On what plea do you claim your expenses?" demanded the judge. "On the plea of my heavy personal loss and inconvenience, my lord," replied the simple applicant; "I have been kept away from my patients these five days—and, if I am kept here much longer, *how do I know but they'll get well?*"

He told us he had vainly tried for several years to get a post-office established at Cahirsiveen; until, by good fortune, he gained a law-suit, in 1809, for Edward Lees, the secretary to the General Post-office; and Lees, in the fervour of his gratitude, procured the establishment of the Cahirsiveen post.

He spoke of certain oddities in the legal profession; "amongst whom," said he, "Crosbie Morgan, the attorney, was the most eccentric. He, probably, made more money and spent more money than any other attorney of his time. He had eleven clerks in his office, and every clerk was an attorney! Great as were his gains, his expenditure was greater. Whenever he travelled to Dublin, he used to engage all the post-chaises at every inn where he slept



along the road, and if he found any gentlemen of his acquaintance going to Dublin, he invariably gave them seats gratis! His own personal suite always filled two or three of the carriages."

"What a general reputation for dishonesty the attorney profession has got," observed a lady.

"A very unjust one," returned O'Connell. "Attorneys are neither better nor worse than other men. If a man who is a rogue, happens to be also an attorney, it is true that the nature of his profession affords him facilities for committing injustice, just because it mixes him up in the affairs of other people. Attorneys are often obliged to do harsh things, too, in pursuit of the undeniable rights of their clients; and the profession has become involved in the odium of the harshness."

Nov. 10th.—A capital day's hunting on the mountains. O'Connell detailed the exploits of his dogs with infinite glee after dinner. Although at this time he totally abstained from wine himself, yet he hospitably pressed its circulation among all who chose to drink. A party to the islands of Scariff was proposed for the following day, and some ancient tombs in the islands were named as being worth a visit. O'Connell mentioned that in Cromwell's time, a friar was murdered for saying mass at Scariff by some of the soldiers of the Protector's



army. A sword-cut severed the top of the skull, and the piece has been ever since preserved in the O'Connell family.

The fate of the poor friar led us to speak of the penal laws, respecting the operation of which O'Connell detailed some very curious anecdotes. I mentioned an incident illustrative of the effect of those laws in inducing hypocritical conformity to Protestantism. A Mr. Jervois, a Catholic proprietor of land, was threatened with a "bill of discovery." In order to save his estate, he immediately resolved to turn Protestant. Proceeding to the Protestant parish church to read his recantation, he fell, and broke his collar-bone against a tombstone. The misfortune appeared to him ominous, and deterred him from renouncing the Catholic religion; but although he shrank from the spiritual risks of such a step himself, he made his eldest son abjure popery, and thus contrived to preserve the estate in his family.

"The records of those times," said O'Connell, "have a painful interest. In Kerry, there was old James B——, of W——ville, who had been bred a Catholic, and became a Protestant, and a parson, from the inducements held out at the period. When asking two of his Catholic parishioners for tithe, they said, 'do not be so hard on us, your reverence.'



He answered involuntarily, '*It is a great deal harder upon me,*' and very likely he was right. To another parishioner he said, 'My tomb will probably be the only Protestant tomb in the churchyard. I have but one favour to ask, and it is this—When I am dead, never say, 'That is the *minister's* tomb ;' only say, 'That is Mr. B——'s tomb.'

"The temptation to apostatise," continued O'Connell, "was strong, and alas ! was too frequently yielded to. There was a Mr. Myers, of the County Roscommon, who was threatened that a bill of discovery should be filed against him. He instantly galloped off to Dublin in a terrible fright, and sought out the Protestant archbishop. The archbishop, on learning that his visitor's object was to turn Protestant, examined him upon the points of difference between the two churches, and found that he knew nothing at all about the matter. He accordingly said that he could not receive him into the Anglican Church, unless he should get some previous instruction; and politely offered to commit him to the care of the Rector of Castlerea, who chanced to be in Dublin at the time. This proposal delighted Mr. Myers, for the rector had long been a hunting and drinking companion of his own in the country. With the rector, therefore, the pious convert arranged to dine every day until the



ensuing Sunday ; upon which day, as time ran short, it was absolutely necessary that the recantation should be publicly made. Myers and the rector had a jovial booze—six bottles each at the least ; and their jollification was repeated every day until Sunday ; when the archbishop, on receiving an assurance from the jovial rector, that Myers was *au fait* at the theology of the case, permitted him to make his solemn, public abjuration of the errors of Popery, and to receive the Protestant sacrament. In order to celebrate the happy event, the prelate invited Myers, and several zealous Protestant friends, to dinner. When the cloth was removed, his Grace thus addressed the convert—‘ Mr. Myers, you have this day been received into the true Protestant Church, and renounced the corruptions of Popery. For this you should thank God with all your heart ! I learn, with great pleasure, from our worthy friend, the Rector of Castlereagh, that you have acquired an excellent knowledge, in a very short time, of the basis of the Protestant religion. Will you be so kind as to state, for the edification of the company, the *grounds* upon which you have cast aside Popery, and embraced the Church of England ?’ — ‘ Faith, my lord,’ replied Myers, ‘ I can easily do that ! The *grounds* of my conversion to the Protestant religion, are two thousand five



hundred acres of the best *grounds* in the county of Roscommon!"

The literary organ of the Dublin University, boasted some time since, of the number of the Irish gentry who had embraced the Reformation. The triumphs in question were achieved by the instrumentality of the penal code; but surely it is strange to hear such spiritual influences vaunted in a modern publication!

"Under these iniquitous laws," said O'Connell, "it was not sufficient that a man born of Catholic parents should merely *profess* Protestantism; it was also necessary that the convert should go through the legal forms of abjuring Popery, and receiving the sacrament during service in some Protestant church. I heard of a very curious case, in which the son of Catholic parents, early in the last century, entered Dublin College, professing to be a Protestant. His talents in due time procured for him a fellowship, from which he retired upon a rich College living. He amassed great wealth, bought an estate, and left it at his death to his son; when, behold! a bill of discovery was filed against the son, as inheriting from a man *who in the eye of the law had been a Papist*; inasmuch, as he never had made a formal, public, *legal* abjuration of Popery. So that the Anglican Parson—the F. T.



C. D.—the rector of a college living, who had been in Anglican orders for thirty or forty years of his life—this man, notwithstanding all his Protestantism, was *legally* a Papist; because he had omitted the performance of some legal formula!

“It often happened, too, that points of objection to the legal Protestantism of apostates, were raised by reason of inaccuracy in the certificate of the apostate’s abjuration. These certificates often bore that the conforming party ‘*had received the sacrament DURING divine service* ;’ whereas the sacrament in the Anglican church, is administered, not *during* service, but *after* it. There were frequently needy or dishonest persons to watch for, and pounce upon, flaws of this sort.”

“It is wonderful,” observed a priest, “that there were any Catholic estates left in possession of their rightful owners.”

“There would not have been any,” said O’Connell, “only that individual Protestants were found, a great deal honester than the laws. The Freeman family, of Castlecor, were trustees for a large number of Catholic gentlemen in the county of Cork. In Kerry there was a Protestant, named Hugh Falvey, who acted as trustee for many Catholic proprietors there. In Dublin, there was a poor Protestant, in very humble circumstances, who was trustee for



several Catholic gentlemen, and discharged his trust with perfect integrity."

O'Connell had an estate called Glancara, situated near the Lake of Cahara, which had been in his family from a period prior to the penal laws. I expressed some surprise that Glancara had escaped confiscation.

"Oh!" said he; "they did not find it out; it is hidden among wild mountains in a very remote situation, which was wholly inaccessible in those days from the want of roads—and thus it escaped their clutches."

O'Connell once said to me,—

"If ever I took a title, it would be Earl of Glancara."



## CHAPTER XIX.

Hunting—Staigue Fort—Character of the Emperor Nicholas—  
Remarks on the Exemption by Law from a Second Trial on  
the same Capital Charge—The Ruined Church of Kilkee—  
Tradition of the M'Carthy Mhor—Interest taken by O'Con-  
nell in English Politics.

THE 12th of November was devoted to hunt-  
ing. O'Connell rose an hour before the sun, and  
set off to the mountains near Staigue Fort, where  
two hares were killed before breakfast.

Staigue Fort is a very curious relic of antiquity.  
It consists of a circular area, of about fifty feet in  
diameter, enclosed with a wall of rude masonry, which  
is four yards thick at bottom, diminishing to about  
two at the top; and in tolerably good repair  
throughout the entire circuit. The external height  
of this wall varies in different places, owing to the  
inequalities of the surrounding ground; within, it  
rises to a height of fourteen or fifteen feet from the



level of the central area. The entrance is formed through the side of the building which fronts the estuary of Kenmare. The space enclosed is open to the heavens ; and it is quite manifest that the primeval architect never contemplated such a thing as a roof. History and tradition are alike silent respecting the date, the founder, or the purpose of this very remarkable structure. It evidently belongs to a period of the rudest and most remote antiquity. It has been conjectured, that the natives erected it for the purpose of collecting and defending their cattle from Danish or other piratical ravagers.

Staigue Fort is situated on a slight elevation in the centre of the valley opening to the water of Kenmare, and bounded to the landward by a dark amphitheatre of high and craggy hills. It is distant about five miles from Darrynane.

O'Connell returned late from hunting at Staigue; and being fatigued, did not sit so long as usual after dinner.

The public mind had been considerably agitated by the expectation of war; but the papers received on this day conveyed the intelligence, that in both the French Chambers there were majorities in favour of peace. O'Connell observed, that "the pacific acquiescence of France would sink her in European estimation from a first-rate to a secondary power."



He was then asked, "if the recent policy of England had been good?"

"No," said O'Connell. "The policy cannot be good, which involves an alliance with that miscreant, the Emperor Nicholas—a ruffian, who combines in his own person all the hideous enormities of Herod, Dioclesian, and Attila! It is utterly disgraceful to England to form an alliance with *him*. By one sweeping act of tyranny, he compelled two millions of Polish Catholics to conform to the Greek church; and all his acts have been stamped with the same spirit of barbarous tyranny that was conspicuous in this."

O'Connell defended the principle of the law that protects a person once acquitted of a capital charge, from being tried again for the same offence. It was urged that this principle might sanction injustice; as in a case where a murderer had been acquitted through defect of evidence, and where a competent witness volunteered to tender direct testimony against the accused, in the event of a new trial.

"My good sir," said O'Connell, "if the principle of repeating the trial were once admitted, the injustice on the other side would be infinitely greater. If the accused could be tried over again on the appearance of a fresh witness, pray where could you



limit the danger to innocent persons unjustly arraigned? At the expiration of months or years, they would again be liable to trial for their lives, if any unprincipled witnesses should offer themselves as being competent to give fresh evidence."

Our conversation insensibly diverged to the subject of local antiquities. O'Connell asked the Rev. Mr. R—— if he had seen the old church of Kilkee, near Grena, on the road from Killarney. "It was unroofed and desecrated over three centuries ago," said O'Connell. "The Macarthy Mhor of the day was in the habit of attending mass there, and ordered the officiating priest to delay the celebration of mass every Sunday until he should arrive. The priest complied for some Sundays; but one day the chief was so late, that the priest, in order no longer to detain the congregation, commenced Divine Service. He had not proceeded far, when Macarthy Mhor entered the church; and being enraged at the presumption of the priest in neglecting to wait for him, rushed to the altar, and felled the priest to the floor. The bishop could not bear that the scene of such a crime should continue the centre of parochial devotion, and accordingly he got the church unroofed, and another one built in a different part of the parish."



“Were there not a great many marriages in that ruined church?” asked one of the company.

“Yes, the Protestants of Killarney often were married there. When they don't get a license, they must be married in a parish church; and many couples modestly preferred the quiet solitude of the ivied walls of Kilkee, to the crowds that invariably gathered about weddings in the church of Killarney.”

Mr. O'Connell's mind was, at this time, much engaged with the idea of an English Parliamentary Reform and Anti-Corn Law Convention. He entertained strong hopes that the labours of such a Convention would achieve a full measure of political liberty for Great Britain; and in working out that object, he was willing to co-operate. But he did not expect from it the smallest benefit to Ireland. He had learned, from bitter experience, to distrust the efficacy of British friendship for his country. He felt that Ireland could alone be served by her own exertions. To his private friends, the depth and sincerity of his love of peace—of his hatred of bloodshed and warfare—were now made manifest. A war with France had for many months been threatened, and at one period seemed inevitable. Had it actually taken place, it would, in O'Connell's opinion, have greatly assisted the Repeal of the



Union. But, far from lamenting the pacific decision of the French Chambers, he sincerely rejoiced in an event which averted the crimes and the horrors of war, even although war would have made England but too happy to purchase the friendship and good offices of Ireland at the price of Repeal.

Of war he had a conscientious horror. “*One* murder, or *one* robbery,” said he, “will horrify; and I cannot conceive how robbery and murder are one whit the better for being multitudinous! Yet this is war.”

His zeal for the popular liberties of England was sincere and fervid. It was highly honourable to his character, when placed (as it necessarily *must* be placed) in contrast with the cold indifference of English Liberals to Irish rights.



## CHAPTER XX.

The Crelaghs—The Kerry Colonels—French Revolution—Effects of Catholicity and Protestantism on Social and Mercantile Advancement—Penal Laws—Reminiscences of Father Grady—Birth of the Princess Royal—The Duke of Wellington.

O'CONNELL, in speaking of the improved administration of the law in Ireland, contrasted the present days with the wild times that preceded the repeal of the Penal Code.

“When I was a child,” said he, “there was a horde of cow-stealers called the Crelaghs, inhabiting the mountains of Glancara ; they used to steal cows in Galway and Clare, and sell them in this part of the country; and then, with admirable impartiality, they would steal cows here, and sell them in Clare or Galway. They were a terrible nuisance to the peasantry; but they received a sort of negative protection, that is, they were left unmolested by the



leading Protestant gentry, who then were popularly called 'Colonels.' To these 'Colonels' they occasionally made presents of cattle. Impunity emboldened them, and at length they stole fourteen cows from my father, who was in indifferent health at the time. This was intolerable, and my father collected a numerous party to surround the Crelaghs' hut one night, in order to take and surrender them to justice. The Crelaghs rushed out, and made a desperate defence ; two of them were taken, but the rest escaped. My father shot one man through the hand in the scuffle ; but the wounded fellow contrived to get off. Those who escaped still continued their depredations ; and the power of the few Catholic gentry to check them was sadly crippled by the legal incapacity of Catholics to hold the commission of the peace.

“ The Crelaghs resolved to avenge themselves upon my father, who got information one dark evening when out riding, that the gang lay in wait to murder him. His informant desired him to go home by a different road ; he did so, and encountered the ruffians, who rushed down the hills to meet him, and fired. His mare, who was very wicked, kicked and threw him. Whilst he was down they fired again, and missed him a second time. He re-



mounted, and striking spurs in his mare, was speedily beyond their reach, escaping several shots that were fired after him.

“It was not very easy for a Catholic to interest the law in his behalf, even against these pestilent vagabonds. But at length, *by good luck*, one of the gang robbed a Mr. Hasset, a Protestant gentleman, of his purse and dress wig upon the highway. This incited Mr. Hasset to spirited measures, amongst which was his getting himself made a magistrate, and using his justiceship to bring the rogues to punishment. After this, the gang was soon dispersed; three were taken and hanged—the rest escaped.”

So prevalent was the belief in the absolute authority of “the Colonels” at that period, and so lightly was the power of the law esteemed in comparison, that a notion prevailed among the depredators who infested parts of Kerry, that a judicial sentence, in order to be valid, should be backed by the fiat of one or other of these local chiefs. A man was convicted of horse-stealing at Tralee, and appeared quite careless and unconcerned while the judge was passing sentence of death upon him. “Do you know what my lord is saying, you stupid omadhawn?” inquired a bystander of the prisoner. “To be sure I do!” returned the criminal, “but I



don't care what he says; for Colonel Blennerhassett is looking at me all the time, and *he* says nothing."

Shortly after the first accouchement of Colonel Blennerhassett's lady, a neighbour called at the house, and among other inquiries asked how "the Colonel" was?

"Which do you mean, the *young Colonel* or the ould one?" said the servant. The "*young Colonel*" was then somewhat less than a week old.

O'Connell was asked in the course of our after-dinner table-talk, whether he had read Thiers' work on the French Revolution?

"Yes," he replied, "and I do not very much like it. Thiers has a strong propensity to laud every one who was successful, and to disparage those who did not succeed. The best account of the French Revolution is in one of the volumes of Marmontel's *Memoirs*. Certainly," continued he, "that Revolution was grievously needed, although it was bought at the price of so much blood! The ecclesiastical abbés were a great public nuisance; they were chiefly cadets of noble families, who were provided for with sinecure revenues out of the abbey lands. The nobility engrossed the commissions in the army; and both the clergy and the nobility, although infinitely the richest bodies in the state, were exempt from taxes. The people were the



scapegoats—*they* were taxed for all; the burdens of the state were all thrown upon *them*, whilst its honours and emoluments were monopolised by the untaxed. This was a gross wrong—the Revolution has swept it away. It was highly creditable to the fidelity of the French Catholic clergy, that so few of them joined the enemies of religion at that trying time of terror. I question whether a dozen of the French Catholic bishops apostatised; and as for the vast mass of the parochial clergy, they afforded a most glorious and sublime example of devotion and faithfulness. Catholicity, I trust, will rebound against French Infidelity, as she is daily doing against English sectarianism. Ah! that article in the ‘Edinburgh Review!’ I *do* like to see those philosophic gentry compelled to admit that the Catholic religion is perennial and immortal; and as vivacious in the nineteenth century of her existence, as she was on the day of her first institution!”

And he reverted to that celebrated article, of which he had previously so often spoken with delight and admiration.

“The writer,” said I, “has drawn an invidious comparison between Edinburgh and Florence. He says that Florence has nearly stood still since the period of Luther’s revolt, whereas Edinburgh is immensely enlarged and improved; and he attributes



to Popery the alleged non-improvement of Florence, whilst he ascribes the great advancement of Edinburgh to the operation of Protestantism. Now, he omits to notice, that the great enlargement of Edinburgh did not begin until about 1753; so that it remained nearly stationary during above two centuries of very sturdy Protestantism."

"Ay," O'Connell broke in, "and he omits to notice that the cause of its improvement was, *not* Protestantism, but the participation of its inhabitants in the East India trade. More Scotchmen got rich from lucky East Indian speculations, than any other classes in the British Islands; and a great number of these lucky Scotch adventurers brought home their acquisitions, and settled in their native capital."

"And as for England," said another of our party, "whatever advantage or superiority over foreign nations she may possess, is certainly not owing to her Protestantism, for she possessed the same superiority before the Reformation."

"Yes," said O'Connell, "Chief-Justice Fortescue says, in his book '*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,' which was written in the time of Henry the Sixth, that the comfort of good and plentiful food was then much more commonly possessed by the people of England than by the people of France at the same



period; to which we may add, that good food, and enough of it, was more common then than it is now amongst the lower orders of the English, after three centuries of Protestantism, and two and a half of Poor Laws."

I believe we may fairly concede to all who may claim the concession, that there is a much greater spirit of money-getting to be found amongst Protestant than Catholic nations.

The 19th of November was a cold, windy day, yet the bright sunshine tempted all the family to walk. The mountains were covered with a dazzling coat of snow, several feet in depth, which had fallen the preceding night. It was a scene of wild, wintry grandeur. O'Connell walked along the beach until dusk.

Next evening he gave us some interesting reminiscences of the operation of the Penal Laws.

"My poor old confessor, Father Grady," said he, "who was priest of this parish, and resided with my uncle here when I was a boy, was tried in Tralee on the charge of being a Popish priest; but the judge defeated Grady's prosecutors by distorting the law in his favour. There was a flippant scoundrel, who came forward to depose to his having said mass.



“ ‘ Pray, sir,’ said the judge, ‘ how do you know he said mass ?’

“ ‘ Because I heard him say it, my lord.’

“ ‘ Did he say it in Latin?’ asked the judge.

“ ‘ Yes, my lord.’

“ ‘ Then you understand Latin?’

“ ‘ A little.’

“ ‘ What *words* did you hear him say?’

“ ‘ *Ave Maria.*’

“ ‘ That is the Lord’s Prayer, is it not ?’ asked the judge.

“ ‘ Yes, my lord,’ was the fellow’s answer.

“ ‘ Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner!’ cried the judge; ‘ he swears *Ave Maria* is Latin for the Lord’s Prayer!’

“ The judge charged the jury for the prisoner; so my poor old friend Father Grady was acquitted. I wish,” continued O’Connell, “ that I could remember all the oddities and drolleries of Grady—some of them were amusing enough. When he lived at Darrynane, he slept in an office near the house. One rainy night, when he returned wet and weary from a distant station, he went to bed, and had not been asleep an hour, when a servant aroused him, saying that Mrs. M’Sweeney had just been confined—that as the infant was sickly,



and probably would not live till morning, his reverence must christen it *instantly*. Grady accordingly put on his wet clothes, went through the rain to the dwelling-house, christened the child, and returned to his bed. In another half-hour he was summoned again—the lady had just produced a second child; puny like its predecessor, and requiring to be immediately christened. Grady again put on his wet clothes, ran across to the house through the rain, christened the second infant, and returned to bed. Half-an-hour again had scarcely elapsed, when he was a *third* time summoned! for a *third* child had just been produced, requiring, like the others, instant baptism! Poor Grady's equanimity was somewhat disturbed. He got up and christened the brat; but instead of returning to bed, went straight to the stable, saddled his horse, and was riding away, when old Maurice O'Connell hailed him, and asked what on earth he was about?

“ ‘ I'm going, dear!’ ruefully answered the priest.

“ ‘ Going! Where can you possibly be going such a night, and at such an hour?’

“ ‘ Anywhere at all out of this place, dear! Mrs. M'Sweeney has some spite against me; and if I stay here, she'll be borning young *raavens* every half-hour till morning!’

“ And notwithstanding all that Maurice could



say, his reverence departed, and got a bed at some other parishioner's house.

“At that time there were faction fights between the Lynes and the Eagers at Killarney. One day Father Grady sold a pair of heifers for twelve shillings at Killarney fair, which were well worth two pounds. He did so out of sheer simplicity. Presently afterwards, a faction fight took place; the Lynes raising the war-whoop of ‘*Five pounds for the head of an Eager!*’ On the following day, one of the Eagers, a professed wag, attempted to quiz the priest for his simplicity in selling his heifers so much below the real value.

“‘I hear, Father Grady,’ said he, ‘there were very fine prices for beasts at the fair—especially for heifers.’

“‘In troth, dear,’ retorted Grady, ‘I can’t say I found it so; all beasts went cheap enough *except the Eagers*—but I heard five pounds a-head bid for *them!*’

“Father Grady was at Louvain at the period of the wars in Flanders, and found himself reduced to the utmost distress, his profession not affording him the means of subsistence. He begged his way to the coast, in the hope of meeting some ship that might take him to Ireland; and, amongst other adventures, he fell in with a band of



robbers. One of the robbers was a Kerry man, named Denis Mahony ; who, for country's sake, gave the priest the means of proceeding to Ireland. Father Grady used always to say, ' God be merciful to poor Denis Mahony ! I found him a very useful friend in need. But troth, dear, it might not have been very convenient to have him as a neighbour !'

"The young men who met Grady at Darrynane, amused themselves quizzing him upon his suspicious connexion with Denis Mahony ; and intimated, that what he represented as the robber's voluntary gift, was, in fact, Grady's *share of the booty*."

O'Connell accounted for the appearance of a Kerry man among a Flemish band of robbers, by supposing that Denis Mahony might have been a deserter from Marlborough's army, and have joined the gang in the absence of any other mode of subsistence.

On the 24th of November, the London papers brought the news of Her Majesty's accouchement of a daughter. O'Connell read it aloud, *pro bono publico*, with lively satisfaction.

"Blessed be God !" he said, "the young mother is safe. God preserve the dear little lady ! We must illuminate the house next Sunday night, and burn tar-barrels."

In the course of this, or the following day, he



mentioned that he had in his possession, an original letter of the Duke of Wellington's eldest brother, Marquis Wellesley, addressed to a Mr. Mockler of Trim, in reply to an application which Mockler had made to the writer (who was then Earl of Mornington), to procure a commission in the army for his son. The brother of the future victor of Waterloo apologises to Mockler for his inability to assist him; saying that commissions were so hard to be got, that *his brother Arthur's name had been two years upon the list, and he had not yet got an appointment.*

It is fortunate for the liberties of Europe, that "brother Arthur" afterwards succeeded in obtaining a commission.

The letter does not bear the date of any year; but O'Connell conjectured that it must have been written in 1787.

The merits of the Iron Duke were then discussed.

"I have two faults to find with him," observed O'Connell; "one is, that I never yet heard of his promoting any person in the army from mere merit, unless backed by some interest. The second fault is, that the duke has declared that the only misfortune of his life is his being an Irishman. There is a meanness—a paltriness in this, incom-



patible with greatness of soul. But abstractedly from sentiment, he may be right enough; for, great as his popularity and power have been in England, I have no doubt they would have been infinitely greater if he had been an Englishman. John Bull's adoration would have been even more intense and devoted, if the idol had not been a Paddy."

A gentleman, who was at this time on a visit to the Liberator, had ridden out to some distance in the morning to shoot, and had taken four men with him to mark the game. He had fagged a good deal all day, and only succeeded in shooting a jacksnipe. On his return he took a warm bath, and was mercilessly quizzed by O'Connell for his day's exploits.

"Only conceive," said O'Connell, "our sportsman was overcome with the monstrous fatigue of shooting a snipe, that he was actually obliged to take a warm bath in order to recruit his strength after such an awful slaughter. John! John! you may lay claim to some originality; for I don't believe that any body else ever brought out four men and a horse to carry home one snipe.—Stay—what an excellent newspaper paragraph might be made out of it—thus—'SPORTING EXTRAOR-



DINARY! Yesterday, John P——, Esq., one of her Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Kerry, left home at an early hour in the morning, to enjoy the recreation of shooting, after his late severe magisterial duties. The worshipful gentleman was well provided with game-bags, arms, and ammunition; and after a day's indefatigable perseverance, he, his four attendants, and a horse, returned, laden with an entire jacksnipe!"

O'Connell told us, that in the place where the dining-table stood, there had been a large rock, which he was obliged to blast when clearing the foundation for the dining-room. "When the rock was bored," said he, "and the train of gunpowder ready to be ignited, I stood at the kitchen-door to watch the explosion. There was a cross-grained, ill-conditioned little terrier about the place, a *contankrous* cur, that snarled and snapped at every body, and was a general nuisance; but as it had been my uncle's, I did not get it shot. It was an inquisitive brute, too, always peeping and prying, and I could not help laughing when I saw it peeping into the bore just as the train was about to be fired. 'Ha!' thought I, 'you'll catch it now, at last!' The match was applied—bang! went the rock in fragments, but the cur, instead of being



blown aloft, was merely turned over on his back, and scampered off without receiving any injury, as soon as he recovered from the stunning effects of the shock. No doubt he wouldn't have escaped if he had been the least good in the world!"



## CHAPTER XXI.

The "Young Volunteer"—O'Connell's Recollections of the Period of the Union—His first Political Speech—Irish and English Popular Agitation contrasted.

WALKING along the beach one morning, O'Connell pointed out the mode in which he resisted the encroachments of the sea. A paling of alder poles interwoven with bushes, is placed along the beach a little above high-water mark. A bulwark of such perishable materials requires to be renewed once a year ; yet, by checking the action of the tide, it has accumulated a considerable quantity of sand, which preserves the soil within its ridgy barrier from being worn away by the waves. Ere this simple precaution was taken, the encroachments of the sea had been very considerable. The beach presents a fine firm footing of white sand, beneath which, at the depth of a few feet, are the remains of a turf bog.



“There is,” said O’Connell, “a similar bottom under the sands on the beach of Ballinskelligs Bay, near the race-course. I remember when a Cork and Bristol trading vessel, called ‘The Young Volunteer,’ was wrecked there. She was dashed among rocks, where she got firmly fixed ; the crew were going to put into the boats and row ashore, but the peasantry made signs to them to stay where they were. They were not much inclined to attend to these signs, and were rapidly getting into the boats, when a man named William Murphy levelled a musket at them, and thus compelled them to stay in the vessel. They ascribed this conduct to inhumanity, but they soon were undeceived. The receding tide left their vessel high and dry. At low water they were able to wade to the shore ; whereas they would have been certainly swamped, had they tried in the high tide and rough sea to reach the shore in their boats.”

The sun was now setting ; his rays were intercepted from the part of the beach where we stood, by the rocks of the Abbey Island. “Come,” said O’Connell, “let us turn. Now, *do* look at those majestic mountain waves,” he continued, facing towards the sea ; “how often have I walked down here to watch the white breakers dashing in, and bursting in foam against the rocks !”



It was a beautiful evening. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, and the rocky outline of the Abbey Island was clearly defined against the golden sky of sunset. The pure green waters of the bay lay dark in shadow beneath the rocks to the right; whilst the hills on the other side were lighted up with the last rays of evening.

“Fine weather for hunting,” said O’Connell; “the sky promises well for to-morrow.”

The Repeal was talked of; and he said,

“The year of the Union I was travelling through the mountain district from Killarney to Kenmare—my heart was heavy at the loss that Ireland had sustained, and the day was wild and gloomy. That desert district, too, was congenial to impressions of solemnity and sadness. There was not a human habitation to be seen for many miles; black, giant clouds sailed slowly through the sky, and rested on the tops of the huge mountains: my soul felt dreary, and I had many wild and *Ossianic* inspirations as I traversed the bleak solitudes.

“It was the Union that first stirred me up to come forward in politics. My uncle Maurice was scarcely pleased at my taking a public part; not that he approved of the Union, but politics appeared to him to be fraught with great peril; and he would have preferred my appearing on some



question which would, in his opinion, have more directly concerned the Catholics."

I asked O'Connell if he was in Dublin when the Union passed?

"Yes," he answered, "but there was less excitement than you would imagine; the hatred which all classes (except the small government clique) bore to the measure, had settled down into sulky despondency. I was maddened when I heard the bells of St. Patrick's ringing out a joyful peal for Ireland's degradation, as if it was a glorious national festival. My blood boiled, and I vowed, on that morning, that the foul dishonour should not last, if *I* could ever put an end to it."

O'Connell's first political speech was made against the measure of Union. He told me that he never wrote a speech beforehand; but of this, his first speech, he wrote the heads (a practice he frequently observed at all subsequent periods :) and after it was delivered, he reported it at full length for the *Dublin Evening Post*. The meeting at which it was spoken, was held at the Royal Exchange. Major Sirr endeavoured to disperse the Anti-Unionists. But an application which was made to the Viceroy for permission to meet, was conceded; as his Excellency probably thought the



success of the measure was effectually secured, and that there could be no danger in permitting the remonstrants to assemble.

O'Connell contrasted his embarrassment when making his first speech with the ease and self-possession acquired by subsequent practice.\* "My face glowed," said he, "and my ears tingled at the sound of my own voice, but I got more courage as I went on."

Speaking of his own political agitation, as compared with the popular efforts of English Reformers, he thus criticised the latter: "In England they are very aristocratic agitators. If they want a public movement, they are never happy till they get some fellow with a handle to his name; some duke, if they can, and if not, a marquis; and so on down to a knight. Now, in Ireland, if a titled man will join us, well and good—we are glad to have him. But if we cannot get him, why, it never dispirits us, for we know what a movement exclusively popular is able to work out."

\* As O'Connell repeatedly declared that his first speech against the Union was the text book of his whole political life, I shall give it insertion in the Appendix.



## CHAPTER XXII.

Danger of Secret Political Societies—Arbitration Court—Judge Day—Bully Egan—Who wrote Junius?—Reply of Lord Charlemont to the Address of the Repeal Association.

WHILST we walked up from the beach on the evening mentioned in the preceding chapter, O'Connell said,

“I learned from the example of the United Irishmen the lesson, that in order to succeed for Ireland, it was strictly necessary to work within the limits of the law and constitution. I saw that fraternities banded illegally, never could be safe; that invariably some person without principle would be sure to gain admission into such societies; and either for ordinary bribes, or else in times of danger for their own preservation, would betray their associates. Yes.—The United Irishmen taught me that all work for Ireland must be done openly and above-board.”

On our return to the house, there was a large



concourse of the peasantry awaiting O'Connell's arbitration of their various differences. He constantly held a Court of Arbitration at his gate, in which he heard and determined the disputes arising amongst the peasantry. The litigants, of course, were their own counsel. O'Connell was judge and jury. The proceedings were always conducted in Irish. I am not aware of any case in which the Liberator's decision was appealed from to any other tribunal.

Ere O'Connell entered the house, a poor man solicited from him employment as a labourer. "My labour list is full," replied O'Connell; "but go to my steward, and try what he can do for you. Good God!" he exclaimed, when the man was gone, "what a country is this, in which a fellow-creature solicits as a boon, permission to labour for twelve hours at hard work for eight-pence!"

In the evening he amused us with forensic recollections. He talked of ex-judge Day, who had then for many years retired from the bench.

"He must now," said O'Connell, "be at least ninety-eight;\* and he writes as firm a hand as ever, and preserves his intellect (such as it is) unimpaired. To be sure he never had much to preserve in this respect; but all he ever had, he has kept. He

\* Day died a few months after the period when these words were uttered.



has excellent qualities of the heart; no man would take more pains to serve a friend; but as a judge—they could scarcely have placed a less efficient man upon the bench. Curran used to say that Day's efforts to understand a point of law, reminded him of nothing so much as the attempt to open an oyster with a rolling pin. He once said to me at the Cork assizes, 'Mr. O'Connell, I must not allow you to make a speech; the fact is, I am always of opinion with the last speaker, and therefore I will not let you say one word.' 'My lord,' said I, 'that is precisely the reason why I'll let nobody have the last word but myself, if I can help it!' *I had* the last word, and Day charged in favour of my client. Day was made a judge in 1798. He had been chairman of Kilmainham with a salary of 1200*l.* a year. When he got on the bench, Bully Egan got the chairmanship."

"Was Bully Egan a good lawyer?"

"He was a successful one. His bullying helped him through. He was a desperate duellist. One of his duels was fought with a Mr. Reilly, who fired before the word was given; the shot did not take effect. 'Well, at any rate my honour's safe!' cried Reilly. 'Is it so?' said Egan, 'egad, I'll take a slap at your honour for all that.' And Egan deliberately held his pistol pointed for full five minutes at Reilly,



whom he kept for that period in the agonies of mortal suspense."

"Did he kill him?" asked I.

"Not he!" replied O'Connell; "he couldn't hit a haystack. If courage appertained to duelling, he certainly possessed it. But in every thing else, he was the most timid man alive. Once I stated in the Court of Exchequer, that I had, three days before, been in the room with a man in a fever, 120 miles off. The instant I said so, Egan shuffled away to the opposite side of the court, through pure fear of infection. Egan used to make a vast deal of money as counsel at elections."

We spoke of that *quæstio vixata*, the authorship of Junius.

"It is my decided opinion," said O'Connell, "that Edmund Burke was the author of the 'Letters of Junius.' There are many considerations which compel me to form that opinion. Burke was the only man who made that figure in the world that the author of Junius *must* have made, if engaged in public life; and the entire of Junius's letters evinces that close acquaintance with the springs of political machinery which no man could possess, unless actively engaged in politics. Again—Burke was fond of chemical similes; now, chemical similes are frequent in Junius. Again—Burke



was an Irishman; now, Junius speaking of the government of Ireland, twice calls it 'the Castle;' a familiar phrase amongst Irish politicians, but one which an Englishman in those days never would have used. Again—Burke had this peculiarity in writing, that he often wrote many words without taking the pen from the paper. The very same peculiarity existed in the manuscripts of Junius, although they were written in a feigned hand. Again—it may be said that the style is not Burke's. In reply, I would say that Burke was master of many styles. His work on natural society, in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is as different in point of style from his work on the French Revolution, as *both* are from the 'Letters of Junius.' Again—Junius speaks of the king's insanity as a divine visitation; Burke said the very same thing in the House of Commons. Again—had any one of the other men, to whom the letters are with any show of probability ascribed, been really the author, such author would have had no reason for disowning the book or remaining incognito. Any one of them but Burke would have claimed the authorship as fame—and proud fame. But Burke had a very cogent reason for remaining incognito. In claiming Junius, he would have claimed his own condemnation and dishonour—for Burke died a pensioner.



Burke, moreover, was the only pensioner who had the commanding talent displayed in the writings of Junius. Now, when I lay all these considerations together, and especially when I reflect that a cogent reason exists for Burke's silence as to his own authorship, I confess I think I have got a presumptive proof of the very strongest nature that Burke was the writer."

O'Connell, who entertained the most unaffected reverence for the memory of the elder Earl of Charlemont, regarded with deep and anxious interest the political movements of his son. He felt pained and disappointed on reading that nobleman's reply\* to the address of the Repeal Association, in which his lordship expressed his disapproval of the Repeal Agitation. "Those Ulster Whigs have got about Lord Charlemont," said O'Connell. "I recognise their influence in this! His heart is with us if he were let alone."

\* December, 1840.



### CHAPTER XXIII.

**Return to Dublin—The Duke of Leinster's Volunteer Musket—The Repeal Agitation—Historical Memoir of Ireland commenced and postponed—Chartist and Orange Threats—Judicial Reminiscences—Judge Boyd—Lord Norbury—Judge Daly—Lord Clare—Seats on the Bench trucked for Union Votes.**

ON the 21st of December O'Connell re-appeared at the Repeal Association, after a six weeks' vacation among the Darrynane mountains, from the pure air of which he had derived fresh vigour for the performance of his arduous task. He spoke for three hours, and presided in the evening at a charity dinner, where his voice was also heard at considerable length in energetic advocacy of Repeal.

During O'Connell's brief absence in the country, his son John, who had previously abstained from public agitation, came forward at the Corn Exchange. John soon became popular. He was laudably anxious to succeed. He brought with him, to



the agitation of Repeal, the qualities of unwearied industry, and an extraordinary facility in financial calculation. His writings and speeches on international finance are admirable.

Shortly after Mr. O'Connell's return to Dublin, a Committee of the Repeal Association was summoned, for the purpose of hearing a charge made by one of the members against Doctor Stephen Murphy. The accusation involved many paltry malpractices, utterly unworthy any person possessing the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman. O'Connell was chairman, and played off the accuser with amusing dexterity. Dr. Murphy was acquitted, amidst general acclamation ; and O'Connell, in pronouncing the accuser exceedingly "incautious," significantly told him, he might consider himself extremely fortunate in escaping the application of any worse epithet; the charge having manifestly been got up to gratify personal malice.

In every numerous political society, the currents and counter-currents of conflicting jealousies will necessarily often obstruct the public business. There are persons who feel a painful sense of insignificance when following quietly in the wake of a leader; and whose utmost efforts in behalf of the general cause are too unimportant to acquire for them that notoriety so dear to human vanity. To



become remarkable they must become mischievous. Unnoticed whilst they act in harmony with the body at large, they attract at least a temporary observation by creating dissension. This wretched and vicious ambition is by no means uncommon. There never was a man better calculated to deal with factious obstruction than O'Connell; his position, as leader, gave him authority to control the mutineers; whilst his practised sagacity enabled him to discern and expose the paltry motive, in whatsoever corner it lay lurking.

"I am pretty well used to those fellows all my life," he has said to me; "I don't mind them now."

O'Connell entertained a deep respect for the house of Leinster. But he could not conceive, how the head of a proud, ancient line—a line that boasted a distinction, in *his* view more illustrious than aught that monarchs could bestow, or heraldry emblazon, namely, the historical epithet, "*Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*;" he could not imagine how the head of such a line as this could continue a half-asleep adjunct of Whiggery, instead of taking the leading and prominent position in Irish politics—becoming the chief of the Geraldines. I had many opportunities of observing this feeling. One day Mr. Pierce Mahony told him that the Duke of Leinster had recently shown him, in the drawing-room of his



grace's house, in Dominick Street, Dublin, the original picture of the Volunteers parading round the Statue in College Green, in 1779;\* and whilst he was looking at it, an old musket came in from the gunsmith's, which his grace told him was the identical one that his father, the old duke, had used on the occasion which the picture commemorated.

"Aye," said O'Connell, "but why doesn't the slobbering fellow take his honest father's musket,—eh, Mahony, why doesn't he?"

The Repeal Agitation now went briskly on. Besides the weekly meetings of the Repeal Association, and the numerous extempore meetings to advance Repeal, O'Connell was engaged to attend, within not quite a month, over a dozen meetings in widely distant parts of the empire. Of the multitude of his engagements, an idea may be formed from the following extract from a newspaper printed early in January, 1841. It is appropriately headed, "KEEP MOVING":

"Mr. O'Connell stands pledged to the following engagements:—To attend the Repeal Association on the 4th; to preside at an orphan charity dinner on the 5th; to agitate for Repeal in Mullingar on the 7th; in Cork on the 11th, and in Dungarvan

\* Engravings have been made from this picture.



on the 13th ; to attend a Reform meeting in Dublin on the 15th, and in Belfast on the 18th ; on the 19th to attend a Repeal dinner in the same town ; on the 21st and 22nd a Reform meeting and dinner at Leeds ; on the 23rd a Reform meeting at Leicester ; and on the 26th to take his seat in the House of Commons, attired in his gray frieze Repeal coat."

During all this period his health and spirits were excellent. His hilarity always seemed to rise in proportion to the quantity of public work to be done.

I have mentioned that Mr. O'Connell was engaged to attend a Reform meeting at Leeds, in January. On Mr. Secretary Ray's making some inquiries respecting the intended arrangements—

"One of those arrangements," answered O'Connell, "is, that Feargus O'Connor has called upon the Chartists at Leeds to come and oppose me by violence. I am not thus to be deterred from going. I will get a thousand Irishmen there to stand around me, if the fellows dare to wag a hostile finger. But the thing is a threat—a mere threat!"

On his way to Leeds, he had engaged to accept a public dinner at Belfast. Many letters reached him, written with a view to deter him visiting that town by threats of personal violence. Meanwhile, he



merrily pursued his career of agitation, with a heart undismayed, and spirits undepressed by these efforts to intimidate.

On New Year's day, 1841, he attended a Repeal meeting at Howth, and in his speech there, held out to the fishermen the prospect of an increased market for their fish, in the event of Repeal; jocularly adding: "You'll have to steal more dogs, to make buoys of their skins." This allusion to a practice of which some of his amphibious auditors had been accused, excited great merriment. "See how he's up to that same!" cried a jolly young boatman, surprised that "the counsellor" should be so well acquainted with the local malpractices of his piscatorial brethren.

He had a few Repeal friends at dinner, to whom he spoke in high spirits of the Howth meeting, and said that he commenced the new year by beginning to *work in earnest* for Repeal; a mode of expression by which he repeatedly indicated that he looked upon all he had previously done, as nothing, so long as any thing remained to be done.

He drank all our healths *seriatim* in water, and wished us all a happy new year. Temperance *versus* intemperance led him to mention Judge Boyd, "who," said he, "was so fond of brandy that he always kept a supply of it in court upon the



desk before him, in an inkstand of peculiar make. His lordship used to lean his arm upon the desk, bob down his head, and steal a hurried sip from time to time, through a quill that lay among the pens, which manœuvre he flattered himself escaped observation.

“One day it was sought by counsel to convict a witness of having been intoxicated at the period to which his evidence referred; Mr. Harry Deane Grady laboured hard, upon the other hand, to show that the man had been sober. ‘Come now, my good man,’ said Judge Boyd, ‘it is a very important consideration—tell the Court truly, were you drunk or were you sober upon that occasion?’

“‘Oh! quite sober, my lord!’ broke in Grady, with a very significant look at the inkstand, ‘as sober—as a judge!’”

We spoke of that unique expositor of law, Lord Norbury.

“He was, indeed, a curious judge,” said O’Connell. “He had a considerable parrot sort of knowledge of law—he had upon his memory an enormous number of cases; but he did not understand, nor was he capable of understanding, a single principle of law. To be sure, his charges were the strangest effusions! I was once engaged before him upon an executory devise, which is a point of the most



abstract and difficult nature. I made a speech of an hour and a half upon the point, and was ably sustained, and as ably opposed, by brother counsel. We all quoted largely from the work of Fearne,\* in which many authorities and cases in point are collected. The cause was adjourned until next day, when Lord Norbury charged the jury in the following terms:

“ ‘Gentlemen of the Jury,—My learned brethren of the Bench have carefully considered this subject, and have requested me to announce their decision. It is a subject of the most difficult nature, and it is as important as it is difficult. I have the highest pleasure in bearing witness to the delight—yes, the delight! and, I will add, the assistance, the able assistance, we have received from the masterly views which the counsel on both sides have taken of the matter. Gentlemen, the abilities and erudition of the counsel are above all praise. Where *all* displayed such eloquence and legal skill, it would be as difficult as invidious to say who was best. In fact, Gentlemen of the Jury, they were *all* best! Gentlemen, the authorities and precedents they have advanced in this most knotty and important case, *are like a hare in Tipperary—to be found in Fearne! (fern.)*’

\* Pronounced “Fern.”



“Now,” continued O’Connell, as he related this bit of judicial buffoonery, “in some years to come, if these things should be preserved, people won’t believe them. But Lord Norbury has delivered stranger charges still. When charging the jury in the action brought by Guthrie *versus* Sterne, to recover damages for criminal conversation with the plaintiff’s wife, his lordship said:—

“‘Gentlemen of the Jury,—The defendant in this case is Henry William Godfrey Baker Sterne—and there, Gentlemen of the Jury, you have him from stem to Sterne! I am free to observe, gentlemen, that if this Mr. Henry William Godfrey Baker Sterne had as many Christian virtues as he has Christian names, we never should see the honest gentleman figuring here as defendant in an action for Crim. Con.’

“The usual style of quoting law authorities some years ago, was not as at present, ‘Second volume of Strange, page ten,’ but briefly, ‘two Strange, ten.’ A barrister known by the *sobriquet* of ‘Little Alick,’ was opposed to Blackburne in some case, in which he relied on the precedents contained in ‘two Strange.’ Blackburne, conceiving the authorities thus quoted against him were conclusive, threw up the cause, leaving the victory to Little Alick. But the Court, not deeming the precedent contained in



‘two Strange’ so conclusive for Alick as Blackburne considered it, gave judgment *against* Alick’s client, and of course *in favour* of Blackburne’s. In announcing this decision, Lord Norbury threw off, on the bench, the following impromptu:

‘*Two Strange* was Little Alick’s case,  
To run alone, yet win the race ;  
But Blackburne’s case was stranger still,  
To win the race against his will !’

“The seemly gravity of the bench was in the hands of a bad keeper when committed to the care of Lord Norbury. All who remember him as he presided in Court, can bear witness that nothing appeared to delight him so much as the uproar of merriment created by his volleys of puns. ‘What is your calling and occupation, my honest man ?’ he once asked a witness. ‘Please your lordship, I keep a racket-court.’—‘*So do I,*’ rejoined Lord Norbury, in gratified allusion to the *racket* which his witticisms constantly excited in Court. It was an appropriate joke at the burial of a joking, hanging judge—that jest of a butcher’s apprentice that Brophy the dentist told me. When they were burying Norbury, the grave was so deep that the ropes by which they were letting down the coffin did not reach the bottom of it. The coffin remained hanging at mid depth, while somebody



was sent for more rope. 'Aye,' cried a butcher's 'prentice, 'give him rope enough—don't stint him! He was the boy that never grudged rope to a poor body!'"\*

Mention being made of Charles Kendal Bushe, O'Connell told an impromptu he threw off on the occasion of Cæsar Colclough crossing the ford of Ballinlaw, in the County Wexford, in the midst of a storm:—

"While meaner souls the tempest strikes with awe,  
Intrepid Colclough crosses Ballinlaw;  
And cries to boatmen, shiv'ring in their rags,  
'You carry Cæsar and his saddlebags.'

"That Colclough," continued O'Connell, "was made Chief Justice of Prince Edward's Island, as a reward for supporting the Union."†

We spoke of the judges who received their appointment to the Irish Bench as a reward for Union votes, given either by themselves or their relatives.

"Daly was one of them," said O'Connell. "He went into Parliament to vote for the Union, and to fight a duel if requisite with any one who opposed it. Norbury was one of Castlereagh's unprincipled ja-

\* It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death on a man convicted of stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, "My good fellow, you made a grasp at *Time*—but, egad! you caught *Eternity*."

† There may be some mistake here; for the name of Colclough is not in the original black list of 1800.



nizaries. Daly was no better. Daly was made Prime Serjeant for his services at the Union, although he had never held a dozen briefs in all his life. He was on the bench, I remember, when some case was tried, involving the value of a certain tract of land. A witness deposed that the land was worth so much per acre. 'Are you a *judge* of the value of land?' asked Daly. 'I think I am, my lord,' replied the witness. 'Have you *experience* in it?' inquired Daly. 'Oh, my lord,' cried Counsellor Powell, with a most meaning emphasis, 'did you ever know such a thing as a *judge without experience*?' "

It was not, perhaps, the least of the popular evils attendant on the Union, that men were appointed to the bench, who had, as lawyers, no claim whatsoever to that important office, and who were utterly unable to perform its duties. These men were appointed solely in reward for the part they had taken in promoting the Union. No less than nine individuals can be named, who received that elevation as the price of their political iniquity. It certainly was quite consistent that the men whom the Government induced to betray, as senators, their country's constitutional rights, should be appointed by the same Government to adjudicate upon the fortunes and the lives of the people who were thus betrayed.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

More Meetings—O'Connell's Doctrine of "Reiteration"—Orange Threats—Doctor Cooke's Challenge—Journey to Cork—Errors in Faith and Errors in Morals—Which are the worse?—Kilworth Mountains—Recollections of Highwaymen—Harry Deane Grady—How to make a Corporal civil—Accident on the Road—Arrival at Fermoy—Arrival at Cork.

EVERY day for the past week, O'Connell attended at least one meeting, sometimes two, for the promotion of Irish manufactures, or for the attainment of Repeal. At one of the meetings for the former purpose, Professor Butt, of Conservative notoriety, came forward, and made a highly popular speech. A very young Protestant lady—a cousin of mine—said to me in reference to Butt's speech, "I rejoice most sincerely to see a man like Butt, who has heretofore been wholly mixed up with the Tories, coming forward to show some useful and practical sympathy with the people of Ireland." When I mentioned this to O'Connell, "Tell your dear little cousin," said he, "that I am sorry she is not my niece, that



I might kiss her for a quarter of an hour for her honest patriotism."

It was of course quite impossible that a man who spoke so incessantly and at such vast length upon a very limited number of topics as O'Connell now did, should not constantly repeat himself. Of this he was necessarily sensible; but he deemed the inevitable repetitions eminently useful.

"Now, there are many men," he said to me one day, immediately after having delivered an eloquent *réchauffé* of many former speeches at the Corn Exchange,—“there are many men who shrink from repeating themselves, and who actually feel a repugnance to deliver a good sentiment or a good argument, just because they have delivered that sentiment or that argument before. This is very foolish. It is not by advancing a political truth once, or twice, or ten times, that the public will take it up and firmly adopt it. No! incessant repetition is required to impress political truths upon the public mind. That which is but once or twice advanced may possibly strike for a moment, but will then pass away from the public recollection. You must repeat the same lesson over and over again, if you hope to make a permanent impression; if, in fact, you hope to infix it on your pupil's memory. Such has always been my practice. My



object was to familiarise the whole people of Ireland with important political truths, and I could never have done this if I had not incessantly repeated those truths. I have done so pretty successfully. Men, by always hearing the same things, insensibly associate them with received truisms. They find the facts at last quietly reposing in a corner of their minds, and no more think of doubting them than if they formed part of their religious belief. I have often been amused, when at public meetings men have got up and delivered my old political lessons in my presence, as if they were new discoveries worked out by their own ingenuity and research. But this was the triumph of my labour. I had made the facts and sentiments so universally familiar that men took them up and gave them to the public as their own."

One of the reporting staff on constant duty at the Association, said to me, "Mr. O'Connell always *wears out* one speech before he gives us another."

O'Connell was at this time very vigorous and active. "I rise," said he, "every morning now by candlelight, and often go to mass before breakfast." Not many men of sixty-five could exhibit this activity in the inclement month of January.

One day he said, "I have got so many intima-



tions that the Orange party meditate personal violence against me on my way to Belfast, that I really do believe there is some peril. Whatever it may be I am now committed and must brave it. Perhaps, after all, the peril may prove illusory. But prudence requires that to guard against the worst, I should take loaded fire-arms in the carriage."

Mr. Barrett visited O'Connell to obtain some intelligence for insertion in his newspaper (the *Pilot*), and asked him whether he had seen the challenge of the Rev. Dr. Cooke (the political leader of the Presbyterian Tories of Belfast) to discuss the Repeal.

"Yes," replied O'Connell, "I have seen it. The worthy doctor has, in the first place, rendered it impossible for me to accept his challenge, from the incivility of its language. And, waiving that, what an absurd notion that we should fully discuss such a measure as the Repeal in the short time I could possibly devote to a public discussion at Belfast! The challenge is manifestly one of those valorous defiances that are given in the confidence they will not be accepted."

"You'll allude to it to-day at the Corn Exchange?" said Barrett.

"Yes—I'll laugh at it there. But I should not



object to meet the doctor in Dublin—with rational regulations regarding time, and with tickets equally divided between his friends and my own."

I objected to the meeting, as being under any circumstances a most profitless expenditure of time; in which opinion, although O'Connell at the moment dissented from it, yet he acquiesced ere he reached the Corn Exchange; where he summed up the substance of our morning's conversation, by saying that a friend had told him that Dr. Cooke was a fool for sending him the challenge, and that *he* would be another fool if he accepted it.

The Tory journals affected excessive exultation at what they termed the cowardly retreat of O'Connell. Just as if the man who was prepared to encounter the ablest opponents of Repeal at St. Stephen's, could feel awe-stricken at the prospect of a conflict with Dr. Cooke!

In the afternoon we started for Cork, where Mr. O'Connell was engaged to attend the Munster Provincial Meeting. On our journey the question arose, whether errors in faith, or errors in morals, were the more dangerous to the soul and the more offensive to God? I contended that errors in morality were the worse; inasmuch as a man may *believe* wrong without knowing it; but a man cannot so easily *do* wrong without knowing it. Invincible ignorance



is much more probable in the speculative errors of faith, than in the practical infractions of morality. A good Protestant would have a chance of going to Heaven; whereas a bad Catholic would have none.

O'Connell contended on the other hand, that errors in faith were the more dangerous. Nothing short of a thorough and perfect sincerity,—and, moreover, a cautious sincerity,—could acquit the holder of erroneous faith from the guilt of heresy. Of course, every person thus thoroughly and cautiously sincere, was free from heretical guilt; but those who belonged not to the Catholic church laboured under the grievous disadvantage of being deprived of true sacraments; or, in other words, they were deprived of those ordinary channels of grace and modes of reconciliation with God, of which *all* stand in need, inasmuch as *all* have at one time or another sinned mortally. Even though a Catholic should have sinned more grievously than a person without the pale of the church, yet the position of the former was in *one* respect better—namely, that he stood a better chance of obtaining the grace of true repentance.

After warmly contesting the comparative heinousness of errors in belief and in morals, we arrived at Carlow about ten at night, and speedily forgot our dispute in the enjoyment of a comfortable supper.



Next morning we left Carlow, between eight and nine, intending to sleep at Fermoy.

Night had fallen before we began to ascend the mountains of Kilworth. The cold was intense, and the roads were slippery from the frost. O'Connell, who had spent the day reading the "*Perpetuité de la Foi*," now got into an anecdotal strain, and told stories of the gangs of robbers that had formerly infested these defiles. The last remaining robber was shot about the year 1810, by the postmaster of Fermoy. Several persons had been robbed a short time previously; whereupon the postmaster and another inhabitant of Fermoy, hired a chaise and drove to the mountains of Kilworth. The robber spied the chaise, and came to rob, upon which the postmaster shot him dead.

"There was," said O'Connell, "a narrow causeway thrown across a glen, which formed a peculiarly dangerous part of the old road; it was undefended by guard-walls, and too narrow for two carriages to pass abreast. The post-boys used to call it 'the delicate bit;' and a ticklish spot it surely was on a dark night, approached at one end from a steep declivity. My first circuit was in 1799. After the Cork assizes, I agreed to post to Dublin with Harry Deane Grady. When we reached Fermoy, we found the inns quite crowded with the judges,



their suite, and their yeomanry escort, so that Grady and I were forced to eat our dinner in a corner of the tap-room. Whilst we were there, a corporal of dragoons and three privates came in, and sat down to drink. Grady and I were anxious to provide powder and ball for our pistols, as we had to pass through these mountains of evil name upon our journey; and with this purpose, Grady turned to the corporal, and said,—

“ ‘*Soldier*, will you sell me some powder and ball?’

“ ‘Sir, I don’t sell powder,’ returned the corporal, tartly.

“ ‘Will you, then, have the kindness to buy me some?’ said Grady; ‘I believe the fellows that are licensed to sell it here are very chary of it.’ (It was the year after the rebellion, and public confidence was not yet restored.)

“ ‘Sir,’ replied the corporal, ‘you may go yourself—I am no man’s messenger but the king’s.’

“I soon afterwards whispered to Grady: ‘I wonder, Grady, that *you* who have so much mother wit, should have been guilty of the blunder of calling the corporal “*Soldier*.” Did you not see the mark of his rank upon his sleeve? You have grievously wounded his pride, and turned him against us, by thus undervaluing him in the eyes of his own soldiers, whom,



doubtless, he keeps at a distance, and amongst whom he plays the officer.' Grady said nothing, and in a minute or two *I* addressed the offended corporal. '*Serjeant*,' said I, 'I am very glad that you and your brave fellows here had not the trouble of escorting the judges this wet day. It was excellent business for those yeomanry chaps.'

" 'Aye, indeed, sir,' said the corporal, very civilly, and obviously much flattered at my having called him '*Serjeant*,'—'it was well for those that were not under these torrents of rain.'

" 'Perhaps, serjeant,' resumed I, 'you would have the kindness to procure me some powder and ball in town; we are to pass the Kilworth mountains, and shall want ammunition. *You* can of course have no difficulty in purchasing—but it is not to every one they'll sell these matters.'

" 'Sir,' said my corporal, 'I shall have very great pleasure in requesting your acceptance of a small supply of powder and ball. My balls will, I think, just fit your pistols. You'll stand in need of ammunition, for there are some of those out-lying rebelly rascals on the mountains.'

" Harry Grady was greatly amused at the brilliant success of my civility to the corporal. 'Ah, Dan,' said he, 'you'll go through the world fair and easy, I foresee.'



“ Our warlike preparations, however, were not needed. The robbers did not attack us, and on the third day we got safely to Dublin.

“ Harry Grady was a very dexterous cross-examiner. I remember a good specimen of his skill in this respect, at an assizes at Tralee, where he defended some still-owners who had recently had a scuffle with five soldiers. The soldiers were witnesses against the still-owners. Harry Grady cross-examined each soldier in the following manner, out of hearing of his brethren, who were kept out of court: ‘ Well, soldier, it was a murderous scuffle, wasn’t it?’ — ‘ Yes.’ — ‘ But *you* weren’t afraid?’ ‘ No.’ — ‘ Of course you weren’t. It is part of your sworn duty to die in the king’s service if needs must. But, if *you* were not afraid, maybe others were not quite so brave? Were any of your comrades frightened? Tell the truth now.’ — ‘ Why, indeed, sir, I can’t say but they were.’ — ‘ Ah, I thought so. Come, now, name the men who were frightened—on your oath, now.’

“ The soldier then named every one of his four comrades. He was then sent down, and another soldier called upon the table, to whom Grady addressed precisely the same set of queries, receiving precisely the same answers; until at last he got each of the five soldiers to swear, that *he alone* had fought the still-



owners bravely, and that all his four comrades were cowards. Thus Harry succeeded in utterly discrediting the soldiers' evidence against his clients."

Just as O'Connell had finished this anecdote, which he told with great humour, we reached the village of Kilworth, on the summit of the hills we had been ascending. Passing through the street, one of the horses fell, and the people of Kilworth turned out in hundreds, remonstrating against the further use of horses, as the roads were sheeted with ice, and offering to draw the carriage to Fermoy. This, the Liberator positively forbade; but, despite his remonstrances, the people insisted upon drawing the carriage down the steep descent on the southern side of Kilworth, till they brought it beyond Moore Park Bridge.

We reached Fermoy at half-past ten, and on the following morning proceeded to Cork under a smart fall of snow, to attend the Provincial Munster Meeting for Repeal.

O'Connell was visited at the hotel by some Cork friends, who spoke of Lord Stanley's bill for disfranchising the Irish constituencies, and discussed its prospects of success.

"It is most fortunate," said O'Connell, "that Stanley has brought in this opportune attack upon our franchises. The registries were just expiring,



and the people, harassed and wearied, would have let them die on a dunghill, if Stanley had not come thundering against us just in time to arouse the lagging national spirit. And, whether he succeeds or not, we will have a triumph. If we beat him, it will be a noble victory ; and if we don't, then his success will drive many excellent and available men into the ranks of the Repealers, and thus materially augment our strength. Oh ! this is one of the thousand incidents that have occurred within my experience—events which I neither could control nor foresee, just coming in the nick of time to help me ! A politician cannot always create circumstances ; his skill lies in seizing upon them when they occur.”

One of his visitors observed that these were busy times in Ireland ; three great movements occupying public attention ; the Repeal, the Irish Manufacture movement, and the Temperance movement.

“ Aye,” said O’Connell, “ the temperance—though last not least. I was greatly pleased the other day with a remark in one of those vagabond newspapers—‘ A nation who can conquer their own vices, never can be conquered by any other nation.’ It was admirable ! it was in fact the purest and the noblest philosophy !”



## CHAPTER XXV.

Youghal—The Soda Water Bottle—Tim Driscoll—Remarks on Courtship—O'Connell's Estimation of Posthumous Fame—Journey to Belfast—O'Connell's successful *Ruse* to escape the Orangemen.

ON the 12th of January we left Cork, and slept that night at Youghal. The Liberator's spirits were extremely high, as indeed they usually were after any great Repeal demonstration.

I had ordered a bottle of soda-water at Youghal. The waiter vainly tried to extract the cork with his fingers, and finding the effort unavailing, left the room to get a corkscrew. Whilst he was absent, I managed to open the bottle, and drank off the contents.

"Now," said O'Connell, "cork up the bottle again, and let the stupid fellow open it, and we'll scold him for bringing in an empty bottle. You'll see how bothered he'll look."

The waiter, however, returned just in time to prevent the perpetration of this practical joke.



Next morning on our journey from Dungarvan he got into his usual anecdotal strain. He mentioned Tim Driscoll—for many years known upon the Munster circuit as a barrister of considerable practice.

“I remember an occasion,” said O’Connell, “when Tim behaved nobly. His brother, who was a blacksmith, was to be tried for his life, for the part he had taken in the rebellion of 1798 ; and Tim’s unfriends among the barristers predicted that Tim would shirk his brother, and contrive to be engaged in the other court when the trial should come on, in order to avoid the public recognition of so humble a connexion as the blacksmith. Bets were offered upon the course Tim would take. He nobly disappointed the predictions of his enemies. He waited till his brother was brought into the dock—sprang into the dock and embraced him—remained at his side during the whole trial, and cross-examined the witnesses for the prosecution from the dock, invariably styling the prisoner ‘*my brother*.’ He carried the sympathies of the jury entirely with him, got a verdict for his brother, and earned glory for himself. Tim had a good deal of minor cleverness—but promotion to a silk gown spoiled him. He was one of those—

“‘Qui brillent au second rang  
Mais qui s’eclipsent au premier.’”



We spoke of the ardent assiduities of a Mr. O'Kelly\* to the widow O'Shaughnessy;\* and O'Connell amused me not a little by pointing out in detail the various modes whereby O'Kelly might have made his suit more acceptable to the widow.

“One blunder the fellow made,” said O'Connell, “was that he asked her to marry him at far too early a period of the courtship. This was highly injudicious. Now, by this precipitation, he lost the advantage which female curiosity would have otherwise given him. He might have been tender and assiduous; but he should NOT have declared himself, until after he had rendered her considerably *curious* as to whether he would propose for her or not. That would have created at all events an interest about him.

“Then again, as to his telling her that he was confident of brilliant political distinction, and holding out as a lure, that she would be the sharer of his honours,—it showed great want of tact—great want of knowledge of human nature. If he had tact he would have said,—‘I am opening a career of ambition; perhaps I overrate my prospects of success in public life; but there is *one* thing which I deeply feel would essentially contri-

\* These names are fictitious. It would be impossible, for obvious reasons, to give the *real* ones.



bute to it, and that is—*domestic felicity*.' He should have spoken this with a tender earnestness, and left her to conjecture his meaning. But instead of thus delicately feeling his way, the fellow blurted out his trashy brag of successful ambition and fame, and his offer of marriage, all at once. Then as to the raptures—why every woman past girlhood laughs at raptures! O'Kelly had fine opportunities, only that the blockhead didn't know how to make use of them."

Crowds of men now appeared, pouring along the road to Dungarvan, in order to attend the Repeal meeting. I said something of the future fame that would attend O'Connell as the restorer of self-government to Ireland.

"Alas, alas!" he answered, in a tone of great solemnity, "and of what use will future fame be to me, when I am dead and judged?"

"Yet," said I, "I think you certainly indulge in the expectation of fame; have you not often said, both publicly and to myself in private, that your deeds are making part of history?"

"I spoke of it," said he, "as the fact; not as desiring fame. If I know myself at all, I really do think I never did any one action with a view to fame."

"I dare say," answered I, "that in no one



action you had fame *exclusively* in view; I firmly believe in your honest desire to advance the public good; but I think you appreciate very highly the approving opinions of your countrymen."

"Ay," said he, "those amongst whom I live and act; but I do most potently feel the utter worthlessness of all posthumous applause. Little will we care for it when we are like those who lie *there*"—(we were passing the churchyard of Clashmore). "See what a populous graveyard that is! We ought to repeat a petition for the souls of those whose bodies are interred there; yet a little, and we shall need the like charity ourselves."

The indifference he expressed to posthumous fame was probably no more than a momentary feeling. It was certainly incompatible with his often-avowed ambition, and with numberless indications of a wish *volitare per ora*.

After a pause, he said,

"I once thought that all men would soon see and admit the purity of my motives; that I had only to work on steadily in the cause of Ireland, and that my opponents would at any rate admit I was honest. But I found it was a futile hope—facts were denied or distorted—falsehoods were industriously circulated—any thing or every thing was



promulgated except the pure, simple truth. So I quietly gave up the vain hope, and consoled myself by thinking, that in spite of calumny and falsehood, I might yet be an instrument of working out great good for Ireland."

At Dungarvan we found an immense concourse of people. The chair of the Repeal meeting was taken by Sir Richard Musgrave. A violent headache prevented my attendance. On the 14th we drove from Dungarvan to Dublin—a long day's journey. The 15th was the day of the great Reform meeting, which was held at the Theatre Royal; Lord Charlemont presided.

Mr. O'Connell, as I have already mentioned, received numerous letters, threatening him with personal violence on the part of the northern Orangemen, if he should, as they termed it, "invade" their province; the "invasion" in question being simply the acceptance of an invitation to a meeting and dinner in Belfast. It is needless to say, that O'Connell was quite too well aware of the sanguinary spirit of Orangeism to disregard the information which, from various sources, he had received. To my own knowledge, persons of education, and of natural benevolence of heart, were so warped and perverted by the foul and persecuting spirit of that unnatural faction, that they could, and did talk, with



much complacency, of "the Protestant spirit of the North being roused" to resist the *intrusion*, and punish the *intruder*; the said "Protestant spirit" (as they chose to call it), being, in reality, nothing else than the spirit of outrage and massacre. Nay, the fell genius of Orangeism was so potent in annihilating not only the decent observances of society but even the natural kindliness of the softer sex, that a lady of highly respectable connexions, who belonged to that party, boasted, with apparent satisfaction, in my presence, that if, on a previous occasion of which we had been speaking, O'Connell had passed through Lisburn, the true-hearted Protestants would have *sledged* him. When such was the feeling that existed, even amongst those whose position and education, nay, whose sex should have been a guarantee against the utterance of vulgar and truculent slang, it was not to be supposed, that the ignorant Orange boors of Ulster should be wiser or more moderate than their betters.

O'Connell took his measures to outwit the expectant assassins. He had written from Cork to the different innkeepers along the road from Dublin to Belfast, to order post-horses for Monday the 18th of January. Accordingly, the belief became general that Monday was the day he had really fixed for his



journey. I know that one at least of the innkeepers on the northern road, wrote to say that he could not have horses on that day. O'Connell, however, stole a march on the enemy. He also had written to the keepers of the different posting-houses along the line, under the signature of "C. A. Charles," bespeaking horses for Saturday the 16th, and the Conservative press afterwards expressed much amusement at the Liberator's having borrowed the name of "that distinguished ventriloquist."

At five o'clock on the morning of Saturday the 16th, O'Connell and his party left town; Mr. Steele and Charles O'Connell of Ennis were seated on the box of the carriage; O'Connell and Robert Dillon Browne were inside; the servant occupied the rumble, the second seat on which was reserved for Colonel Markey, who was to join the party at Castlebellingham.

O'Connell, prior to this journey, had been praising Markey. "He travelled with me once before," said he, "when the Orangemen had laid a plot to murder me. When we arrived at Castlewellan, we stopped to feed the horses at the inn. The innkeeper, who also kept a shop, informed me that a party were in waiting upon another road, upon which it was expected that I would have travelled. The fortunate accident of the drivers having selected



rather a longer route, took me out of the way of the meditated violence."

The carriage of "Mr. C. A. Charles" rolled merrily along on its northern route. In the earlier part of the journey, a mistake occurred, which, had it happened further north, would have led to serious consequences. O'Connell had said to his servant: "You must inquire at the posting-houses along the road, if they have the horses ready for Mr. Charles's carriage." The servant, not unnaturally thinking that the instructions thus given referred to Mr. O'Connell's relative, who occupied the box, inquired at two or three posting-houses for "fresh horses for Mr. Charles O'Connell's carriage;" thus disclosing the perilous secret. Fortunately, Mr. Dillon Browne overheard and checked this unconscious imprudence, long before they got into Orangeland, thus averting the evil results which would otherwise have followed.

The Right Rev. Dr. Blake had written to advise O'Connell not to be late on the road from Banbridge to Lisburn.

The advice was founded on the prelate's knowledge of the dispositions of the Orange populace of that district. Thanks to O'Connell's precautions, he was not recognised from Dundalk to Belfast. But the Orangemen were busily preparing for the



Monday. Placards of a highly inflammatory nature were posted about. The following was posted up at Lisburn:

O'CONNELL'S INSULT TO THE NORTH.

“PROTESTANTS!—A singular coincidence seems to occur at this time—exactly two centuries have elapsed since Phelim O'Neill, of notoriety, made rapid strides to overthrow all that bore the name of Protestant in the North of Ireland, until he was signally defeated by a few of Lord Conway's troops, in Castle Street, Lisburn. And once more our hitherto peaceful and quiet town is likely to be disturbed by a second Phelim, who possesses a few of the talents, but wants the courage of his predecessor. Now, we the Protestants of Down and Antrim will be the last to offend the laws of our country, or offer an insult to the public peace; but this we avow, that if there be any unusual excitement caused by the entrance of Mr. O'Connell into town, or any thing in the shape of a procession to disturb the public peace; and further, if there be any insult offered, to even a school-boy, by any of his 'Kail-runt Infantry,' we will treat them to a thunder of Northern Repeal, that will astonish the brewers of sedition and treason, and put to route his 'darlint pisintry.' ”



The concluding threat is sufficiently significant of the outrages contemplated by the Orangemen. It is amusing to think how sorely disappointed the party must have felt, when they found, on the Monday, that the object of their animosity had quietly slipped through upon the previous Saturday.

I cannot avoid pausing for one moment, to point out the strong contrast afforded by these Orange enthusiasts to the much maligned Catholic peasantry of Ireland.

Whilst the Orangemen evinced the most ferocious designs against O'Connell—whilst an Orange rabble, numerous enough to cause obstruction, although not defeat, disturbed, with unavailing violence, the meeting of Repealers which took place at Belfast—no similar gatherings of the southern Catholics ever threatened to impede the annual progress of the Tory champion, Sergeant Jackson, to his borough of Bandon. At Bandon there is a mixed population, in which Catholics and liberal Protestants immensely preponderate. The number of Tories is comparatively great; it is positively small. What would have been said of the blood-thirsty character of the popish population of the south, if threatening placards had been posted up—if, in fact, the indications of contemplated violence were such as to compel the government, at great expense, to send troops to pro-



tect the Orange Sergeant on any of his periodical visits to his Bandon friends ?

The contrast between the Orange party and the Belfast Repealers was equally marked, and equally honourable to the latter.

The Orangemen gathered in their utmost numbers, and were only restrained by the troops and the police from deeds of violence, on the day on which the Repealers of Belfast assembled.

In a day or two afterwards the Orangemen met, Lord Downshire taking the chair ; and not one Repealer offered them the slightest obstruction or disturbance.

Yet the Orangemen belong to a party who lay claim to exclusive Christianity, and who fling upon the religion of the Catholics every epithet of calumny and insult that ignorant and rabid bigotry can suggest.

I never yet heard of any leading Tory champion, whose advent into any part of Catholic Ireland was sought to be averted by threats, or his person molested with violence. But O'Connell could not accept the hospitality of his friends in Belfast, without arousing the sanguinary ire of the Orange party there ; and so pressing was the real peril, that the Government, who had full information of the Orange movements, sent five companies of the 99th,



two troops of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and two thousand policemen to the north, to assist in keeping the peace.

It is deeply to be deplored that this sanguinary spirit should exist amongst any classes of society. But our regret is augmented, when we find it animating those whose superior station, or whose sacred profession should teach them to control instead of stimulating popular excesses. I have already adverted to the meeting of "Conservatives," at which Lord Downshire presided. At that meeting the Right Honourable George Dawson, adverting to the turbulent Orange gathering of the day but one before, declared amidst the loudest cheers, that "he would like to have been one of the Orange mob." He also proclaimed that every river in Ireland should be made another Boyne if requisite; an announcement which appears to have thrown his audience into ecstasies. The Reverend Dr. Cooke made a speech, in which he triumphantly alluded to the necessity that had obliged Mr. O'Connell's friends to "steal him into the town, and to swear\* him out of it;" a necessity arising from the sanguinary ruffianism of Dr. Cooke's political party.

\* Alluding to Mr. Steele's affidavit, made before a magistrate, that stones had been flung into the windows of O'Connell's sitting-room.



We are to recollect that the men who uttered these sentiments enjoy a commanding popularity and leadership amongst their political friends, who include a large number of the fanatical enthusiasts termed "evangelical." The notorious Gregg, of Dublin, in a correspondence with Dr. Cooke, emphatically says,

"I thank you for having made Ulster too hot to hold O'Connell."

Alas! that any party in Ireland should look upon such men as lights and "Christian" leaders! Those who are capable of regarding these ferocious people as "Watchmen in Zion," are capable of canonising Juggernaut.

As to Mr. Dawson, his desire to officiate as member of an Orange mob, is the more worthy of enduring notice; inasmuch, as this same gentleman, in the year 1828, gave an eloquent description of the excesses committed on his own domain, by an armed Orange mob, who fired indiscriminately on a number of the Catholic peasantry—men, women, and children.

To return to O'Connell.

Upon his arrival in Belfast, he was quickly waited on by numerous faithful political adherents. There was an open-air meeting, a dinner, and a temperance soirée, given by four hundred and fifty



ladies, of different religious opinions. At this last-named assembly, on O'Connell's health being given by Dr. Blake, he replied in the following terms:

"There is no kind of affectation in my saying that I wish I could realise one portion of the eulogium which has been passed on me by the distinguished prelate. I could sincerely wish I was an orator on this occasion, for never did I so much require oratory as at the present moment. It is not the oratory of stringing sentences together, or even of logical deductions, or of the higher kind of imagery, into which I sometimes venture, with wounded wing, to flap along, rather than to soar aloft; but if I had that oratory of the heart, with which I could describe the ethereal feelings of my soul, after leaving the rough ways of politics and polemics in which I am so constantly engaged; and entering into an assembly where all breathe a magic species of quiet and peace, which, to me, in some measure resembles the sensations of a mariner, who, after being tossed on the stormy ocean, with his sails torn, his rigging shattered, and his vessel pitching about among the waves, suddenly enjoys a transition in his state, and finds himself riding in safety in a secure harbour. Such is the difference between my ordinary life and the scenes which I am now enjoying. Yes, ladies, I thank you most heartily for the kindness which you have bestowed upon me in placing me in such a very honourable position this evening. I have always respected all that is good, and you are all good, in your several circumstances of life. I have ever treated with contempt, as a ribald jest, the giving to men a superiority which they do not possess or deserve, in taking from woman that power which has been given her by her Creator, of mitigating all that is harsh, all that is rough, and all that is cruel in our nature. She is man without his roughness or passions, but with all his patience and intellect."

O'Connell was fond of making public allusion to his domestic partialities. Of this propensity the following passage furnishes a specimen:

"Yes, I ought to respect the sex in a peculiar manner. I



am the son of a sainted mother, who watched over my childhood with the most faithful care; she was of a high order of intellect, and what little I possess has been bequeathed by her to me. I may, in fact, say, without vanity, that the superior situation in which I am placed by my countrymen has been owing to her. Her last breath was passed, I thank Heaven, in calling down blessings on my head; and I valued her blessing since. In the perils and the dangers to which I have been exposed through life, I have regarded her blessing as an angel's shield over me; and as it has been my protection in this life, I look forward to it also as one of the means of obtaining hereafter a happiness greater than any this world can give. I am a father, and I know what it is to respect as well as to love those whom, in paternal language, I call my angel daughters. They have never given breath to a word of offence against me; they have been always dutiful and kind to me; their affection soothes every harsher moment of my life; and whatever storms I may be engaged in abroad, when I return home, I have, as it were, attendant angels waiting about me, and cheering me on to renewed exertion. I am a grandfather, and the chirping of my darling grand-daughters sounds sweetly in my ears. I am the tribunal to which they always appeal, and right or wrong, they are always sure to have a decision in their favour. And, as I watch their young ideas as they come forth, and see traces of their mother's intellect breaking out, I look forward to the future with a kind of prophetic hope, and I think within myself how happy the man will be that obtains them hereafter."

The passage which follows I have heard him on different occasions deliver in public:

"But that subject brings me back to a being of whom I dare not speak in the profanation of words. No, I will not mention that name. The man who is happiest in his domestic circle may have some idea of what my happiness was—yes, I was her husband then, did I say *was*? Oh! yes, I am her husband still. The grave may separate us for a time, but we shall meet again beyond it, never, I trust, to be separated more."\*

\* Belfast Vindicator, 20th of January, 1841.



Will it be credited that the sex of the entertainers of O'Connell upon this occasion, afforded them no protection from the assault of the Orangemen? Yet such is the disgraceful fact. Stones were flung into the apartment where four hundred and fifty ladies were assembled; and from the sentiments and declarations of some leading Orange partisans, it does not seem improbable, that one stimulant to the outrage committed by the rioters, was the circumstance, that the meeting was a *Temperance Soirée*.

O'Connell, in a letter to Mr. Ray, gives the following account of his reception amongst the fair teetotallers, and of the Orange outrages perpetrated during his stay in the North:

“ My business to Belfast terminated with a *soirée* in support of the St. Patrick's Orphan Charity. Never was there a more beautiful and brilliant scene.—The ‘lovely and the good’ were there congregated—beauty and elegance were combined with the holier impulses of charity—kindred angels might have looked upon them with a smile of more than mortal complacency.—Yet there were found beings—were they in human shape?—so lost to all that humanity has of a better nature, as to pour in a volley of paving-stones amidst the assembled ladies !!! It is said that one of them was cut upon the cheek. *This* I saw not; but, besides the windows, I saw one of the chandeliers broken by a stone. Is this Orange chivalry? What a pity that the valiant George Dawson, the brother-in-law of Sir Robert Peel, was not there to lead the assault!

“ It was a matter of course that the ‘Cooke-Dawson’ mob should not rest satisfied with their gallant feat of disturbing and intimidating the ladies. Naturally irritated by the success of



the Repeal demonstrations, they took their revenge by pouring in a volley of stones through the windows of the room in the hotel which I occupied. They demolished altogether the windows of a room which had been occupied by some of the officers of one of our gallant regiments; they rushed through the streets, destroying, in a similar manner, the windows of several Catholics, and, as I am told, of some Protestants. Nothing could be more savage, ferocious, and ruffianly than the conduct of this mob."

In a subsequent part of the same letter, Mr. O'Connell says:

"Let me state the following facts:—

"*First*—There never was the least intention of a procession on my journey through any of the towns from Newry to Belfast, nor in Belfast itself. The report of any such procession originated (as I believe) in the rascally *Monitor*.\*

"*Secondly*—That when I had letters written, bespeaking horses in my own name, in the towns between Newry and Belfast, the innkeepers were afraid, or personally unwilling, to furnish me with post-horses. I believe, indeed, their refusal was owing to intimidation. But they did so refuse.

"If the innkeepers on any road in Munster, Leinster, or Connaught, had so behaved to any of the anti-Irish bigots or revilers of Ireland, what a yell would be raised against Popish intolerance! Yet see what a specimen this is of Orange liberality in the North!

"I was consequently obliged to bespeak horses under a fictitious name.

"*Thirdly*—There cannot be the least doubt that large Orange gangs assembled at Banbridge, Dromore, and Lisburn. If I had travelled on the day originally appointed, it is, I believe, perfectly certain that they would have destroyed my carriage, and, I suppose, murdered myself.

"I hope I am mistaken, but all the circumstances that have come to my knowledge leave no kind of doubt upon my mind that it would have been so."

\* A now defunct Dublin newspaper.



After having accomplished the object of his mission at Belfast, O'Connell, accompanied by Mr. Steele, proceeded to Leeds. They sailed from Donaghadee to Port Patrick, at which place some delay occurred in getting Mr. O'Connell's carriage on shore. Still further delay took place, from the sudden death of one of the post-horses, on the road between Paisley and Annan. The Rev. Doctor Cooke, of Belfast, who had triumphed in the riotous spirit of the Orange mobs of Ulster, affected to regard the prostration of the horse as ominous; and accordingly addressed to O'Connell the following prophetic exercitation:—

“I have called you a ‘great bad man!’ Beware, or you will soon become a little one. The towns of Kilworth and Annan have afforded you two ominous warnings. I am not superstitious. But I tell you again to beware—the hand of Providence, and not of accident, prostrated the animals before you—and, be sure, these events are but the ‘precursors’ of the prostration of your character and your influence, if you return not by repentance to the utterance of truth and the practices of peace. I remain, an inveterate enemy to your principles and practices, but a sincere friend to your immortal soul,

“H. COOKE.”



There is a ludicrous incongruity in the above grave recommendation of the "practices of peace;" proceeding as it does from the pacific gentleman who could publicly boast of the obligation under which the ferocity of the Orange party had placed O'Connell's friends, "to steal him into Belfast and swear him out of it."

Passing through the little village of Gatehouse, in the south-western corner of Scotland, O'Connell was surprised to find that his arrival excited the enthusiasm of the quiet rural population of the district. I quote the following description of the scene, from a letter addressed by Mr. George Dun, a native of Gatehouse, to the editor of the *Newry Examiner*.\*

"When Mr. O'Connell came out to his carriage to continue his journey, he was immediately greeted with a loud burst of hearty cheering, which continued without intermission till he took his departure. And as his carriage drove off, we followed it with our eyes as far as it could be perceived, and we felt a kind of happy pride that we had enjoyed the honour of shaking hands, and listening for a while to the sonorous voice of the far-famed, able-minded, and indefatigable Daniel O'Connell."

\* *Newry Examiner*, 27th of January, 1841.



Mr. Dun thus describes his impression of O'Connell's personal appearance at this period:

“ Mr. O'Connell, we understand, is now sixty-five years of age, but he really bears his years well, for we would have at once pronounced him ten or fifteen years younger. . . . . He has got a strongly knit, compact, and active muscular frame; and his face is extremely comely; the features being softly mellowed, yet determinedly manly. His noble countenance, which beams with national intelligence, has an expression of open frankness, accessibility, and inviting confidence; and we could trace nothing in it of that wily malignity imputed to him by the Tories. Indeed, his bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, at once repel the hateful imputation.”

The delays which occurred on the journey, prevented the arrival of O'Connell at Leeds until the day following the great Reform Meeting, to which he had been invited. Steele was O'Connell's sole travelling companion upon that occasion.

Some Tory journal, I forget its name, arraigned O'Connell for having sought to bring the judicial character into disrepute, because one of his speeches at Leeds contained the following commentary upon the judicial wig:—



"The judges of the land, who come down to preside in your Courts with all their solemn gravity and antiquated harlequinade, astonish the people with their profusion of horse-hair and chalk! For must not every one think what a formidable, terrible fellow he is, that has got twenty-nine pounds' weight of an enormous powdered wig upon his head? This is all humbug of the old times, and I long to see it kicked away along with many other antiquated absurdities and abuses."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

“Master Humphrey’s Clock”—Charles II. and the Irish Colonel—Attack on George III.—Taaffe, the Historian—Private Plays—H——, the Portrait Painter—Martin Luther and the Reformation—Repeal in London—The Kerry Lad.

O’CONNELL was exceedingly fond of good novels. Among his favourites were the writings of Dickens. He was charmed with “Nickleby;” and he had regularly followed the fortunes of “Nell”—the heroine of “Master Humphrey’s Clock.” But on arriving at the heroine’s death, he threw away the book with a gesture of angry impatience, exclaiming,

“I’ll never read another line that Boz writes! The fellow hadn’t talent enough to keep up Nell’s adventures with interest and bring them to a happy issue, so he kills her to get rid of the difficulty.”

The conversation turned on the knack some monarchs possessed of rewarding their enemies, and leaving their friends unprovided for. One of the party told a story of an Irish Colonel, who having



fought for the Stuarts under General Monk, was utterly neglected by Charles the Second. The discontent of the neglected officer was increased by his witnessing the favours bestowed by the king upon many who had opposed his restoration. Accordingly, he one day said to Charles, "Please your majesty, I have fought in your service and got nothing. An't please you, I can perhaps plead a merit that will find more favour in your royal eyes." "I pray you, friend, what is that?" demanded Charles. "Why, that I fought *against* your sacred majesty for two years in the service of Cromwell," responded the applicant. "Oddsfish, man, we'll look to it," answered the merry monarch, tickled with the oddity of the application; and the Irish Colonel was accordingly provided for. The narrator of this story proceeded to say that in times more recent, a man who had attacked George the Third, and forced himself into his majesty's carriage, in St. James's Street, had very shortly afterwards received a good appointment in Somerset House.

"Forced into his carriage!" cried O'Connell. "*Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire!* I was witness to the whole transaction, and I can state that nobody forced into his carriage, although his life was certainly in imminent danger. It was in 1795—I was over here in London—Richard New-



ton Bennet and I went down through St. James's Park to see the king returning from the House of Lords. On passing through Whitehall, there was a tumultuous crowd, and some person flung a penny at the king's carriage, and broke the glass. The dragoons immediately began to clear their way with drawn sabres through the crowd, advancing with great speed along the park, in front of the king's carriage. As the procession approached the place where I stood, I pressed forward to get a sight of the king, and one of the dragoons made a furious cut at me with his sabre, which deeply notched the tree about an inch or two over my head. The mob were all this while groaning and hooting his majesty; however, he got clear of them, and entered St. James's Palace, where he took off his robes in a wonderfully short time. He then came out at the opposite side of the palace, next Cleveland Row, and got into a coach drawn by two large black Hanoverian horses. He was then driven off towards Buckingham House, and just as he was passing the bottom of the Green Park, the mob tumultuously rushed about his carriage, and seizing the wheels, retarded it in spite of the postillion, who kept flogging the horses to no purpose. Whilst his majesty was thus detained, two fellows approached the door of the carriage—the hand of one was on the door-



handle, in the act of opening it—had they dragged the king out, he would, doubtless, have been murdered. But the king had a friend in the crowd ; at this critical juncture, a tall, determined-looking man presented a pistol through the opposite window at the fellows who were going to open the door—they shrank back, the mob relaxed their grasp on the wheels for one moment—the postillions flogged away, and the carriage went off at a gallop to Buckingham House. Never had king a more narrow escape ; the French revolutionary mania had tainted all minds, and men were full of Jacobinism. Richardson was, I think, the name of one of the men who tried to open the coach door ; he was speedily afterwards given a good clerkship in the naval department of Somerset House. One of the rioters, who was tried for high treason, was indicted, among other counts, for *grinning* at the king ; whereupon he got several friends to prove that he was *always grinning*."

Taaffe, the writer of a book called a "History of Ireland," was spoken of:

"Taaffe was a strange genius," said O'Connell. "He was confined in the prison of Kilmainham after 1798, and felt himself affronted because he was placed at the prisoners' second dinner-table, instead of the first. If the first table was more ho-



nourable, it was also more dangerous, being set apart for those who had been ringleaders in the rebellion, and who knew not, from hour to hour, at what moment they might be ordered out for execution. But 'Taaffe's vanity so far got the better of his fears, that he actually memorialled the Lord Lieutenant against the indignity of being obliged to sit at the second table ; pleading, as his claim to the first, that he had fought as often in the rebel ranks as any of the chiefs who sat there ; and, moreover, had helped to defeat the king's troops in two pitched battles. His claim was admitted ; but he escaped the gallows, which, as times then went, would have seemed an inevitable part of the coveted distinction. His 'History of Ireland' is a curious production. Jack Lawless's 'History of Ireland,' is also a unique specimen of historical writing. Jack takes it for granted that his reader knows every thing ; accordingly, Jack tells him nothing. But he gives copious dissertations on the facts which he does *not* detail, assuming that his reader knows them all beforehand."

We spoke of actors. Somebody said they must lead a very merry life. I said I thought they must lead a painful and harassing existence, if it was only from the perpetual necessity of getting by heart.



“ Oh,” said O’Connell, “ if they have got tolerable memories, that’s easy enough. I once got sixty lines by heart, with ease, in an hour.”

“ Well,” said I, “ I was trying for three days to get ten lines by heart, to repeat in a private play, and I had to give up the attempt—I could make nothing of it.”

“ Yes,” he answered, “ some persons are curiously stupid in such matters. In my young days, we got up a private play at Tralee, in which Ralph Hickson was to take a part. All he had to say, was, ‘ Put the horses to the coach;’ and he contrived to blunder that.”

“ How *could* he manage to blunder that ?”

“ Why, he said, ‘ Put the horses *into* the coach.’”

One morning in February, I was present, when H——, the portrait painter, called to take O’Connell’s likeness, for a picture which was destined to commemorate some Reform meeting. Portrait painters generally keep their sitters in conversation for the purpose of bringing out the expression of the face. I was amused with H——’s exuberant flippancy. Mr. O’Connell was narrating an instance of his own forensic and political success at some provincial assizes, and the patch-work effect produced in his narrative by his auditor’s incessant exclamations, was ludicrous enough.



"I made," said he, "a long speech on the occasion."

"Yes, yes; a long speech—excellent!"

"And I was listened to at first with silence, but, by-and-bye, the jury began to cheer, and the crowd in the Court House cheered."

"To be sure, to be sure—capital!"

"And I thought the judge looked as if he was going to cheer too."

"Cheer too? No doubt, no doubt! very good. Please turn a little to the left, sir—that's just it."

"But, on the following day, I had a still stronger proof of my success."

"Aye, aye; so I should suppose."

"A sturdy Presbyterian farmer, a fellow who had been a great leader among the Orangemen of the neighbourhood, and a bitter hater of the Catholics, came up to the parish priest, whom he met upon the road—"

"To the parish priest? Ha!"

"And offered to shake hands with him."

"Shake hands with the priest? Bless my soul!"

"And the priest, astonished at this familiarity from such a quarter—"

"No doubt! He must have been amazingly surprised!"



“Expressed his amazement good-humouredly, and asked the man, in the course of conversation, if he had been in court on the preceding day—”

“In court? Yes, yes. Very good. May I ask you to hold up that sheet of white paper to the left of your face, it reflects the light upon it. There precisely so.”

“‘I *was* in court,’ replied the man, ‘and a greater change has been produced upon my mind than I could have thought possible.’”

“Ha!”

“‘I heard Counsellor O’Connell, and, till then, I always thought he was a rough, blustering fellow, who wanted to carry all his ends by bullying and threats—’”

“Ha!”

“‘But, instead of that, he appealed to our reason, and not to our fears, and did so with all possible courtesy and gentleness.’”

“Precisely so,” cried H——. “With all possible courtesy and gentleness. Admirable! excellent! a most intelligent fellow. Please to hold the paper somewhat higher up. I flatter myself this *will* be a likeness. Since you last sat to me, I have been honoured with a sitting by his grace the Duke of Wellington. His grace is exceedingly agreeable—



has much more humour than one would suppose—kept telling anecdotes the whole time he sat, and told them right well.’”

“Yes,” said O’Connell, “he has seen so much of life that he must have gained materials for being entertaining. He must, I suppose, abound in guard-room sort of stories. We cannot but admit he is a first-rate corporal.”

O’Connell compared Martin Luther to Cobbett, whom he said the ex-Augustinian resembled much in the power and constitution of his mind.

“Luther,” said he, “commenced his revolt from an eminence. Sprung from humble parents, his talents had raised him within one step of being the superior of his monastery. There is, and has ever been, that spirit of democracy in the Catholic Church, that gives to the son of the peasant and the son of the prince precisely similar advantages in all her monastic and ecclesiastical institutions. Talent and virtue will win the race, although combined with humble birth, and opposed to distinguished descent unaccompanied by moral and intellectual merit. Luther’s position in his monastery entitled him to sit at table with princes.”

From this observation O’Connell diverged to some of the results of the Reformation, and then



suddenly said to a Protestant gentleman who was canvassing the character of Luther,

“ Do you know, it has often amused me to think how the fable of Pope Joan, which was invented at our expense by some of the reformed, has frequently been realised in the Anglican Church. The head of your church, is now, for the fourth time, a woman. I understand it was recently proposed that there should be an ecclesiastical regency, during the occasional *accouchements* of the head of the Protestant Church; and that the Archbishop of Canterbury, pending those interesting intervals, should be invested with temporary functions of supremacy.”

Certain Irish operatives residing in London bestirred themselves about this period in support of the Repeal of the Union. They had meetings to appoint collectors of Repeal rent, and to aid in augmenting the number of members and associates. They invited me to attend a public meeting for Repeal on the 14th of February. A day or two afterwards Mr. O'Connell asked me the details of the proceedings. I told him there was great appearance of enthusiasm, of determination to persevere; that the Irish were as noisy and mirthful as ever they had been at the Corn Exchange, and



that the spirit displayed gave me great satisfaction.

"Aye, aye," said he, laughing, "*you* were cock of the roost there, for I was absent."

I said, that if there were not other cocks to share the honours of the roost, it was no fault of mine, as I had canvassed for the attendance of all my parliamentary acquaintance who were favourable of Repeal, but in vain.

Whilst we conversed he told numerous anecdotes. It would not be easy to remember how they were severally introduced; the reader must have long since have observed, that it was scarcely possible to speak on any subject which did not elicit an anecdote from the stores of O'Connell's recollection. He told me, with great glee, the following story of native Kerry dexterity.

"One day during the war James Connor and I dined at Mr. Mahony's, in Dublin, and after dinner we heard the newsvenders, as usual, calling out, '*The Post! The Dublin Evening Post!* Three packets in to-night's *Post!*' The arrival of the packets was at that time irregular, and eagerly looked for. We all were impatient for the paper, and Mahony gave a five-penny piece to his servant, a Kerry lad, and told him to go down and buy the *Post*. The boy returned in a minute with a *Dublin Evening Post*;



which, on opening, we found, to our infinite chagrin, was a fortnight old. The roguish newsvender had pawned off an old paper on the unsuspecting Kerry tiger. Mr. Mahony stormed, Connor and I laughed, and Connor said, 'I wonder, gossoon, how you let the fellow cheat you? Has not your master a hundred times told you, that the *dry* papers are always old, and good for nothing; and that the new papers are always *wet* from the printing-office? Here's another five-penny. Be off, now, and take care to bring us in a *wet Post*.' 'Oh, never mind the five-penny, sir,' said the boy, 'I'll get the paper without it,' and he darted out of the room, while Mahony cried out, 'Hang that young block-head, he'll blunder the business again.' But in less than five minutes the lad re-entered with a fresh, *wet* newspaper. We were all surprised, and asked him how he had managed to get it without money.

"'Oh, the asiest way in life,' said the urchin. 'I just took the *dry* ould *Post*, and cried it down the street a bit—"Dublin Evening Post! Dublin Evening Post!" and a fool of a gentleman meets me at the corner, and buys my ould dry paper. So I whips across to a newsman I sees over the way, and buys this fine, fresh, wet, new *Post*, for your honour, with the money I got for the ould one.'"



## CHAPTER XXVII.

Ireland both poor and prosperous—Benevolent Landlords and starving Tenants—An impatient Duellist—John Keogh—Difference between his Policy and O'Connell's—A flexible Assembly—Interview in 1793 between Keogh and Pitt—O'Connell's Opinion of Keogh—O'Connell upon Poor Laws—Battle with the *Times*—Reminiscence of his Gray's Inn Days—O'Connell on his own oratorical Brevity—O'Connell compared with Lord Plunkett—Reasons of an English Catholic Peer for not subscribing to an Irish Catholic Chapel—Methodist and Catholic Processions.

ON the 26th of February the division on the second reading of Lord Morpeth's Irish Registration Bill came on. O'Connell made an admirable speech in support of the measure. Some of his points were extremely felicitous.

"You would now," said he, addressing the Tories, "refuse to Ireland equality of franchises with England. What plea do you allege for this refusal? Why, the *poverty* of Ireland! But, mark your inconsistency. When I arraigned the Legislative Union as having caused *poverty* in Ireland, how was I met? Honourable Gentlemen produced multitu-



dinous statements and calculations to demonstrate that poverty was not general in Ireland; that my statements were exaggerated, and that the Union had created great general prosperity in that country. You then alleged the *prosperity* of Ireland as a reason why she should not possess legislative independence; you now allege her *poverty* as a reason why she should not enjoy franchises. She is either rich or poor—prosperous or wretched—just as it suits your convenience.”

Equally happy was his exposure of the incongruous statements of Mr. Recorder Shaw.

“The learned Recorder,” said O’Connell, “has stated that four millions of the Irish nation are sunk in pauperism. He has also stated that the Irish landlords are humane and benevolent men. Let any man who can, reconcile these assertions with each other. A humane and benevolent landlord-class, with four millions of the people destitute! Whether such a condition of things be practicable, I willingly leave to the decision of the English gentlemen who hear me.”

Shortly afterwards Steele congratulated him upon his speech, adding that Peel had been extremely violent. “Yes,” replied O’Connell, laughing, “and as weak as he was violent.”

O’Connell told a story of a Connaught duellist named Blake. He had been challenged to the field;



all parties met at the appointed time and place, except Blake's second. They waited some minutes, but in vain; the second did not make his appearance. "It is a pity," said Blake, "to keep you waiting any longer, gentlemen;" and opening his pistol case (which had been placed in his carriage by the absent second) he deliberately snapped one of the pistols at his opponent. On finding that it did not go off, he began very coolly to hammer away at the flint, saying, "Fire away, sir! I'll be ready for you in no time!" While he spoke, his second came galloping up with many apologies for his absence; but on seeing that the parties had already commenced hostilities, he expressed great astonishment. "Egad, I snapped my pistol," said Blake, upbraidingly, "and it missed fire." "Of course it did," replied the second, "you know it was not charged." "Not charged?" cried Blake, "and pray of what use is a case of pistols if they are not charged?"

O'Connell spoke of his own early agitation.

In 1810, the Corporation of Dublin met at the Royal Exchange to petition for the Repeal of the Union. John Keogh attended the meeting, and made a speech.

"I also spoke in support of the Repeal," said O'Connell, "and thenceforth do I date my first great *lift* in popularity. Keogh saw that I was cal-



culated to become a leader. He subsequently tried to impress me with his own policy respecting Catholic affairs. The course he then recommended was a sullen quiescence ; he urged that the Catholics should abstain altogether from agitation, and he laboured hard to bring me to adopt his views. But I saw that agitation was our only available weapon. I saw that by incessantly keeping our demands and our grievances before the public and the government, we must sooner or later succeed. Moreover, that period, above all others, was not one at which our legitimate weapon, agitation, could have prudently been let to rust. It was during the war, and while Napoleon—that splendid madman!—made the Catholics of Ireland so essential to the military defence of the empire, the time seemed peculiarly appropriate to press our claims. About that period, a great Catholic meeting was held. John Keogh was then old and infirm, but his presence was eagerly desired, and the meeting awaited his arrival with patient good-humour. I and another were deputed to request his attendance. John Keogh had this peculiarity—that when he was waited on about matters of business, he would talk away on all sorts of subjects, *except* the business which had brought his visitors. Accordingly, he talked a great deal about every thing except Catholic politics for the greatest portion of our visit;



and when at length we pressed him to accompany us to the meeting, the worthy old man harangued us for a quarter of an hour to demonstrate the impolicy of publicly assembling at all, and ended by—coming to the meeting. He drew up a resolution, which denounced the continued agitation of the Catholic Question at that time. This resolution, proceeding as it did from a tried old leader, was carried. I then rose, and proposed a counter-resolution, pledging us all to incessant, unrelaxing agitation; and such were the wiseacres with whom I had to deal, that they passed *my* resolution in the midst of enthusiastic acclamations, without once dreaming that it ran directly counter to John Keogh's! Thenceforward, I may say, I was *the* leader. Keogh called at my house some short time after; he paid me many compliments, and repeated his importunities that I might alter my policy. But I was inexorable; my course was resolved upon and taken. I refused to yield. He departed in bad humour, and I never saw him afterwards.

“Keogh was undoubtedly useful in his day. But he was one who would rather that the cause should fail, than that any body but himself should have the honour of carrying it.

“He and his coadjutors made a mistake in 1793. He was a member of a deputation, consisting alto-



gether of five persons, who had an interview with Pitt and Dundas on the subject of the Catholic claims. Pitt asked, 'What would satisfy the Catholics?' Keogh replied, 'Equality.' Pitt seemed inclined to comply with the wishes of the deputation, but Dundas started several objections. Pitt then said, 'Would you be satisfied with the bar, the elective franchise, and eligibility to the municipalities?' Keogh replied, 'They would be great boons.' Pitt immediately pinned him to that, and would concede no more. Now, had a lawyer been present, he would have known that eligibility to the municipalities was really worth nothing. *They* thought it was a great approach to equality."

Some short time afterwards, the Cork papers contained a speech of Mr. Joseph Hayes, of Cork, in which he denounced the Poor Law as a gross imposition on the country; a national calamity, which rendered the poor man destitute, and the destitute hopeless. Mr. Hayes, who had originally been an advocate of the Poor Law, concluded by withdrawing himself from the administration of the measure, and retiring from the office of guardian.

"Oh!" exclaimed O'Connell, on reading this, "never had man such a triumph of opinion as I have. I predicted all along that this Poor Law



would be a grievous affliction to the country. Men who were deluded by the specious pretence of relieving the destitute, hoped great things from it. But experience now shows them that I was quite right."

"Allow me to ask," said Steele, "whether a country can be called fully civilised unless there is in it a legal provision, judiciously administered, for the destitute?"

"On the contrary," replied O'Connell, "the existence of a compulsory or legalised provision for the destitute raises up a barrier against the best kind of civilisation—the civilisation of Christian charity. It directly operates to check the charitable impulses of our nature; for it leads the community to say to the applicant for relief, 'I'll give you nothing—go to the poor-house!' A law that compels the public to support the destitute affords the strongest encouragement to scheming knaves to affect destitution in order to be supported at the public expense. You may say that schemers would equally seek to impose on private charity. It is quite true they would. But a man who gives charity out of his own pocket will probably inquire respecting the applicant, and take measures to detect imposition. Whereas the distributors of *public*



charity have not this individual stimulus to ascertain imposture. What is every one's business is nobody's business, and will, of course, be less carefully performed. But, after all, my grand objection to the Poor Law is, that it tends to deaden the Christian sentiment, by laying upon the state the performance of those duties to which religion should stimulate the community. There would be some small set-off against this evil if the condition of the destitute poor were essentially bettered by it. But this, in truth, is not the case. Look at the working of the Poor Law in Dublin and in Cork. It was to have been a model of state-charity; whereas we have already witnessed the cruel neglect of the commonest comforts of the paupers; the absolute and gross inhumanity exhibited towards them in several instances, and publicly complained of by the guardians. Now, if such be the blessings of the system in its very outset, who can calculate the additional abuses which time will doubtless accumulate?"

O'Connell's battle with the *Times* newspaper was carried on at intervals. In a letter addressed about this period to the *Morning Chronicle*, O'Connell says, that no greater folly could exist than to believe an assertion *because* it is found in the



*Times*. “Indeed,” he proceeds, “the contrary inference is conclusive. The *Times* lies like a misplaced milestone, which can never by any possibility tell truth.”

O'Connell had frequently battled with the press, both in and out of Parliament; and more than once the corps of reporters had formed resolutions to suppress his speeches. But it would not do. The public demanded the speeches, and the public demand was imperative. Suppression would have injured the journals. The reporters were accordingly compelled to strike their colours, and O'Connell's harangues obtained undiminished circulation.

O'Connell reverted to the period when he was attending his terms at Gray's Inn. He said he used constantly then to amuse himself boating on the Thames; so constantly, that the watermen's fare made inconvenient inroads on his purse. He pointed out to me a court on the north side of Coventry Street, in which he had lodged in 1794.

“I then lived in that *cul-de-sac*,” said he, “and had excellent accommodation there.” Passing one day through Coventry Street, he stopped opposite a fishmonger's shop, saying, “That shop is in precisely the same state in which I remember it when I was at Gray's Inn, nearly fifty years ago—the same



sized window, the same frontage ; I believe, the same fish !”

On the 8th of May, a visitor asked him whether the debate on Lord John Russell's Corn Bill would probably be over on the following Wednesday. “ I hardly think it will,” he answered. “ —— will give us three mortal hours ; then —— will get up, and he never can speak for less than an hour. Then Peel will take two full hours at least. Stanley will give us three hours ; and there are some other long-winded fellows. You see, sir, each man thinks that he is himself the wisest person in the House, so they all will bestow abundant tediousness upon this question, to give us the full benefit of all their wisdom.”

“ And, Mr. O'Connell,” interposed the visitor, “ pray how long will *he* speak upon the question ?”

“ Oh,” answered he, “ I make it a rule to condense, as much as possible, all I have to say in the House ; and at the bar, too, I always endeavour to condense. Why, at the last Galway assizes, I replied to a speech of three hours, and to three days' adverse evidence, in a speech of two hours and a half ! And what was still better, he added, raising his fore-finger, and with a humorous expression of sly triumph in his face, “ I got the verdict. Ah, a



good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is *the* thing after all!"

On the 14th of May, we attended a meeting of Repealers, at the Crown and Anchor. O'Connell was attacked by an impudent, illiterate Chartist, named Martin. While he was speaking in reply, a gentleman, who sat next to me,\* exclaimed,

"What nonsense, to allege that Dan is a dishonest politician. If he had not been thoroughly honest, his whole family might now have been quartered on the public, at the rate of many thousands a year. Look at Dan's family, and look at the *Hannibals*. And yet Lord Plunket, the sire of the Hannibals,† never enjoyed one-tenth of the political influence wielded by O'Connell. Dan might have made his own terms with any government, if he had not been incorruptibly honest, and incapable of bartering his influence for wealth or station."

A Catholic priest connected with Athlone, had come to England to collect subscriptions for the erection of a Catholic church. He applied, for this purpose, to an English Catholic peer.

"Sir," replied his lordship, "I will never give a

\* Dr. Dillon, formerly of Brighton; then residing at 34, Alfred Place, London.

† The incomes enjoyed from public offices by the members of Lord Plunket's family, have been estimated to amount in the aggregate to £27,000 per annum.



penny towards any purpose for the use of the Irish.” “Why so, my lord?” demanded the priest. “Because,” replied the peer, “they subscribe 14,000*l.* a-year to that O’Connell for coming over here to create riot and disturbance.”

Soon afterwards we learned that this peer was Lord Petre.

“The ungrateful fellow!” exclaimed O’Connell. “Only for me, he would not have been emancipated. And, moreover, I saved him 30,000*l.* last week, by insisting that the Committee for making the railroad through his property should adhere to their original engagement with him, instead of procuring a new Act of Parliament to enable them to obtain his ground for 30,000*l.* less than the valuation first agreed upon.”

This circumstance was one amongst the many proofs that convinced me that the English hostility to Ireland was less directed against our creed than against our nation. “No Popery” meant, in point of fact, “No Irishry.” The fact that the Irish were principally Catholics, elicited English enmity against Catholicism. Had the Irish belonged to any other religious persuasion, then some other rallying cry against us would have been adopted. No nation which hates another is fit to legislate for the party thus hated. The jealous hatred evinced towards



Ireland by a powerful faction in England, although not the leading reason why Ireland sought the Repeal of the Union, was yet undoubtedly a strong stimulant to Irishmen in the pursuit of self-government.

On the 31st of May, a procession of Methodists walked at an early hour along Pall Mall, bearing banners, upon one of which was a portrait of the Methodist apostle—John Wesley. This banner was borne high aloft, and the disciples of the personage whose likeness it displayed formed a numerous and very imposing array. Just as they reached Waterloo Place, they were met by a Catholic procession of teetotallers, bearing an enormous banner, upon one side of which was a full-length picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary; St. Patrick, in pontificals, figured on the other. The Rev. Dr. Magee, seated in a coach, which was drawn by six greys, called at Pall Mall to take up O'Connell, who accompanied the procession through the city. The collision suggested ludicrous ideas; it seemed like “John Wesley *versus* Saint Patrick.” Notwithstanding the proximity of the somewhat incongruous elements of Popery and Methodism, the respective parties passed each other quietly; the Methodists filing off into Regent Street, while the Catholics took the direction of Trafalgar Square, on their city-ward route.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Abolition of Slavery—Visit from Dr. Hare, an Advocate of Slavery—Atrocious Cruelty—A “Good-natured” Bishop.

O'CONNELL'S aid was eagerly sought by the advocates of the abolition of Slavery. Joseph Pease (senior), who, with Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, Thomas Clarkson, and others, took a prominent part in the good cause, appreciated most warmly the powerful and zealous assistance of O'Connell. I was amused one day at an effort made by a Doctor Hare, an American, to induce O'Connell to relax his anti-slavery agitation. Doctor Hare was a stout thick-set Yankee, with a cadaverous face, grizzled hair, and an easy intrepidity of manner that nothing could daunt. He commenced by declaring that, although not a native of Ireland, he had ever entertained the warmest affection for the Irish. He had known and admired in especial, a young Irish girl, who was quite an epitome of all the warm



affections and estimable qualities characteristic of her country; she was, indeed, a charming creature, and had acquired a lasting place in his esteem. More—much more, to the same pertinent purpose, did the worthy doctor utter with great volubility. O'Connell was desperately bored, but sustained the infliction with smiling resignation. At length, when the visitor conceived that by his extravagant encomiums upon Ireland, he had sufficiently conciliated O'Connell, he ventured to open the object of his visit by assuring him that he was taking a very injudicious part in his opposition to slavery. Abolition would be productive of a thousand inconveniences and evils, which no one could appreciate who was not personally acquainted with American society; and, if O'Connell, with his mighty and penetrating mind, were himself to visit America, he would be one of the first to recognise the impracticability of granting freedom to the slaves. The American doctor furthermore reproached O'Connell with having made extremely harsh national reflections on his countrymen.

“You mistake me very much,” said O'Connell, “if you think that in any thing I may have said of the Americans, I have neglected to draw a marked distinction between those among them who are slave breeders, and those who are *not*. My censure



is not bestowed on the American, but on the slave breeder. If the American be a slave breeder, I am not to spare him. Your slave system is atrocious and abominable. It cuts at the root of Christianity, which teaches us to do to others as we would they should do to us; but here you inflict on the slaves that which you would rather die than suffer yourselves. America is placed in a most disgraceful and anomalous position by her slave system. Your Declaration of Independence asserts the broadest democratic liberty; and with the language of freedom on your banners and on your lips, you condemn your coloured population to an existence of bondage and misery. Why, it is but a few days ago, I was revolted and horrified at seeing in one of your newspapers an auction of slaves. Human flesh and blood put up to be sold for money, and to be knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidder, just as we would sell cows or horses in this country. There was one lot, a woman and a child; a bidder proposed to divide them, in order to escape the expense of supporting the child, but they were finally knocked down in one lot. Talk to me of not opposing this foul blot on human nature! I promise you, sir, I shall never relax my opposition."

"But, Mr. O'Connell, you ought to recollect that



we got the slave system from the government of Great Britain."

"Aye, you got a *crime* from the government of Great Britain—a precious argument for retaining the crime! Why, now, what do *I* care where you got your crime? *I* am not bound by the iniquities of the British Governments. They have treated my own country cruelly and tyrannically, as I have told them more than once, and will tell them so again, as often as they need it. Why, sir, it would be as good an argument for *me*, if you told me you got it from the Dey of Algiers!"

"I assure you I am not a slave-owner," said the doctor; "but I think you will spoil the abolition cause with your violence."

"Bah! that was said to me a thousand times, when I was working out Catholic Emancipation. Members of Parliament, and popular men, and private friends, used to come to me and say: 'O'Connell, you will never get any thing as long as you are so violent.' What did I do? Why, I became *more* violent—and I succeeded! As to the evils that people threaten from emancipating the slaves, similar evils were predicted as certain to result from the abolition of our own West India Slavery, when that measure was proposed in Parliament. But the prediction never has been realised."



Dr. Hare reiterated much of what he had previously urged, but O'Connell rose, and wished him good morning. Dr. Hare then also rose, and protracted the leave-taking ceremony, by representing the uncalled-for nature of O'Connell's interference in behalf of the American slaves. "You know," said he, "that interference in another man's family matters is never well received."

"I deny they are part of your family," answered O'Connell, who now opened the door, and was bowing out his transatlantic visitor with undisguised impatience. "I wish you a very good morning, sir."

"But if you would only consider," urged the doctor.

"I wish you a very good morning," said O'Connell, manifestly irritated at the pertinacious verbosity of his visitor. At length he succeeded in bowing him down stairs; and having achieved this feat, he turned to me, exclaiming: "Was I not right to treat him *de haut en bas*?"

O'Connell told me that he had collected a large number of instances of the diabolical cruelty with which the slave-drivers treated their victims. One instance I particularly recollect; it was of a negro woman, near her labour, who was flogged out to work beneath a broiling sun. The poor creature



was delivered of her infant in the field. The child was born dead, in consequence of the brutal treatment inflicted on its mother. She begged permission to be allowed to bury her dead infant ; but the overseer refused her request, and drove her into a shed until she should have recovered sufficient strength to enable her to resume her daily labour.

O'Connell, when recommended by one of his friends, to conciliate the American slave-breeders, because they were powerful, said, "No ; what care I for the vagabonds, were they twice as powerful ? I would rather have one Irish landed proprietor of weight than all their slave-breeders. It is *ourselves alone* must work out the Repeal."

"But," rejoined his friend, "you might at least be silent on slavery in the association. You injure *our* question by mixing it up with the slavery question."

"No," replied he, "virtues are gregarious ; and, I assure you, that so far from being weakened, these measures will gain strength by being thus combined."

Some advocates of slavery in Cincinnati had addressed to the Repeal Association a document containing the following passage :

"The very odour of the negro is almost insufferable to the white ; and however much humanity



may lament it, we make no rash declaration, when we say, the two races cannot exist together on equal terms under our government and our institutions."

O'Connell's reply to the slave-breeders of Cincinnati (dated Corn Exchange-rooms, October 11, 1843) contains this characteristic paragraph :

"As to the odour of the negroes, we are quite aware that they have not, as yet, come to use much of the otto of roses, or eau de Cologne. But we implore of your fastidiousness to recollect, that multitudes of the children of white men have negro women for their mothers; and that our British travellers complain, in loud and bitter terms, of the overpowering stench of stale tobacco spittle as the prevailing odour amongst the native free Americans. It would be, perhaps, better to check the nasal sensibility on both sides, on the part of whites, as well as of blacks. But it is, indeed, deplorable, that you should use a ludicrous assertion of that description, as one of the inducements to prevent the abolition of slavery. The negroes would certainly smell, at least, as sweet when free, as they now do, being slaves."

The following extract of a letter, addressed by Mr. N. P. Rogers, editor of the *New Hampshire Herald of Freedom*, and one of the most devoted abolitionists of slavery in America, to a Mr. H. C.



Wright, an American abolitionist, residing in England, gives an interesting critique on O'Connell's oratorical abilities :

“ You have seen O'Connell. Is he not a chieftain? Did you ever see a creature of such power of the tongue? I never saw any one who could *converse* with an audience like him. Speeches may be as well made by other men, but I never heard such *public talk* from any body. The creature's mind plays before ten thousand, and his voice flows as clearly, and as leisurely, as in a circle round a fireside ; and he has the advantage of the excitement it affords to inflame his powers.”

He was fond of discussing the Puseyite movement. He looked on the Puseyite leaders as the advanced guard of the Catholic religion in England. I think that I have elsewhere mentioned, that he termed them the “ the pioneers of Catholicity.”

Speaking of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of episcopal “ good nature.” A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of the last century been desirous to qualify himself, by taking orders, for the enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theo-



logical knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards, Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over his examination? "Oh, very well indeed," replied the Reverend Mr. Barry. "The bishop was very good-natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions." "But what *did* he ask you?" inquired the other. "Why, he asked me who was the great Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury."

It is satisfactory to think, that at the present day it would not be easy to find such a specimen as this of episcopal "good nature."

Talking of modern works of fiction, he highly praised Bulwer's "Night and Morning." "I like that book," said he; "I read it with very great interest. I think it is the only one of Bulwer's novels in which a w—— does not figure as one of the leading characters. That is a decided improvement. But he has made a great legal blunder. He requires his reader to suppose that Philip Beaufort has no mode of establishing his own legitimacy except by producing the certificate, or the registry, of his parents' marriage. Here is a great mistake. Philip's



mother would have been a sufficient witness in her son's behalf. Philip need only have levied distress on the estate for his rents; and if his right to do so had been contested, his mother's evidence of his legitimacy would have been received in any court of law as conclusive in establishing his right. It is a great mistake. This comes of men writing of matters they know nothing about. Sir Walter Scott was a lawyer, and always avoided such errors."



## CHAPTER XXIX.

Carlow Agitation—Methodist Confessions—St. Mullins—The Contract for Coffins—Father Sheehy—The Carlow Election—Pathetic Appeal from an exasperated Agitator.

IN June, 1841, O'Connell, Steele, John O'Connell, and Mr. Thomas Reynolds, went down to the County Carlow to canvass the electors for the Liberator's youngest son and Mr. Yates. They remained several weeks. I joined the canvassing party for four or five days, and then returned to Dublin to assist in the management of the Repeal Association.

During my short stay in the County Carlow, our party proceeded to agitate the barony of St. Mullins, a remote and secluded corner of the county, into which the canvassers had not previously penetrated.

This barony is situated about twenty miles from the town of Carlow, and the road passes through scenes of wood, and hill, and valley, as beautiful as



any in the central parts of Ireland. The domain of the Kavanaghs, at Borris, seems intended by nature as the fastness of an Irish chieftain, with its ancient woods of oak, the wild, steep hills in its vicinity, and the noble castellated gateway leading into the park—no paltry, imitative Gothic, but designed in pure and admirable taste.

The carriage was occupied by O'Connell, his son John, Father Maher, of Carlow, and myself. In the morning there had been a profession at the convent, and crowds had attended to see the novice take the veil. The mention of this circumstance led O'Connell to talk of Catholicity, and the devotion of the Irish to their faith.

“Ireland,” said he, “is fulfilling her destiny—that of Catholicising other nations. Wherever a few exiled Irish get together, the first thing they think of is, to procure the ministration of a priest for their little community. Thus a nucleus of Catholicism is formed, and the surrounding inhabitants are attracted; first, by curiosity; then they are led to inquire; and, finally, several will end by embracing the faith. It is these little colonies of Irish who have largely helped to diffuse Catholicity through England.”

Mr. Maher spoke of O'Connell's letters to the Methodists. “A Tory gentleman told me,” said



he, "that the first of those letters drove the iron three inches deep into Methodism; but the second drove it in beyond the possibility of being extracted."

Mr. Maher gave some interesting details of a meeting of Methodists at which he had been present in Liverpool. He was on a visit with some English friends, not Methodists, whose curiosity induced them to obtain admission to the Methodistic orgies by the following expedient: Persons unpossessed of tickets were denied ingress, as the meeting was to be strictly select, and confined to "classed," or "banded" members. One of the Englishmen got up a mock quarrel with the doorkeepers, and whilst the attention of the latter was thus engaged the rest of the party walked in without hindrance. A preacher exhorted all who were present to confess their sins openly. Several persons, upon this exhortation, successively got up, declaring they were moved to lay open their guiltiness; but it somehow happened that in the course of their "confessions" not one of them revealed a single fault. On the contrary, they all made boastful declarations that God had kept them wholly free from sin since their last public confession. According to their own account, a more stainless, spotless set of Christians were not in existence!



After each triumphant revelation of individual purity, the whole assembly set up a loud chorus of "Glory be to the Lamb! Glory be to the Lamb!"

Talking thus, we arrived at St. Mullin's. The fair-green was the destined scene of action. The place possesses a remarkably wild and secluded appearance, from the hills that encircle it on all sides. The fair-green occupies a height overhanging the Barrow, beyond which ascends a steep high bank, covered with oak copse. The day was at first extremely wet, and seemed, therefore, unfavourable for the purpose of the agitators. The people, also, were new to political agitation, and therefore did not receive us with the same alacrity of welcome which our countrymen elsewhere had displayed. O'Connell began by detailing the horrors of Orange domination; he then quoted passages from a document recently put forth for electioneering purposes by the Protestant Association of Great Britain, in which some good, round abuse was bestowed upon the Catholic religion. Of this document, O'Connell made admirable use. When the people heard the language of malignant hatred in which the religion they loved and venerated was spoken of by the Tory associators—when O'Connell pointed out to them that these wholesale revilers of their faith were the party of whom Bruen, the Orange candi-



date, was the ardent partisan, their spirits were aroused ; their hearts were touched, and they testified their rising enthusiasm by a louder cheer than had ever been heard before in that wild and isolated spot.

Whilst O'Connell declaimed against Bruen and Toryism, a Mr. Doyne, agent to the Kavanagh estate, was busily endeavouring to carry off a number of freeholders from the fair-ground, in order to put them out of reach of the dangerous orator's influence. Instantly the multitude rushed to the rescue. Doyne took flight, pursued by crowds, who felt indignant at the audacity of his interference with the constitutional rights of the electors. He might have been ducked in the river, or otherwise maltreated, if Mr. John O'Connell had not rushed to preserve him from violence, and, in fact, thrown himself between the pursuers and the pursued. Thus protected, Doyne got safely off, carrying along with him a few timid and terrified electors.

We dined at the cottage of the parish-priest, which is situated on the slope of a hill, and commands a beautiful reach of the winding Barrow. O'Connell, in the course of the evening, told the following anecdote of Colonel Bruen's father :

“ Old Bruen,” said he, “ started in life with extremely limited finances, and derived his wealth



chiefly from successful and lucrative commissariat contracts in America. He also got a contract for supplying coffins for the soldiers who died very fast from too free a use of new rum. The coffin contract he turned to excellent account, by the novel device of making *one* coffin serve the defunct of a whole company. He had a sliding bottom to the coffin, which was withdrawn when over the grave, into which the deceased occupant then dropped, and was instantly earthed up, leaving the coffin quite available for future interments. As the worthy contractor checked his own accounts, he is said to have availed himself of all his contracts to an extent which, in the present day, would be impossible, and which is almost incredible."

The election took place in July. Mr. William John O'Connell, of London, had come over to assist his friends ; and having sustained some ferocious impertinence from a military bully, he immediately wrote to an acquaintance in town to procure him a second. His letter commences with a graphic description of the *casus belli* ; and he then breaks forth into the following enthusiastic appeal, which might figure well enough as the effusion of the spirited hero of a modern Irish romance :

"Now, my dear fellow," writes William John, "if I am obliged to put up with this, I do not



think life worth preserving an hour. I only want a friend, and a case of pistols, to prove to this fellow, and to the world, that I am as brave a man as ever was born. I NOW CALL UPON YOU TO SEND ME A FRIEND AND A CASE OF PISTOLS; *not saw-handled ones*; and you may rely upon it that I shall give Smith as good a lesson as ever he got. Indeed, you have a right to stick to me in this case. You will find me as brave as a lion. What if you come down here yourself and be my friend? I should do you honour. This fellow has been set at me, because I put down all the fellows in Carlow. And is it not a pity that any stigma should be flung upon me, when I am so well able to take my own part? Do, my dear friend, assist me, and you shall see how nobly I will act. If Dillon Browne was in Dublin, he is a fine hearted fellow, and would come down here if you called on him. I do not like his pistols, they are saw-handled—I like the round-handled best. I at once throw myself upon you, and I ask you, as a friend and an Irishman, not to allow me to be trampled upon, when my heart is as truly brave as the heart of any man living.

“If Somers was in Dublin he would do it for us both. Just look at the noble position it would place any man in to be my friend on such an occasion. Would Clements do it for you? Can you



not find some one in Dublin to stand by me? Where is Rick O'Connell? If he has one drop of the old doctor's blood in him he would fly to me. Is there no Kerry man to be found that would act for me? Do, *do* be up and stirring. I depend upon *you*, otherwise I am ruined for ever. Come to me, or send some friend to me; or, if not, I am undone, and the Orange faction will have an everlasting triumph. Never allow it! I know you will work for me or come to me. God bless you, and believe me ever yours,

“WILLIAM JOHN O'CONNELL.”

This appeal, *malgre* the desperate valour that inspired every line of it, was unheeded by the person to whom it was addressed; and the election passed off unenlivened by a sanguinary fracas.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Repeal party at Carlow, they were beaten at the poll by a small majority. They had, however, effected a vast change in the zeal of the constituency. On the previous election, the Tories had been returned by a majority of 167; their majority was now reduced to nine. And had it not been for a few unexpected defections from the camp of Repeal voters, who yielded to their fears of vengeance from their landlords, the Tory candidates would have been in a minority.



## CHAPTER XXX.

Influence of Toryism on the Repeal—O'Connell's Remarks on Religion in Ireland and France—Respective Influences of Democracy and Absolute Monarchy upon Religion—Catholicity in Scotland—Troops by Steam—O'Connell's Reply to the Threat—Paul Jones—O'Connell on Religious Persecution.

IT was not easy to create any lasting depression of O'Connell's spirits. When defeated in the contest for Dublin, he said, "I fretted away all my fretting last night—I've got rid of it now." And he declared in Cork (for which county, as well as for Meath, he was forthwith returned), that so far from being discouraged by the Tory victories at the hustings, his motto was, "*Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*" We often conversed on our political prospects. His hopes of ultimate success were sanguine. He would not despond for one moment. It was his constitutional impulse, as well as his policy, to look at the sunny side of things.

"This resumption of power by the Tories," said



he, "will help on the Repeal. We will now have many good recruits."

"I rather think not," said I. "Men will stand aloof. They will be afraid to join us. The Tories will put Orangemen upon the Bench, and the fears and self-interest of timid men will make them shrink from agitation."

"You are quite mistaken," said he. "There is no law against our agitation."

"They will make one," I replied. "You'll have an Algerine Act to put down the Repealers."

"Bah! The rules of the House would enable me for *one* session to defend Ireland against any such attempt."

"But not for *two* sessions," said I.

"By the end of the first," rejoined O'Connell, "the iniquity of the attempt would have accumulated around me such a strong reinforcement of the friends of freedom, that they could not dare to pass such an act."

"I doubt that very much," said I. "Our Irish agitation will be such a formidable obstruction to Peel, that he will try to put it down at all hazards. And as the *friends of freedom*, I place no reliance at all upon the English portion of them. They will look on with great composure at an effort to gag us, in which a great many of them will secretly sym-



pathise. Do not you remember their conduct in 1833?"

"Now," said O'Connell, "my view of what is probable is so different from yours, that I dare say Peel won't even try coercion. I do assure you that I fear his affectation of liberality and moderation much more than his direct hostility."

"His supporters will *make* him try coercion."

"Oh, he will try the appearance of candour and liberality. But even if an Algerine Act were passed, I could agitate under it. We could have constant separate meetings. And under the Coercion Bill of 1833, I got up an association for charitable purposes. Peel's great Irish difficulty will be to restrain the excesses of his hot-brained Orange friends here."

One day I met at O'Connell's house M. l'Abbé Le Grand, a Parisian clergyman, who called on him to solicit his support to a Catholic journal. The state of religion in France and in Ireland was talked of. O'Connell said that the agitation of the Irish Liberal party had long been looked on with great suspicion at Rome, where the word "liberal" was held to be akin to "atheist."

"I do not wonder at their mistake," he continued. "In France, the party who called themselves 'liberal,' openly assailed Christianity, and laboured to



uproot all religion. But the Pope is now convinced that there is no similarity in this respect between the liberals of Ireland and those of the French Revolution. His Holiness knows there are not in the world Catholics more attached to their religion, than are those who in Ireland are struggling for political liberty. In fact, the democratic spirit is more favourable to the cause of morality and religion, than the monarchical. In a democratic state, where electoral power belongs to the people, success in the objects of public ambition necessarily becomes, in a great measure, a question of personal preference. The public at large will rather commit their interests to the keeping of a man whom they believe to be under the influence of honest moral principle, than to a notorious vagabond, or scoff at religion. A candidate for public favour in a democratic state would have little or no chance of success, if it could be established that he was a blackleg, a seducer, or in any way notoriously immoral. But this is not the case in a monarchy. Look at your Louis Quartorze. Look at the pre-eminently infamous reign of Louis XV! Why, not only was morality of no advantage to the candidate for court favour and patronage, but, in point of fact, it was a positive disadvantage! The aspirant for place and power



throve all the better for openly trampling under foot all religion and all moral principle. His chance of success was enhanced in proportion to the greatness of his profligacy. The court was thoroughly and perfectly corrupt. They laughed at religion, and set at nought its precepts. They gave the same evil tone to society. The Church, being burdened with the smothering alliance of a corrupt state, was unable to check the torrent of licentiousness and infidelity."

O'Connell then said that religion had made considerable progress in Ireland.

"I remember," said he, "that twenty-five or thirty years ago, you did not see more than, perhaps, twenty male communicants twice a year. How changed are these things now! Every Sunday you will see many more than you then saw at Easter or Christmas; and this is, at all events, an evidence that the persons who communicate, *intend*, at least, that they will not live in sin."

Speaking of the Tory organs who threatened Ireland with their implacable hostility, O'Connell said:

"What greater insanity can there be, than to enlist against themselves the hatred of Ireland—the right arm of the empire—the nursery for sailors and soldiers! And, moreover, there is scarcely a large town in Great Britain, where there is not a



very considerable Irish population. In London, we muster near 300,000. With the Irish alone, at Covent Garden, we defeated a party of Chartists who came to obstruct us at a public meeting against the Corn Laws. In Liverpool there are 70,000 Irish. In Manchester and Salford there are 50,000. In Leeds there are many thousands. In Edinburgh there are 15,000 Irish. In Glasgow, the Irish population amount to over 70,000. A good many years ago, when a Papist scarcely dared show his nose in Glasgow, the Catholics, few and timid, used to steal, one by one, into a private room where mass was celebrated. A Presbyterian mob discovered this, and assembled to demolish the room, and outrage the worshippers. But it fortunately happened that an Irish regiment were quartered in Glasgow at the time, and they came to the rescue of the Catholics, and routed the mob. After that the Glasgow Catholics gradually acquired confidence. Their numbers increased, and they now have one of the most beautiful places of worship in the empire."

The Abbé attended, with a young French gentleman who travelled under his care, at the meeting of the Repeal Association which took place on the following day. The proceedings appeared to excite in both the most intense interest. The Abbé un-



derstood English sufficiently well to follow the speakers throughout. His companion had not this advantage, but said that he felt himself extremely fortunate at having an opportunity of witnessing the mastery O'Connell was able to exercise over a popular assembly of his countrymen. The language of the ultra Tories had recently attained an unparalleled pitch of insolent malignity. One journal proposed to exile all the priests, and if they should return to Ireland, hang them.\* Another organ of that party said, "Steam has given us Ireland inextricably clutched within our gripe."† It was in allusion to some such vaunt as this that O'Connell said, at a meeting held about this period,—

"They threaten us with troops by steam. They say that a few hours will land an army here. Steam is a powerful foe—but steam is an equally powerful friend. Whisper in your ear, John Bull,—Steam has brought America within ten days' sail of Ireland."

When O'Connell pronounced this sentence, the whole meeting simultaneously arose, and continued cheering and waving their hats for several minutes. The allusion derived great force from the recent communications and subscriptions we had received from our friends in America. We had got 600*l.*,

\* *Cheltenham Journal*, 2nd of August, 1841. † *The Age*.



and a promise of 30,000*l.*, if it should be needed. We had also been offered men; an offer which I, on the part of the Repeal Association, rejected.

The noble sympathy evinced by the Americans for the oppressed Irish nation struggling for their birthright, deserved and received our earnest gratitude. The letters which we frequently received from the transatlantic friends of Ireland, breathed the warmest attachment to the cause of Irish liberty.

One day an acquaintance of O'Connell's—the gentleman who first suggested to my mind the idea of publishing these memoranda—warned him against the alleged indiscretion of his language. “It has been said to me,” he observed, “that your long absence from the bar appears to have diminished the watchful caution with which you formerly guarded your language.”

“How have I been incautious?” said Mr. O'Connell.

“Why,” said I, “the strongest language you recently used was your remark about America and the steamboats.”

“Oh,” he replied, “there was nothing incautious in that. What I said was entirely hypothetical. I said that, *if* England should put us under the necessity, we did not forget that steam had



abridged our distance from America. *If* England should go to war with Ireland, there is nothing incautious in saying that we will not lie down to have our throats cut. But I guarded expressly against all misconception; for I took care to say that so long as England left us an inch of law to stand on, so long would we resort to no other weapon than the law."

On this day, when speaking, as he frequently did, of his early recollections, he mentioned that he perfectly remembered when Paul Jones was hovering off the coast of Kerry in 1778. "I was," said he, "a child in my nurse's arms at the time; she carried me down to the shore, and I saw two boats' crews, whom Paul Jones had sent off with towing ropes to get his vessel out of shallow water. These men had been prisoners of war at Brest. They had been given their option of either staying in prison, or sailing with Jones. They had chosen the latter alternative, fully resolving to escape as soon as possible. Their opportunity now offered. They cut the towing ropes and rowed ashore. When they landed they went up to a public-house to drink, leaving some fire-arms in the boats. The guns were found by some peasants, who drenched them; and the sailors were seized by the orders of Mr. Hassett, and conveyed to Tralee to prison. They remonstrated



loudly against this treatment, alleging that they had not committed or intended any breach of the laws, and that the authorities had no right to deprive them of their liberty. I well recollect a tall fellow, who was mounted on a gray horse, remonstrating angrily at this coercion. No legal charge, of course, could be sustained against them, and accordingly in the end they were released."

Next day O'Connell was visited by the Right Rev. Dr. Polding, the Catholic Bishop of New South Wales. Dr. Polding's object in visiting O'Connell was to obtain his assistance in procuring the removal of some grievances which sorely afflicted the flock over whom he presided.

His lordship had been greatly struck with the marked change which the blessed spread of temperance had produced in the aspect of the Irish people. "I have," said he, "travelled, since my arrival, above six hundred miles in Ireland, and I only saw one drunken man."

"And I hope," said O'Connell, "that *he* was what they call a gentleman."

"Yes, he was at all events better dressed than the peasantry. He was very tipsy, *and was drinking the health of Father Mathew.*"

The bishop then entered on the business that had occasioned his visit, and when it was disposed of,



the conversation turned on the subject of religious persecution generally.

“Nothing,” said he, “can be more opposed to the spirit of our Saviour than to persecute for errors in religious belief.”

“Nothing can be more exquisitely absurd,” said O’Connell. “Persecution may make a hypocrite; but it will not make a convert. If a man is already disposed to reject my creed, why I only give him an additional reason for rejecting it if I persecute him.”

The bishop observed that when the local authorities in New South Wales had assisted the Methodist missionaries to coerce the natives to attend their reed-roofed chapels, the coercion succeeded in securing numerous congregations, but so small was its efficacy in converting them to Methodism, that as soon as it was relaxed—the chapels were empty!

“So it will always be,” said O’Connell. “Ah! in Ireland the Catholics have ever appreciated and acted on this great truth. Our hatred to persecution is as strong as our love of Catholicity. We had in this respect vastly the advantage of *you* English Catholics. When Queen Mary’s persecution forced English Protestants to fly from England, they came here, and found refuge with the Catholic Corporation of Dublin. But some of you have erroneous



notions on that subject still. Look at George Spencer's letter in the last *Tablet*.\* Why, it is written in the spirit of Queen Mary! That poor gentleman had always a strange penchant for persecution. He visited me in London one day, and the object of his visit was to praise persecution! 'Now,' said he, 'there are a great many Methodists attending their preachers near my residence; if those people could be compelled to come and listen to *me*, would it not be of the greatest advantage to them? They would *hear* the truth.' 'And they would not *receive* it,' said I, 'just because it would come in the guise of compulsion.' Then, I called his attention to the fact that in Ireland where Catholicity did *not* persecute, it was prevalent: whereas, in England, where a Catholic queen had been a violent persecutor, the Catholic religion had been all but extinguished. I think this fact seemed to strike him at the time. But pray, my lord," continued O'Connell, abruptly turning to another subject, "have you seen how our poor Irish boys turned out for Catholicity in the poor-houses of the North Dublin Union, and refused to attend the Protestant service? Eighteen poor Irish children standing up for the old faith—may God Almighty bless them! It was Irish all over. And then the mode in which it was attempted

\* July, 1841.



to compel them to turn Protestants—their food was diminished. Really that was a rare idea! Compelling them to *fast*, to make good Protestants of them!”

“I have heard,” said the bishop, “that an Englishman’s wit is said to be in his stomach. I suppose the guardians thought these little fellows’ faith was in *theirs*, and accordingly attempted to starve Popery out!”

END OF VOL. I.

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London, November 1847.

A

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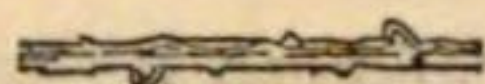
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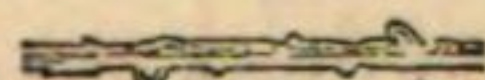


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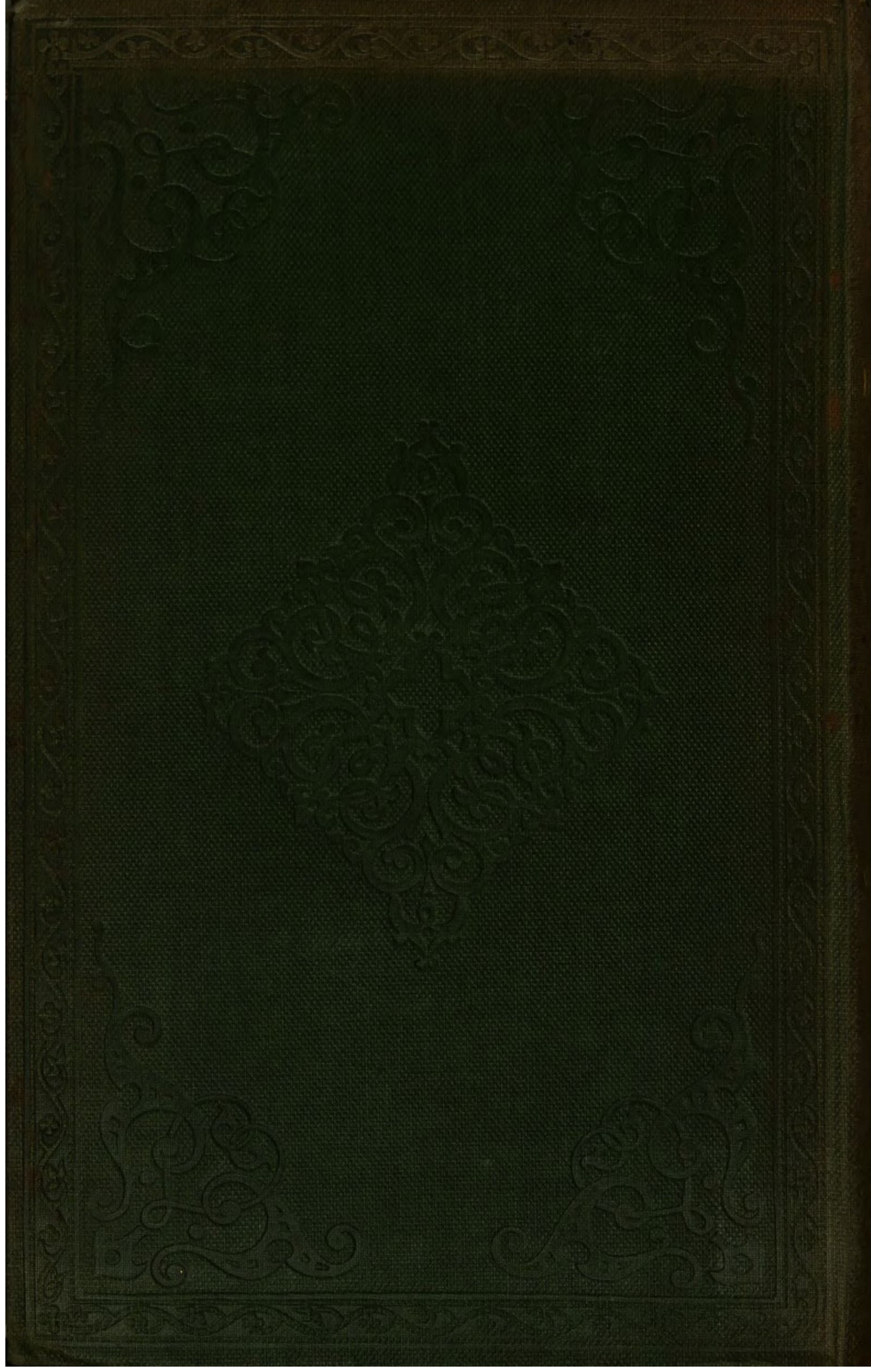














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